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TRUTH AND POETRY:

FROM MY OWN LIFE.

BOOKS XIV.—XX.

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GOETHE.

TRUTH AND POETRY: FROM MY OWN LIFE.

BOOKS XIV.—XX.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

ANNALS;
OR, DAY AND YEAR PAPERS.

Translated from the German.

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PREFACE.



IN former editions of this work the Autobiography was followed by Letters from Switzerland and Italy. But a translation of Goethe's "Annals," as he called his condensed journal, having been accomplished by Mr. Charles Nisbet, it was thought best to append this to the more important autobiographic work, and to transfer the letters to other volumes. Those from Switzerland are now printed with the Campaign in France, Siege of Mainz, and the Rhine-Tour, whilst the Italian letters have been supplemented by the second part of the Tour in Italy, making therewith one complete volume, thus carrying out the original intention, though in a somewhat different manner, announced in the former edition of this volume.

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TRUTH AND POETRY; FROM MY OWN LIFE.

PART THE THIRD—*Continued.*

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

WITH the movement which was spreading among the public, now arose another of greater importance perhaps to the author, as it took place in his immediate circle.

His early friends who had read, in manuscript, those poetical compositions which were now creating so much sensation, and therefore regarded them almost as their own, gloried in a success which they had boldly enough predicted. This number was augmented by new adherents, especially by such as felt conscious of a creative power in themselves, or were desirous of calling one forth and cultivating it.

Among the former, Lenz was the most active and he deputed himself strangely enough. I have already sketched the outward appearance of this remarkable mortal, and have touched affectionately on his talent for humor. I will now speak of his character, in its results rather than descriptively, because it would be impossible to follow him through the mazy course of his life, and to transfer to these pages a full exhibition of his peculiarities.

Generally known is that self-torture which in the lack of all outward grievances, had now become fashionable, and which disturbed the very best minds. That which gives but a transient pain to ordinary men who never themselves meditate on that which they seek to banish from their minds, was, by the better order, acutely observed, regarded, and recorded in books, letters, and diaries. But now men united the strictest moral requisitions on themselves and others with an excessive negligence in action; and vague notions arising from this half-self-knowledge misled them into the strangest habits and out-

of-the-way practices. But this painful work of self-contemplation was justified by the rising empirical psychology which, while it was not exactly willing to pronounce everything that produces inward disquiet to be wicked and objectionable, still could not give it an unconditional approval, and thus was originated an eternal and inappeasable contest. In carrying on, and sustaining this conflict, Lenz surpassed all the other idlers and dabblers who were occupied in mining into their own souls, and thus he suffered from the universal tendency of the times, which was said to have been let loose by Werther; but a personal peculiarity distinguished him from all the rest. While they were undeniably frank and honest creatures, he had a decided inclination to intrigue, and, indeed, to intrigue for its own sake, without having in view any special object, any reasonable, attainable, personal object. On the contrary, it was always his custom to propose to himself something whimsical, which served, for that very reason, to keep him constantly occupied. In this way all his life long he was an imposter in his imagination; his love, as well as his hate, was imaginary; he dealt with his thoughts and feelings in a wilful manner, so as always to have something to do. He endeavoured to give reality to his sympathies and antipathies by the most perverse means, and always himself destroyed his own work. Thus he never benefited any one whom he loved, and never injured any one whom he hated. In general he seemed to sincerely to punish himself, and to intrigue for no purpose but to graft a new fable upon an old one.

His talent, in which tenderness, facility, and subtlety rivalled each other, proceeded from a real depth, from an inexhaustible creative power, but was thoroughly morbid with all its beauty. Such qualities are precisely the most difficult to judge. It is impossible to overlook great features in his works—a lovely tenderness steals along through pieces of caricature so odd and so silly that they can hardly be pardoned, even in a humor so thorough and unassuming, and such a genuine comic talent. His days were made up of mere nothings, to which his nimble fancy could ever give a meaning, and he was the better able to squander hours away. Since, with a happy memory, the time which he did employ in reading, was always trusted, and enriched his original fables of tragedy with various materials.

He had been sent to Strasburg with some Livonian gentlemen, and a more unfortunate choice of a Mentor could not have been made. The elder baron went back for a time to his native country, and left behind him a lady to whom he was tenderly attached. In order to keep at a distance the second brother, who was paying court to the same lady, as well as other lovers, and to preserve the precious heart for his absent friend, Lenz determined either to feign that he had fallen in love with the beauty, or if you please, actually to do so. He carried through this plan with the most obstinate adherence to the ideal he had formed of her, without being aware that he, as well as the others, only served her for jest and pastime. So much the better for him! For him, too, it was nothing but a game which could only be kept up by her meeting him in the same spirit, now attracting him, now repelling him, now encouraging him, and now slighting him. We may be sure that if he had become aware of the way the affair sometimes went on, he would, with great delight, have congratulated himself on the discovery.

As for the rest he, like his pupils, lived mostly with officers of the garrison, and thus the strange notions he afterwards brought out in his comedy *Die Soldaten* (The Soldiers) probably originated. At any rate, this early acquaintance with military men had on him the peculiar effect, that he forthwith fancied himself a great judge of military matters. And yet from time to time he really studied the subject in detail with such effect, that some years afterward he prepared a long memorial to the French Minister of War, from which he promised himself the best results. The faults of the department were tolerably well pointed out, but on the other hand, the remedies were ridiculous and impracticable. However, he cherished a conviction that he should by this means gain great influence at court, and was anything but grateful to those of his friends who, partly by reasoning, and partly by active opposition, compelled him to suppress, and afterwards to burn, this fantastic work, after it had been fair-copied, put under cover with a letter, and formally addressed.

First of all by word of mouth, and afterwards by letter, he had confided to me all the mazes of his tortuous movements with regard to the lady above mentioned. The poetry which he could infuse into the commonest incidents often astonished

me, so that I urged him to employ his talents in turning the essence of this long-winded adventure to account, and to make a little romance out of it. But that was not in his line: he could only succeed when he poured himself out for ever upon details, and span an endless thread without any purpose. Perhaps it will be possible at a future time, to deduce from these premises some account of his life up to the time that he became a lunatic. At present I confine myself to what is immediately connected with the subject in hand.

Hardly had Götz von Berlichingen appeared when Lenz sent me a prolix essay written on small de-ought paper, such as he commonly used, without leaving the least margin, either at the top, the bottom, or the sides. It was entitled, *Ueber unsere Ehe*, (On our Marriage,) and were it still in existence, might enlighten us much more now than it then did me, when I was as yet in the dark as to him and his character. The leading purpose of this long manuscript was to compare my talent with his own: now he seemed to make himself inferior to me, now to represent himself as my equal; but it was all done with such humorous and neat turns of expression that I gladly received the view he intended to convey, and all the more so as I did, in fact, rate very high the gifts he possessed, and was always urging him to concentrate himself out of his aimless rambling, and to use his natural capacities with some artistical control. I replied in the most friendly way to this confidential communication, and as he had encouraged the greatest intimacy between us, (as the whimsical title indicates, from that time forward I made known to him everything I had either finished or designed. In return he successively sent me his manuscripts: *Der Hofmeister*, Private Tutor, *Der neue Menoza*, (The New Menoza,) *Die Soldaten*, (The Soldiers,) the imitations of Plautus, and the translation from the English which I have before spoken of as forming the supplement to his remarks on the theatre.

While reading the latter, I was somewhat struck to find him in a laconic preface speaking in such a way as to convey the idea that this essay, which contained a vehement attack upon the regular theatre, had, many years before, been read to a society of the friends of literature at a time, in short, when Götz was not yet written. That there should have been among Lenz's acquaintances at Strasburg a literary circle of which I

was ignorant seemed somewhat problematical: however I let it pass, and soon procured publishers for this and his other writings, without having the least suspicion that he had selected me as the chief object of his fanciful hatred, and as the mark of an odd and whimsical persecution.

In passing, I will, for the sake of the sequel, just mention a good fellow, who, though of no extraordinary gifts, was yet one of our number. He was called Wagner, and was first a member of our Strasburg society and then of that at Frankfort—a man not without spirit, talent, and education. He appeared to be a striving sort of person, and was therefore welcome. He, too, attached himself to me, and as I made no secret of my plans, I shewed to him as well as others my sketch of the Faust, especially the catastrophe of Gretchen. He caught up the idea and used it for a tragedy, *Die Kindesmörderin*, (The Infanticide.) It was the first time that any one had stolen from me any of my plans. It vexed me, though I bore him no ill will on that account. Since then I have often enough suffered such robberies and anticipations of my thoughts, and with my dilatoriness and habit of gossiping about the many things that I was ever planning and imagining, I had no right to complain.

If on account of the great effect which contrasts produce, orators and poets gladly make use of them even at the expense of seeking them out and bringing them from a distance, it must be the more agreeable to the present writer that such a decided contrast presents itself, in his speaking of Klinger after Lenz. They were cotemporaries, and in youth labored together. But Lenz, as a transient meteor, passed but for a moment over the horizon of German literature, and suddenly vanished without leaving any trace behind. Klinger, on the other hand, has maintained his position up to the present time as an author of influence, and an active man of business. Of him I will now speak, as far as it is necessary, without following any farther a comparison, which suggests itself: for it has not been in secret that he has accomplished so much and exercised so great an influence, but both his works and his influence are still remembered, far and near, and are highly esteemed and appreciated.

Klinger's exterior, for I always like best to begin with this, was very prepossessing. Nature had given him a tall,

slender, well-built form, and regular features. He was careful of his appearance, always dressed neatly, and might justly have passed for the smartest member of our little society. His manners were neither forward nor repulsive, and when not agitated by an inward storm, mild and gentle.

In girls, we love what they are, but in young men what they promise to be, and thus I was Klinger's friend as soon as I made his acquaintance. He recommended himself by a pure good nature, and an unmistakeable decision of character won him confidence. From youth upward, everything had tended to incline him to seriousness. Together with a beautiful and excellent sister, he had to provide for a mother, who in her widowhood had need of such children for her support. He had made himself everything that he was, so that no one could find fault with a trait of proud independence which was apparent in his bearing. Strong natural talents, such as are common to all well-endowed men, a facile power of apprehension, an excellent memory, and great fluency of speech, he possessed in a high degree: but he appeared to regard all these as of less value than the firmness and perseverance which were likewise innate with him, and which circumstances had abundantly strengthened.

To a young man of such a character, the works of Rousseau were especially attractive. *Emile* was his chief text-book, and its sentiments, as they had an univ. sal influence over the cultivated world, were peculiarly fruitful with him, and influenced him more than others. For he too was a child of nature,—he too had worked his way upwards. What others had been compelled to cast away, he had never possessed; relations of society from which they would have to emancipate themselves, had never fettered him. Thus might he be regarded as one of the purest disciples of that gospel of nature, and in view of his own persevering efforts and his conduct as a man and son, he might well exclaim, "All is good as it comes from the hands of nature!" But the conclusion, "All is corrupted in the hands of man!" was also forced upon him by adverse experience. It was not with himself that he had to struggle, but beyond and out of himself with the conventional world, from whose fetters the Citizen of Geneva designed to set us free. And as from the circumstances of his youth the struggle he had to undergo had often been difficult and painful, he had

been driven back upon himself too violently to attain a thoroughly serene and joyous development. On the contrary, as he had had to force his way against an opposing world, a trait of bitterness had crept into his character, which he afterwards in some degree fed and cherished, but for the most part strove against and conquered.

His works, as far as I am able to recall them, bespeak a strong understanding, an upright mind, an active imagination, a ready perception of the varieties of human nature, and a characteristic imitation of generic differences. His girls and boys are open and amiable, his youths ardent, his men plain and intelligent, the personages whom he paints in an unfavorable light are not overdrawn: he is not wanting in cheerfulness and good humour, in wit and happy notions: allegories and symbols are at his command: he can entertain and please us, and the enjoyment would be still purer if he did not here and there mar both for himself and us, his gay, pointed jesting by a touch of bitterness. Yet this it is which makes him what he is. The modes of living and of writing become as varied as they are, from the fact that every one wavers theoretically between knowledge and error, and practically between creation and destruction.

Klinger should be classed with those who have formed themselves for the world, out of themselves, out of their own souls and understandings. Because this takes place in and among a greater mass, and because among themselves they use with power and effect, an intelligible language flowing out of universal nature and popular peculiarities, such men always cherish a warm hostility to all forms of the schools, especially if these forms, separated from their living origin, have degenerated into phrases, and have thus lost altogether their first, fresh significance. Such men almost invariably declare war against new opinions, views, and systems, as well as against new events and rising men of importance who announce or produce great changes. They are however not so much to blame on this account; their opposition is not unnatural when they see all that which they are indebted to for their own existence and culture menaced with ruin and in great danger.

In an energetic character this adherence to its own views becomes the more worthy of respect when it has been maintained throughout a life in the world and in business, and when

a mode of dealing with current events, which to many might seem rough and arbitrary, being employed at the right time, has led surely to the desired end. This was the case with Klinger: without pliability (which was never the virtue of the born citizen of the empire,*) he had nevertheless risen, steadily, and honorably, to posts of great importance, had managed to maintain his position, and as he advanced in the approbation and favor of his highest patrons, never forgot his old friends, or the path he had left behind. Indeed, through all degrees of absence and separation, he laboured pertinaciously to preserve the most complete constancy of remembrance, and it certainly deserves to be remarked that in his coat of arms though adorned by the badges of several orders, he, like another Willigis, did not disdain to perpetuate the tokens of his early life.

It was not long before I formed a connection with LAVATER. Passages of my "Letter of a Pastor to his Colleagues" had greatly struck him, for much of it agreed perfectly with his own views. With his never-tiring activity our correspondence soon became lively. At the time it commenced he was making preparations for his larger work on Physiognomy, —the introduction to which had already been laid before the public. He called on all the world to send him drawings and outlines, and especially representations of Christ: and, although I could do as good as nothing in this way, he nevertheless insisted on my sending him a sketch of the Saviour such as I imagined him to look. Such demands for the impossible gave occasion for jests of many kinds, for I had no other way of defending myself against his peculiarities but by bringing forward my own.

The number of those who had no faith in Physiognomy, or, at least, regarded it as uncertain and deceptive was very great; and several who had a liking for Lavater felt a desire to try him, and, if possible, to play him a trick. He had ordered of a painter in Frankfort, who was not without talent, the profiles of several well known persons. Lavater's agent ventured upon the jest of sending Bahrdt's portrait as mine, which soon brought back a merry but thundering epistle, full of all kinds of expletives and asseverations that this was not my picture, —together with everything that on such an occasion Lavater would naturally have to say in confirmation of the doctrine of

* That is to say, a native of one of the Imperial cities.

Physiognomy. My true likeness, which was sent afterwards, he allowed to pass more readily, but even here the opposition into which he fell both with painters and with individuals showed itself at once. The former could never work for him faithfully and sufficiently; the latter, whatever excellences they might have, came always too far short of the idea which he entertained of humanity and of men to prevent his being somewhat repelled by the special characteristics which constitute the personality of the individual.

The conception of Humanity which had been formed in himself and in his own humanity, was so completely akin to the living image of Christ which he cherished within him, that it was impossible for him to understand how a man could live and breathe without at the same time being a Christian. My own relation to the Christian religion lay merely in my sense and feeling, and I had not the slightest notion of that physical affinity to which Lavater inclined. I was, therefore, vexed by the importunity, with which a man so full of mind and heart, attacked me, as well as Mendelssohn and others, maintaining that every one must either become a Christian with him, a Christian of his sort, or else that one must bring him over to one's own way of thinking, and convince him of precisely that in which one had found peace. This demand, so directly opposed to that liberal spirit of the world, to which I was more and more tending, did not have the best effect upon me. All unsuccessful attempts at conversion leave him who has been selected for a proselyte stubborn and obdurate, and this was especially the case with me when Lavater at last came out with the hard dilemma—"Either Christian or Atheist!" Upon this I declared that if he would not leave me my own Christianity as I had hitherto cherished it, I could readily decide for Atheism, particularly as I saw that nobody knew precisely what either meant.

This correspondence, vehement as it was, did not disturb the good terms we were on. Lavater had an incredible patience, pertinacity, and endurance; he was confident in his theory, and, with his determined plan to propagate his convictions in the world, he was willing by waiting and mildness to effect what he could not accomplish by force. In short, he belonged to the few fortunate men whose outward vocation perfectly harmonizes with the inner one, and whose

earliest culture coinciding in all points with their subsequent pursuits, gives a natural development to their faculties. Born with the most delicate moral susceptibilities, he had chosen for himself the clerical profession. He received the necessary instruction, and displayed various talents, but without inclining to that degree of culture which is called learned. He also, though born so long before, had, like ourselves, been caught by the spirit of Freedom and Nature which belonged to the time, and which whispered flatteringly in every ear. "You have materials and solid power enough within yourself, without much outward aid; all depends upon your developing them properly." The obligation of a clergyman to work upon men morally, in the ordinary sense, and religiously in the higher sense, fully coincided with his mental tendencies. His marked impulse, even as a youth, was to impart to others, and to excite in them, his own just and pious sentiments, and his favorite occupation was the observation of himself and of his fellow-men. The former was facilitated, if not forced upon him, by an internal sensitiveness; the latter by a keen glance, which could quickly read the outward expression. Still, he was not born for contemplation: properly speaking, the gift of conveying his ideas to others was not his. He felt himself rather, with all his powers, impelled to activity, to action; and I have never known any one who was more unceasingly active than Lavater. But because our inward moral nature is incorporated in outward conditions, whether we belong to a family, a class, a guild, a city, or a state, he was obliged, in his desire to influence others, to come into contact with all these external things, and to set them in motion. Hence arose many a collision, many an entanglement, especially as the commonwealth of which he was by birth a member enjoyed, under the most precise and accurately-defined limits, an admirable hereditary freedom. The republican from his boyhood is accustomed himself to think and to converse on public affairs. In the first bloom of his life the youth sees the period approaching when, as a member of a free corporation, he will have a vote to give or to withhold. If he wishes to form a just and independent judgment, he must, before all things, convince himself of the worth of his fellow-citizens; he must learn to know them; he must inquire into their sentiments and their capacities; and thus, in coming to read others, he becomes intimate with his own bosom.

Under such circumstances Lavater was early trained, and this business of life seems to have occupied him more than the study of languages and the analytic criticism, which is not only allied to that study, but is its foundation as well as its aim. In later years, when his attainments and his views had reached a boundless comprehensiveness, he frequently said, both in jest and in seriousness, that he was not a learned man. It is precisely to this want of deep and solid learning, that we must ascribe the fact that he adhered to the letter of the Bible, and even to the translation, and found in it nourishment, and assistance enough for all that he sought and designed.

Very soon, however, this circle of action in a corporation or guild, with its slow movement, became too narrow for the quick nature of its occupant. For a youth to be upright is not difficult, and a pure conscience revolts at the wrong of which it is still innocent. The oppressions of a bailiff (*Landvogt*) lay plain before the eyes of the citizens, but it was by no means easy to bring them to justice. Lavater having associated a friend with himself, anonymously threatened the guilty bailiff. The matter became notorious, and an investigation was rendered necessary. The criminal was punished, but the prompters of this act of justice were blamed if not abused. In a well ordered state even the right must not be brought about in a wrong way.

On a tour which Lavater now made through Germany, he came into contact with educated and right-thinking men; but that served only to confirm his previous thoughts and convictions, and on his return home he worked from his own resources with greater freedom than ever. A noble and good man, he was conscious within himself of a lofty conception of humanity, and whatever in experience contradicts such a conception,—all the undeniable defects which remove every one from perfection, he reconciled by his idea of the Divinity which in the midst of ages came down into human nature in order completely to restore its earlier image.

So much by way of preface on the tendencies of this eminent man; and now before all things, for a bright picture of our meeting and personal intercourse. Our correspondence had not long been carried on, when he announced to me and to others, that in a voyage up the Rhine which he was about to undertake, he would soon visit Frankfort. Immediately

there arose a great excitement in our world: all were curious to see so remarkable a person: many hoped to profit by him in the way of moral and religious culture: the sceptics prepared to distinguish themselves by grave objections: the conceited felt sure of entangling and confounding him by arguments in which they had strengthened themselves,—in short, there was everything, there was all the favor and disfavor, which awaits a distinguished man who intends to meddle with this motley world.

Our first meeting was hearty: we embraced each other in the most friendly way, and I found him just like what I had seen in many portraits of him. I saw living and active before me, an individual quite unique, and distinguished in a way that no one had seen before or will see again. Lavater, on the contrary, at the first moment, betrayed by some peculiar exclamations, that I was not what he had expected. Hereupon, I assured him, with the realism which had been born in me, and which I had cultivated, that as it had pleased God and nature to make me in that fashion we must rest content with it. The most important of the points on which in our letters we had been far from agreeing, became at once subjects of conversation, but we had not time to discuss them thoroughly, and something occurred to me that I had never before experienced.

The rest of us whenever we wish to speak of affairs of the soul and of the heart, were wont to withdraw from the crowd, and even from all society, because in the many modes of thinking, and the different degrees of culture among men, it is difficult to be on an understanding even with a few. But Lavater was of a wholly different turn: he liked to extend his influence as far as possible, and was not at ease except in a crowd, for the instruction and entertainment of which he possessed an especial talent, based on his great skill in physiognomy. He had a wonderful facility of discriminating persons and minds, by which he quickly understood the mental state of all around him. Whenever therefore this judgment of men was met by a sincere confession, a true-hearted inquiry, he was able, from the abundance of his internal and external experience, to satisfy every one with an appropriate answer. The deep tenderness of his look, the marked sweetness of his lips, and even the honest Swiss dialect which was heard through his

High German, with many other things that distinguished him, immediately placed all whom he addressed quite at their ease. Even the slight stoop in his carriage, together with his rather hollow chest, contributed not a little to balance in the eyes of the remainder of the company the weight of his commanding presence. Towards presumption and arrogance he knew how to demean himself with calmness and address, for while seeming to yield he would suddenly bring forward, like a diamond-shield, some grand view, of which his narrow-minded opponent would never have thought, and at the same time he would so agreeably moderate the light which flowed from it, that such men felt themselves instructed and convinced,—so long at least as they were in his presence. Perhaps with many the impression continued to operate long afterwards, for even conceited men are also kindly; it is only necessary by gentle influences to soften the hard shell which encloses the fruitful kernel.

What caused him the greatest pain was the presence of persons whose outward ugliness must irrevocably stamp them decided enemies of his theory as to the significance of forms. They commonly employed a considerable amount of common sense and other gifts and talents, in vehement hostility and paltry doubts, to weaken a doctrine which appeared offensive to their self-love; for it was not easy to find any one so magnanimous as Socrates, who interpreted his faun-like exterior in favour of an acquired morality. To Lavater the hardness, the obduracy of such antagonists was horrible, and his opposition was not free from passion: just as the smelting fire must attack the resisting ore as something troublesome and hostile.

In such a case a confidential conversation, such as might appeal to our own cases and experience, was not to be thought of; however I was much instructed by observing the manner in which he treated men,—instructed, I say, not improved by it, for my position was wholly different from his. He that works morally loses none of his efforts, for there comes from them much more fruit than the parable of the Sower too modestly represents. But he whose labours are artistic, fails utterly in every work that is not recognised as a work of art. From this it may be judged how impatient my dear sympathizing readers were accustomed to make me, and for what reasons I had such a great dislike to come to an understanding with them. I now felt but too vividly the difference between

the effectiveness of my labors and those of Lavater. His prevailed, while he was present, mine, when I was absent. Every one who at a distance was dissatisfied with him became his friend when they met, and every one who, judging by my work, considered me amiable, found himself greatly deceived when he came in contract with a man of coldness and reserve.

Merek, who had just come over from Darmstadt, played the part of Mephistopheles, especially ridiculing the importunities of the women. As some of these were closely examining the apartments which had been set apart for the prophet, and, above all, his bed-chamber, the wag said that "the pious souls wished to see where they had laid the Lord." Nevertheless he, as well as the others, was forced to let himself be exorcised. Lips, who accompanied Lavater, drew his profile as completely and successfully as he did those of other men, both important and unimportant, who were to be heaped together in the great work on Physiognomy.

For myself, Lavater's society was highly influential and instructive, for his pressing incitements to action set my calm, artistic, contemplative nature into motion, not indeed to any advantage at the moment, because the circumstances did but increase the distraction which had already laid hold of me. Still, so many things were talked about between us, as to give rise to the most earnest desire on my part to prolong the discussion. Accordingly I determined to accompany him if he went to Eins, so that, shut up in the carriage and separated from the world, we might freely go over those subjects which lay nearest to both our hearts.

Meanwhile the conversations between Lavater and Fräulein Von Klettenberg were to me exceedingly interesting and profitable. Here two decided Christians stood in contrast to each other, and it was quite plain how the same belief may take a different shape according to the sentiments of different persons. In those tolerant times it was often enough repeated that every man had his own religion and his own mode of worship. Although I did not maintain this exactly, I could, in the present case, perceive that men and women need a different Saviour. Fräulein Von Klettenberg looked towards hers as to a lover to whom one yields oneself without reserve, concentrating all joy and hope on him alone, and without doubt or hesitation, confiding to him the destiny of life. Lavater,

on the other hand, treated his as a friend, to be imitated lovingly and without envy, whose merits he recognised and valued highly, and whom, for that very reason, he strove to copy and even to equal. What a difference between these two tendencies, which in general exhibit the spiritual necessities of the two sexes! Hence we may perhaps explain the fact that men of more delicate feeling have so often turned to the Mother of God as a paragon of female beauty and virtue, and like Sannazaro, have dedicated to her their lives and talents, occasionally condescending to play with the Divine Infant.

How my two friends stood to each other, and how they felt towards each other, I gathered not only from conversations at which I was present, but also from revelations which both made to me in private. I could not agree entirely with either; for my Christ had also taken a form of his own, in accordance with my views. Because they would not allow mine to pass at all, I teased them with all sorts of paradoxes and exaggerations, and, when they got impatient, left them with a jest.

The contest between knowledge and faith was not yet the order of the day, but the two words and the ideas connected with them occasionally came forward, and the true haters of the world maintained that one was as little to be relied on as the other. Accordingly I took pleasure in declaring in favour of both, though without being able to gain the assent of my friends. In Faith, I said, everything depends on the fact of believing; what is believed is perfectly indifferent. Faith is a profound sense of security for the present and future, and this assurance springs from confidence in an immense, all-powerful, and inscrutable Being. The firmness of this confidence is the one grand point; but what we think of this Being depends on our other faculties, or even on circumstances, and is wholly indifferent. Faith is a holy vessel into which every one stands ready to pour his feelings, his understanding, his imagination as perfectly as he can. With Knowledge it is directly the opposite. There the point is not whether we know, but what we know, how much we know, and how well we know it. Hence it comes that men may dispute about knowledge because it can be corrected, widened, and contracted. Knowledge begins with the particular, is endless and formless, can never be all comprehended, or at least but dimly, and thus remains exactly the opposite of Faith.

Half truths of this kind, and the errors which arise from them may, when poetically exhibited, be exciting and entertaining, but in life they disturb and confuse conversation. For that reason I was glad to leave Lavater alone with all those who wished to be edified by him and through him, a deprivation for which I found myself fully compensated by the journey we made together to Ems. Beautiful summer weather attended us, and Lavater was gay and most amiable. For though of a religious and moral turn, he was by no means narrow-minded, and was not unmoved when by the events of life those around him were excited to cheerfulness and gaiety. He was sympathizing, spirited, witty, and liked the same qualities in others, provided that they were kept within the bounds which his delicate sense of propriety prescribed. If any one ventured further he used to clap him on the shoulder, and by a hearty "*Bisch quiet!*" would call the rash man back to good manners. This journey afforded me instruction and inspiration of many kinds, which, however, contributed to a knowledge of his character rather than to the government and culture of my own. At Ems I saw him once again, surrounded by society of every sort, and I went back to Frankfort, because my little affairs were in such a state that I could scarcely absent myself from them at all.

But I was not destined to be restored so speedily to repose. BASEDOW now came in to attract me, and touch me on another side. A more decided contrast could not be found than that between these two men. A single glance at Basedow showed the difference. Lavater's features displayed themselves with openness to the observer, but those of Basedow were crowded together and as it were drawn inward. Lavater's eye, beneath a very wide eyelid, was clear and expressive of piety: Basedow's was deep in his head, small, black, sharp, gleaming from under bristly brows, while on the contrary, Lavater's frontal bone was edged with two arches of the softest brown hair. Basedow's strong, rough voice, quick, sharp expressions, a kind of sarcastic laugh, a rapid change of subjects in conversation, with other peculiarities, were all the opposite of the qualities and manners by which Lavater had spoiled us. Basedow was also much sought after in Frankfort, and his great talents were admired, but he was not the man either to edify souls or to lead them. His sole office was to give a better cultivation to

the wide field he had marked out for himself, so that Humanity might afterwards take up its dwelling in it with greater ease and accordance with nature; but to this end he hastened even too directly.

I could not altogether acquiesce in his plans or even get a clear understanding of his views. I was of course pleased with his desire of making all instruction living and natural; his wish, too, that the ancient languages should be practised on present objects, appeared to me laudable, and I gladly acknowledged all that in his project, tended to the promotion of activity and a fresher view of the world. But I was displeased that the illustrations of his elementary work, were even more distracting than its subjects, whereas in the actual world, possible things alone stand together, and for that reason, in spite of all variety and apparent confusion, the world has still a regularity in all its parts. Basedow's elementary work, on the contrary, sunders it completely, inasmuch as things which in the world never are combined, are here put together on account of the association of ideas; and consequently, the book is without even those palpable methodical advantages which we must acknowledge in the similar work of Amos Comenius.

But the conduct of Basedow was much more strange and difficult to comprehend than his doctrine. The purpose of his journey was, by personal influence, to interest the public in his philanthropic enterprise, and, indeed, to open not only hearts but purses. He had the power of speaking grandly and convincingly of his scheme, and every one willingly conceded what he asserted. But in a most inexplicable way he pained the feelings of the very men whose assistance he wished to gain; nay, he outraged them unnecessarily, through his inability to keep back his opinions and fancies on religious subjects. In this respect, too, Basedow appeared the very opposite of Lavater. While the latter received the Bible literally, and with its whole contents, as being word for word in force, and applicable even at the present day, the former had the most unquiet itching to renovate everything, and to remodel both the doctrines and the ceremonies of the church in conformity with some odd notions of his own. Most imprudently he showed no mercy to those conceptions which come not immediately from the Bible, but

from its interpretation:—all those expressions, technical philosophical terms, or sensible figures, with which Councils and Fathers of the church had sought to explain the inexpressible, or to confute heretics. In a harsh and unwarrantable way, and before all alike, he declared himself the sworn enemy of the Trinity, and would never desist from arguing against this universally admitted mystery. I, too, had to suffer a good deal from this kind of entertainment in private conversation, and was compelled again and again to listen to his tirades about the *Hypostasis* and *Ousia*, as well as the *Prosopon*. To meet them all I had recourse to the weapons of paradox, and soaring even above the flight of his opinions, ventured to oppose his rash assertions with something rasher of my own. This gave a new excitement to my mind, and as Basedow was much more extensively read, and had more skill in the fencing tricks of disputation than a follower of nature like myself, I had always to exert myself the more, the more important were the points which were discussed between us.

Such a splendid opportunity to exercise, if not to enlighten my mind, I could not allow to pass away in a hurry. I prevailed on my father and friends to manage my most pressing affairs, and now set off again from Frankfort in the company of Basedow. But what a difference did I feel when I reached the gentle spirit which breathed from Lavater! Pure himself, he created around him a pure circle. At his side one became like a maiden, for fear of presenting before him anything repulsive. Basedow, on the contrary, being altogether absorbed in himself, could not pay any attention to his external appearance. His careless snoring or wheezing tobacco was of itself extremely disagreeable, especially as his pipe was no sooner out, than he brought forth a filthy, prepared kind of tobacco, which took the quality, but not the outward stead, and every time poisoned the conversation with the first word. I called this preparation the *Preparation Spritz*, for *spritz* signifies to spit, and that it ought to be marked as in a Natural History, under this name. This greatly amused him, and to my great advantage indirectly explained the best preparation for my conversation, by saying my *spritz* to him. It was one of the deeply rooted, disagreeable propensities of this admirably gifted man

that he was fond of teasing, and would sting the most dispassionate persons. He could never see any one quiet, but he provoked him with mocking irony, in a hoarse voice, or put him to confusion by an unexpected question, and laughed bitterly when he had gained his end; yet he was pleased when the object of his jests was quick enough to collect himself, and gave him a retort.

How much greater was now my longing for Lavater. He, too, seemed to be rejoiced when he saw me again, and confided to me much that he had learned, especially in reference to the various characters of his fellow-guests, among whom he had already succeeded in making many friends and disciples. For my part I found here several old acquaintances, and in those whom I had not seen for many years, I began to notice what in youth long remains concealed from us, namely, that men grow old and women change. The company became more numerous every day. There was no end to the dancing, and, as in the two principal bath-houses, people came into pretty close contact, the familiarity led to many a practical joke. Once I disguised myself as a village clergyman, while an intimate friend took the character of his wife; by our excessive and troublesome politeness, we were tolerably amusing to the elegant society, and so put every one into good humor. Of serenades at evening, midnight and morning, there was no lack, and we juniors enjoyed but little sleep.

To make up for these dissipations, I always passed a part of the night with Basedow. He never went to bed, but dictated without cessation. Occasionally he cast himself on the couch and slumbered, while his amanuensis sat quietly, pen in hand, ready to continue his work when the half-awakened author should once again give free course to his thoughts. All this took place in a close confined chamber, filled with the fumes of tobacco and the odious tinder. As often as I was disengaged from a dance, I hastened up to Basedow, who was ready at once to speak and dispute on any question; and when after a time, I hurried again to the ball-room, before I had closed the door behind me, he would resume the thread of his essay as composedly as if he had been engaged with nothing else.

We also made together many excursions into the neighborhood, visiting the châteaux, especially those of noble ladies.

who were everywhere more inclined than the men, to receive anything that made a pretence to intellect and talent. At Nassau, at the house of Frau von Stein, a most estimable lady, who enjoyed universal respect, we found a large company. Frau von Laroche was likewise present, and there was no lack of young ladies and children. Here Lavater was doomed to be put to many a physiognomical temptation, which consisted mainly in our seeking to palm upon him the accidents of cultivation as original forms, but his eye was too sure to be deceived. I, too, was called on as much as ever to maintain the truth of the Sorrows of Werther, and to name the residence of Charlotte, a desire which I declined to gratify, not in the politest manner. On the other hand I collected the children around me in order to tell them very wonderful stories, all about well known things, in which I had the great advantage, that no member of my circle of hearers could ask me with any importunity what part was truth and what fiction.

Basedow affirmed that the only thing necessary was a better education of youth, and to promote this end he called upon the higher and wealthy classes for considerable contributions. But hardly had his reasoning and his impassioned eloquence excited, not to say, won to his purpose, the sympathy of his auditors, when the evil anti-trinitarian spirit came upon him, so that without the least sense of where he was, he broke forth into the strangest discourses, which in his own opinion were highly religious, but according to the convictions of those around him highly blasphemous. All sought a remedy for this evil: Lavater, by gentle seriousness, I, by jests, leading off from the subject, and the ladies by amusing walks, but harmony could not be restored. A Christian conversation, such as had been expected from the presence of Lavater, a discourse on education, such as had been anticipated from Basedow, and a sentimental one, for which it was thought I should be ready—all were at once disturbed and destroyed. On our return home, Lavater reproached him, but I punished him in a humorous way. The weather was warm, and the tobacco-smoke had perhaps contributed to the dryness of Basedow's palate: he was dying for a glass of beer, and seeing a tavern at a distance on the road, he eagerly ordered the coachman to stop there. But just as he was

driving up to the door, I called out to him loudly and imperiously, "Go on!" Basedow, taken by surprise, could hardly get the contrary command out of his husky voice. I urged the coachman more vehemently, and he obeyed me. Basedow cursed me, and was ready to fall on me with his fists, but I replied to him with the greatest composure, "Father, be quiet! You ought to thank me. Luckily you didn't see the beer-sign! It was two triangles put together across each other. Now you commonly get mad about one triangle, and if you had set eyes on two, we should have had to get you a strait jacket." This joke threw him into a fit of immoderate laughter, in the intervals of which he scolded and cursed me, while Lavater exercised his patience on both the young fool and the old one.

When in the middle of July, Lavater was preparing to depart, Basedow thought it advantageous to join him, while I had become so accustomed to this rare society that I could not bring myself to give it up. We had a delightful journey down the Lahn: it was refreshing alike to heart and senses. At the sight of an old ruined castle, I wrote the song "*Hoch auf dem alten Thurme steht*" (High on the ancient Turret stands), in Lips's Album, and as it was well received, I wrote, after my evil habit, all kinds of doggrel rhymes and comicalities on the succeeding pages, in order to destroy the impression. I rejoiced to see the magnificent Rhine once more, and was delighted with the astonishment of those who had never before enjoyed this splendid spectacle. We landed at Coblenz; wherever we went, the crowd was very great, and each of the three excited interest and curiosity. Basedow and I seemed to strive which could behave most outrageously. Lavater conducted himself rationally and with judgment, only he could not conceal his favorite opinions, and thus with the best designs he appeared very odd to all men of mediocrity.

I have preserved the memory of a strange dinner at a hotel in Coblenz, in some doggrel rhymes, which will, perhaps, stand with all their kindred in my New Edition. I sat between Lavater and Basedow; the first was instructing a country parson on the mysteries of the Revelation of St. John and the other was in vain endeavouring to prove to an obstinate dancing master, that baptism was an obsolete usage

not calculated for our times. As we were going on to Cologne, I wrote in an Album—

As though to Ennaus, on their ride
 Storming they might be seen;
 The prophets sat on either side,
 The world-child sat between.

Luckily this world-child had also a side which was turned towards the heavenly, and which was now to be moved in a way wholly peculiar. While in Ems I had rejoiced to hear that in Cologne we should find the brothers Jacobi, who with other eminent men had set out to meet and show attention to our two remarkable travellers. On my part, I hoped for forgiveness from them for sundry little improprieties which had originated in the great love of mischief that Herder's keen humor had excited in us. The letters and poems in which Gleim and George Jacobi publicly rejoiced in each other, had given us opportunity for all sorts of sport, and we had not reflected that there is just as much self-conceit in giving pain to others when they are comfortable, as in showing an excess of kindness to oneself or to one's friends. By this means, a certain dissension had arisen between the Upper and Lower Rhine, of so slight importance, however, that mediation was easy. For this the ladies were particularly adapted. Sophia Laroeche had already given us the best idea of the noble brothers. Mademoiselle Fahlmer, who had come to Frankfort from Düsseldorf, and who was intimate with their circle, by the great tenderness of her sympathies, and the uncommon cultivation of her mind, furnished an evidence of the worth of the society in which she had grown up. She gradually put us to shame by her patience with our harsh Upper Saxon manner, and taught us forbearance by letting us feel that we ourselves stood in need of it. The true-heartedness of the younger sister of the Jacobis, the gaiety of the wife of Fritz Jacobi, turned our minds and eyes more and more to these regions. The latter was qualified to captivate me entirely; possessed of a correct feeling without a trace of sentimentality, and with a lively way of speaking, she was a fine Netherlands woman, who without any expression of sensuality, by her robust nature called to mind the women of Rabens. Both these ladies, in longer and shorter visits at

Frankfort, had formed the closest alliance with my sister, and had expanded and enlivened the severe, stiff, and somewhat loveless nature of Cornelia. Thus Disseldorf and Pempelfort had interested our minds and hearts, even in Frankfort.

Accordingly our first meeting in Cologne was at once frank and confidential, for the good opinion of the ladies had not been without its influence at home. I was not now treated, as hitherto on the journey, as the mere misty tail of the two great comets; all around paid me particular attention, and showed me abundant kindness, which they also seemed inclined to receive from me in return. I was weary of my previous follies and impertinences, behind which, in truth, I only hid my impatience, to find during the journey so little care taken to satisfy my heart and soul. Hence, what was within me, burst out like a torrent, and this is perhaps the reason why I recollect so little of individual events. The thoughts we have had, the pictures we have seen, can be again called up before the mind and the imagination; but the heart is not so complaisant; it will not repeat its agreeable emotions. And least of all are we able to recall moments of enthusiasm; they come upon us unprepared, and we yield to them unconsciously. For this reason, others, who observe us at such moments have a better and clearer insight into what passes within us, than we ourselves.

Religious conversations I had hitherto gently declined; to plain questions, I had not unfrequently replied with harshness, because they seemed to me too narrow in comparison with what I sought. When any one wished to force upon me his sentiments and opinions of my compositions, but especially when I was afflicted with the demands of common sense, and people told me decidedly what I ought to have done or left undone, I got out of all patience, and the conversation broke off, or crumbled to pieces, so that no one went away with a particularly good opinion of me. It would have been much more natural to make myself gentle and friendly, but my feelings would not be schooled. They needed to be expanded by free good will and to be moved to a surrender by sincere sympathy. One feeling which prevailed greatly with me, and could never find an expression odd enough for itself, was a sense of the past and present together in one; a phenomenon which brought something spectral into the pre-

sent. It is expressed in many of my smaller and larger works, and always has a beneficial influence in a poem, though, whenever it began to mix itself up with actual life, it must have appeared to every one strange, inexplicable, perhaps gloomy.

Cologne was the place where antiquity had such an incalculable effect upon me. The ruins of the Cathedral (for an unfinished work is like one destroyed) called up the emotions to which I had been accustomed at Strasburg. Artistic considerations were out of the question; too much and too little was given me: and there was no one who could help me out of the labyrinth of what was performed and what was proposed, of the fact and the plan, of what was built and what was only designed, as our industrious, persevering friends nowadays are ready to do. In company with others I did indeed admire its wonderful chapels and columns, but when alone I always gloomily lost myself in this world-edifice, thus checked in its creation while far from complete. Here, too, was a great idea never realized! It would seem, indeed, as if the architecture were there only to convince us that by many men, in a series of years, nothing can be accomplished, and that in art and in deeds only that is achieved which, like Minerva, springs full-grown and armed from the head of its inventor.

At these moments which, oppressed more than they cheered my heart, I little thought that the tenderest and truest emotion was in store for me near at hand. I was persuaded to visit Jabach's Dwelling, and here all that I had been wont to form for myself in my mind came actually and sensibly before my eyes. This family had probably long ago become extinct, but on the ground floor which opened upon a garden, we found everything unchanged. A pavement of brownish red tiles, of a rhomboidal form regularly laid, carved chairs with embroidered seats and high backs, flap-tables, metal chandeliers curiously inlaid, on heavy feet, an immense fireplace with its appropriate utensils, everything in harmony with those early times, and in the whole room nothing new, nothing belonging to the present but ourselves. But what more than all heightened and completed the emotions thus strangely excited, was a large family picture over the fireplace. There sat the former wealthy inhabitant of this abode

surrounded by his wife and children,—there were they in all the freshness of life, and as if of yesterday, or rather of to-day, and yet all of them had passed away. These young, round-cheeked children had grown old, and but for this clever likeness, not a trace of them would have remained. How I acted, how I demeaned myself, when overcome by these impressions I cannot say. The lowest depths of my human affections and poetic sensibilities were laid bare in the boundless stirring of my heart; all that was good and loving in my soul seemed to open and break forth. In that moment without further probation or debate, I gained for life the affection and confidence of those eminent men.

As a result of this union of soul and intellect, in which all that was living in each ~~came forth upon his lips~~, I offered to recite my newest and most favorite ballads. "*Der König von Thule*," (The king of Thule,) and "*Es war ein Bube frech genug*," (There was a rascal bold enough*) had a good effect, and I brought them forth with more feeling as my poems were still bound to my heart, and as they seldom passed my lips. For in the presence of persons, who I feared could not sympathize with my tender sensibility, I felt restrained; and frequently, in the midst of a recitation, I have become confused and could not get right again. How often for that reason have I been accused of wilfulness, and of a strange, whimsical disposition!

Although poetic composition, just then, mainly occupied me and exactly suited my temperament, I was still no stranger to reflection on all kinds of subjects, and Jacobi's tendency to the unfathomable, which was so original, and so much in accordance with his nature, was most welcome and agreeable to me. Here no controversy arose, neither a Christian one, as with Lavater, nor a didactic one, as with Basedow. The thoughts which Jacobi imparted to me flowed immediately from his heart. How profoundly was I moved when in unlimited confidence, he revealed to me even the most hidden longings of his soul! From so amazing a combination of mental wants, passion, and ideas, I could only gather presentiments of what might, perhaps afterwards grow more clear

* The title of the poem is "*Der untreue Knabe*," (The Faithless Boy), and in the first line of it, as published in Goethe's collected works, "*Knabe*" will be found instead of "*Bube*"—Trans.

to me. Happily, I had already prepared if not fully cultivated myself on this side, having in some degree appropriated the thoughts and mind of an extraordinary man, and though my study of him had been incomplete and hasty, I was yet already conscious of important influences derived from this source. This mind, which had worked upon me thus decisively, and which was destined to affect so deeply my whole mode of thinking, was SPINOZA. After looking through the world in vain, to find a means of development for my strange nature, I at last fell upon the Ethics of this philosopher. Of what I read out of the work, and of what I read into it, I can give no account. Enough that I found in it a sedative for my passions, and that a free, wide view over the sensible and moral world, seemed to open before me. But what especially riveted me to him, was the utter disinterestedness which shone forth in his every sentence. That wonderful sentiment, "He who truly loves God must not desire God to love him in return," together with all the preliminary propositions on which it rests, and all the consequences that follow from it, filled my whole mind. To be disinterested in everything, but the most of all in love and friendship, was my highest desire, my maxim, my practice, so that that subsequent hasty saying of mine, "If I love thee what is that to thee?" was spoken right out of my heart. Moreover, it must not be forgotten here that the closest unions are those of opposites. The all-composing calmness of Spinoza was in striking contrast with my all-disturbing activity; his mathematical method was the direct opposite of my poetic humour and my way of writing, and that very precision which was thought ill-adapted to moral subjects, made me his enthusiastic disciple, his most decided worshipper. Mind and heart, understanding and sense, sought each other with an eager affinity, binding together the most different natures.

At this time, however, all within was fermenting and seething in the first action and reaction. Fritz Jacobi, the first whom I suffered to look into the chaos and whose nature was also toiling in its own extreme depths, heartily received my confidence, responded to it, and endeavored to lead me to his own opinions. He, too, felt an unspeakable mental want; he, too, did not wish to have it appeased by outward aid, but aimed at development and illumination from within. I could

not comprehend what he communicated to me of the state of his mind, so much the less indeed, because I could form no idea as to my own. Still, as he was far in advance of me in philosophical thought, and even in the study of Spinoza, he endeavored to guide and enlighten my obscure efforts. Such a purely intellectual relationship was new to me, and excited a passionate longing for further communion. At night, after we had parted and retired to our chambers, I often sought him again. With the moonlight trembling over the broad Rhine, we stood at the window, and revelled in that full interchange of ideas which in such splendid moments of confidence swells forth so abundantly.

Still, of the unspeakable joy of those moments I can now give no account. Much more distinct to my mind is an excursion to the hunting-seat of Bensberg, which, lying on the right shore of the Rhine, commanded the most splendid prospect. What delighted me beyond measure was the decorations of the walls by Weenix. They represented a large open hall surrounded by columns, at the foot of these, as if forming the plinth, lay all the animals that the chase can furnish skilfully arranged, and over these again the eye ranged over a wide landscape. The wonderful artist had expended his whole skill in giving life to these lifeless creatures. In the delineation of their widely varying coats, the bristles, hair, or feathers, with the antlers and claws, he had equalled nature, while, in the effect produced, he had excelled her. When we had admired these works of art sufficiently, as a whole, we were led to reflect on the handling by which such pictures, combining so much spirit and mechanical skill, were produced. We could not understand how they could be created by the hands of man, or by any of his instruments. The pencil was not sufficient: peculiar preparations must be supposed to make such variety possible. Whether we came close to them, or withdrew to a distance, our astonishment was equal; the cause was as wonderful as the effect.

Our further journey up the Rhine was happy and fortunate. The widening of the river invites the mind to expand itself likewise, and to look into the distance. We arrived at Düsseldorf, and from thence came to Pempelfort, a most delightful and beautiful resting-place, where a spacious mansion, opening upon extensive and well-kept gardens, col-

lected together a thoughtful and refined circle. The members of the family were numerous, and strangers, who found abundant enjoyment in so rich and agreeable a neighbourhood were never wanting.

In the Düsseldorf gallery my predilection for the Flemish school found plentiful nourishment. There were whole halls filled with these vigorous, sturdy pictures, brilliant with a fulness of nature; and, if my judgment was not enlarged, my store of knowledge was enriched and my love for art confirmed.

The beautiful composure, contentment, and firmness, which marked the leading character of this family circle, quickly manifested themselves to the observant eye of the thoughtful guest, who could not fail to perceive that a wide sphere of influences had here its centre. The activity and opulence of the neighboring cities and villages contributed not a little to enhance this feeling of inward satisfaction. We visited Elberfeld, and were delighted with the busy aspect of so many flourishing manufactories. Here we fell in again with our friend Jung, commonly known as Stilling, who had gone even to Coblenz to meet us; and who always had his faith in God and his truth towards men, as his most precious attendants. Here we saw him in his own circle, and took pleasure in the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens, who, though occupied with earthly gain, did not leave the heavenly treasures out of view. The sight of this industrious region was satisfactory, because its prosperity was the result of order and neatness. In the contemplation of these things we passed happy days.

When I returned to my friend Jacobi, I enjoyed the rapturous feeling springing from a union of the innermost soul. We were both inspired by the liveliest hope of an influence in common, and I urgently pressed him to make an exhibition in some striking form or other of all that was acting and moving within him. This was the means by which I had escaped from many perplexities, and I hoped that it would relieve him also. He did not object, but undertook the task with zeal, and how much that is good, and beautiful, and consolatory, has he accomplished! And so, at last, we parted with the happy feeling of eternal union, and wholly without a presentiment that our labors would assume the

opposite directions, which, in the course of life, they so markedly took.

Whatever else occurred to me on the return down the Rhine has altogether vanished from my memory, partly because the second impressions of natural objects are wont, in my mind, to be mingled with the first: and partly because, with my thoughts turned inwardly, I was endeavouring to arrange the varied experience I on myself had gained, and to work up what had affected me. Of one important result, as it impelled me to creative efforts, which kept me occupied for a long time, I will now speak.

With my lawless disposition, with a life and action so aimless and purposeless, the observation could not long escape me that Lavater and Basedow employed intellectual and even spiritual means for earthly ends. It soon struck me, who spent my talents and my days on no object whatever, that these two men, while endeavoring, to preach their doctrines, to teach and to convince, had each in his own way, certain views in the background—the advancement of which was, to them, of great consequence. Lavater went to work gently and prudently, Basedow vehemently, rudely, and even awkwardly; but both were so convinced of the excellence of their favorite schemes and undertakings, and their mode of prosecuting them, that so far all were compelled to look upon them as men of sincerity, and to love and to honor them as such. In praise of Lavater especially, it could be said that he actually had higher objects, and, if he acted according to the wisdom of this world, it was in the belief that the end would hallow the means. As I observed them both, nay, indeed frankly told them my opinions and heard theirs in return, the thought arose in me that every highly-gifted man is called upon to diffuse whatever there is of divine within him. In attempting this, however, he comes in contact with the rough world, and, in order to act upon it, he must put himself on the same level. Thus, in a great measure he compromises his high advantages, and finally forfeits them altogether. The heavenly, the eternal, is buried in a body of earthly designs, and hurried with it to the fate of the transient. From this point of view I now regarded the career of these two men, and they seemed to me, worthy both of honor and of compassion; for I thought I could foresee that each would

be compelled to sacrifice the higher to the lower. As I pursued this reflection to the farthest extremity, and looked beyond the limits of my narrow experience for similar cases in history, the plan occurred to me of taking the life of Mahomet, whom I had never been able to think an impostor, for a dramatic exhibition of those courses which in actual life, I was strongly convinced, invariably lead to ruin much more than to good. I had shortly before read with great interest, and studied the life of the Eastern Prophet, and was therefore tolerably prepared when the thought occurred to me. The sketch approached on the whole to the regular form to which I was again inclining, although I still used in moderation the liberty gained for the stage, and arranged time and place according to my own pleasure. The piece began with Mahomet alone under the open sky, singing a *lynon*. But he adores first of all the innumerable stars as so many gods; but as the friendly star, Gad (our Jupiter) rises, he offers to him, as the king of the stars, exclusive adoration. Not long after the moon ascends the horizon, and wins the eye and heart of the worshipper, who, presently refreshed and strengthened by the dawning sun, is called upon for new praises. But these changing phenomena, however delightful, are still unsatisfactory and the mind feels that it must rise yet above itself. It mounts, therefore, to God, the Only, Eternal, Infinite, to whom all these splendid yet limited creatures owe their existence. I composed this scene with great delight: it is now lost, but might easily be restored for the purpose of a cantata, and would commend itself to the musical composer by the variety of its expression. It would, however, be necessary to imagine it sung, according to the original plan, by the conductor of a caravan with its family and tribes; and thus the alternation of the voices, and the strength of the chorus, would be provided for.

After Mahomet has thus converted himself, he imparts these feelings and sentiments to his friends. His wife and Ali become his disciples without reserve. In the second act, he zealously attempts, supported by the still more zealous Ali, to propagate this faith in the tribes. Assent and dissent follow the variety of character. The contest becomes the strife becomes violent, and Mahomet is compelled to fly. In the third act, he defeats his enemies, and making his

religion the public one, purifies the Kaaba from idols; but, as all this cannot be done by power, he is obliged to resort to cunning. What in his character is earthly increases and extends itself; the divine retires and is obscured. In the fourth act, Mahomet pursues his conquests, his doctrine becomes a pretence rather than an end: all conceivable means must be employed, and barbarities become abundant. A woman, whose husband has been put to death by Mahomet's order, poisons him. In the fifth act, he feels that he is poisoned. His great calmness, the return to himself, and to a higher sense, make him worthy of admiration. He purifier his doctrine, establishes his kingdom, and dies.

Such was the sketch of a work which long occupied my mind, for usually I was obliged to have the materials in my head, before I commenced the execution. I meant, to represent the power which genius exercises over men by character and intellect, and what are its gains and losses in the process. Several of the songs, to be introduced in the drama, were composed beforehand; all that remains of them, however, is what stands among my poems under the title "*Mahomet's Gesang*," (Mahomet's Song). According to the plan, this was to be sung by Ali in honor of his master, at the highest point of his success, just before the changed aspect of affairs resulting from the poison. I recollect also the outlines of several scenes, but the explanation of them here would lead me too far.

FIFTEENTH BOOK.

FROM these manifold dissipations, which, however, generally gave occasion for serious, and even religious reflections, I always returned to my noble friend, Fraulein von Klettenberg, whose presence calmed, at least for a moment, my stormy and undirected impulses and passions, and to whom next to my sister, I liked best to communicate designs like that I have just spoken of. I might, indeed, have perceived that her health was constantly failing, but I concealed it from myself, and this I was the better able to do as her cheerfulness increased with her illness. She used to sit, neatly dressed, in her chair at the window, and kindly listened to the narratives of my little expeditions as well as to what I read aloud to her. Often, too, I made sketches, in order to make her understand the better the description of the places I had seen. One evening, I had been recalling to my mind many different images: when in the light of the setting sun she and all around her appeared before me, as if transfigured, and I could not refrain from making a drawing of her and of the surrounding objects in the chamber, as well as my poor skill permitted. In the hands of a skilful artist like Kersting it would have made a beautiful picture. I sent it to a fair friend at a distance, and added a song as commentary and supplement:

In this magic glass reflected
See a vision, mild and bless'd;
By the wing of God protected,
See our friend, while suffering, rest.

Mark, how her endeavours bore her
From life's waves to realms above;
See thine image stand before her,
And the God, who died from love.

Feel what I, amid the floating
Of that heavenly ether, knew;
When the first impression noting,
Hastily this sketch, I drew.

Though in these stanzas, as had often happened before, I expressed myself as "a stranger and foreigner," in short, as a heathen, she did not take offence at it. On the contrary, she assured me that in so doing I pleased her much more than when I attempted to employ the Christian terminology, which somehow I could never apply correctly. Indeed, it had become a standing custom with me, whenever I read to her missionary intelligence, which she was always fond of listening to, to take the part of the Pagans against the missionaries, and to praise their old condition as preferable to their new one. Still she was ever gentle and friendly, and seemed not to have the least fear about me or my salvation.

My gradual alienation from her creed arose from the fact that I had laid hold of it at first with too great zeal, with passionate love. Ever since I became more intimately acquainted with the Moravians, my inclination to this Society, which had united under the victorious banners of Christ, had constantly increased. It is exactly in the moment of its earliest formation that a positive religion possesses its greatest attraction. On that account it is delightful to go back to the time of the Apostles, where all stands forth as fresh and immediately spiritual. And thus it was that the Moravian doctrine acquired something of a magical charm by appearing to continue or rather to perpetuate the condition of those first times. It connected its origin with them; when it seemed to perish, it still wound its way through the world, although by unnoticed tendrils; at last one little germ took root beneath the protection of a pious and eminent man, and so from an unnoticed and apparently accidental beginning expanded once more over the wide world. In this Society, the most important point, was the inseparable combination of the religious and civil constitution by which the teacher was at the same time the ruler, and the father the judge. What was still more distinctive of their fraternity was that the religious head, to whom unlimited faith was yielded in spiritual things, was also intrusted with the guidance of temporal affairs, and his counsels, whether for the government of the whole body, or for the guidance of individuals, if confirmed by the issue of the *lot*, were implicitly followed. Its peace and harmony, to which at least outward appearances testified, was most alluring, while, on the other hand, the missionary vocation

seemed to call forth and to give employment to all man's active powers. The excellent persons whose acquaintance I made at Marienborn, which I had visited in the company of Councillor Moritz, the agent of Count von Isenburg, had gained my unqualified esteem, and it only depended on themselves to make me their own. I studied their history, and their doctrine, and the origin and growth of their society, so as to be able to give an account of it and to talk about it to all who might feel interested in it. Nevertheless, the conviction was soon forced upon me that with the brethren I did not pass for a Christian any more than I did with Fräulein von Klettenberg. At first this disturbed me, but afterwards my inclination to them became somewhat cooler. However, I could not for a long time discover the precise ground of difference, although it was obvious enough, until at last, it was forced upon me more by accident than by reflection. What separated me from this brotherhood, as well as from other good Christian souls, was the very point on which the Church has more than once fallen into dissension. On the one hand, it was maintained that by the Fall human nature had been so corrupted to its innermost core, that not the least good could be found in it, and that therefore man must renounce all trust in his own powers, and look to grace and its operations for everything. The other party, while it admitted the hereditary imperfections of man, nevertheless ascribed to nature a certain germ of good within, which, animated by divine grace, was capable of growing up to a joyous tree of spiritual happiness. By this latter conviction I was unconsciously penetrated to my inmost soul, even while with tongue and pen I maintained the opposite side. But I had hitherto gone on with such ill-defined ideas, that I had never once clearly stated the dilemma to myself. From this dream I was unexpectedly roused one day, when, in a religious conversation, having distinctly advanced opinions, to my mind, most innocent, I had in return to undergo a severe lecture. The very thought of such a thing, it was maintained, was genuine Pelagianism, a pernicious doctrine which was again appearing, to the great injury of modern times. I was astonished and even terrified. I went back to Church history, studied the doctrine and fate of Pelagius more closely, and now saw clearly how these two irreconcilable opinions had

fluctuated in favour through whole centuries, and had been embraced and acknowledged by different men, according as they were of a more active or of a more passive nature.

The course of past years had constantly led me more and more to the exercise of my own powers. A restless activity was at work within me, with the best desire for moral development. The world without demanded that this activity should be regulated and employed for the advantage of others, and this great demand I felt called upon in my own case to meet. On all sides I had been directed to nature, and she had appeared to me in her whole magnificence; I had been acquainted with many good and true men who were toiling to do their duty, and for the sake of duty; to renounce them, nay to renounce myself, seemed impossible. The gulf which separated me from the doctrine of man's total depravity now became plain to me. Nothing, therefore, remained to me but to part from this society; and as my love of the holy Scriptures, as well as of the founder of Christianity and its early professors, could not be taken from me, I formed a Christianity for my private use, and sought to establish and build it up by an attentive study of history and a careful observation of those who were favourable to my opinion.

As everything which I once warmly embraced immediately put on a poetic form, I now took up the strange idea of treating epically the history of the Wandering Jew, which popular books had long since impressed upon my mind. My design was to bring out in the course of the narrative such prominent points of the history of religion and the Church as I should find convenient. I will now explain the way in which I treated this fable, and what meaning I gave to it. ~

In Jerusalem, according to the legend, there was a shoemaker, of the name of Ahasuerus. For this character my Dresden shoemaker was to supply the main features. I had furnished him with the spirit and humor of a craftsman of the school of Hans Sachs, and ennobled him by an inclination to Christ. Accordingly as, in his open workshop, he liked to talk with the passers-by, jested with them, and, after the Socratic fashion, touched up every one in his own way, the neighbors and others of the people took pleasure in lingering at his booth; even Pharisees and Sadducees spoke to him, and the Saviour himself and his disciples would often stop at

his door. The shoemaker, whose thoughts were directed solely towards the world, I painted as feeling, nevertheless, a special affection for our Lord, which, for the most part, evinced itself by a desire to bring this lefty being, whose mind he did not comprehend, over to his own way of thinking and acting. Accordingly, in a modest manner, he recommends Christ to abandon his contemplative life, and to leave off going about the country with such idlers, and drawing the people away from their labor into the wilderness. A multitude, he said, was always ready for excitement, and nothing good could come of it.

On the other hand, the Lord endeavoured, by parables, to instruct him in his higher views and aims, but these were all thrown away on his mere matter-of-fact intellect. Thus, as Christ becomes more and more an important character, and finally a public person, the friendly workman pronounces his opinion still more sharply and vehemently, maintaining that nothing but disorder and tumult could follow from such proceedings, and that Christ would be at last compelled to put himself at the head of a party, though that could not possibly be his design. Finally, when things had taken the course which history narrates, and Christ had been seized and condemned, Alhasuerus gives full vent to his indignation when Judas who undesignedly had betrayed his Lord, in his despair enters the workshop, and with lamentations relates how his plans had been crossed. He had been, he said, as well as the shrewdest of the other disciples, firmly convinced that Christ would declare himself regent and head of the nation. His purpose was only, by this violence, to compel the Lord, whose hesitation had hitherto been invincible, to hasten the declaration. Accordingly, he had incited the priesthood to an act which previously they had not courage to do. The disciples, on their side, were not without arms, and probably all would have turned out well, if the Lord had not given himself up, and left them in the most forlorn state. Alhasuerus, whom this narrative in no ways tends to propitiate, only exasperates the agony of the poor ex-apostle, who rushes out and goes and hangs himself.

As Jesus is led past the workshop of the shoemaker, on his way to execution, the well-known scene of the legend occurs, The sufferer faints under the burden of the cross, and Simon

of Cyrene is compelled to carry it. Upon this, Ahasuerus comes forward, and sustains the part of those harsh common-sense people, who, when they see a man involved in misfortune through his own fault, feel no pity, but, struck by an untimely sense of justice, make the matter worse by their reproaches. As he comes out, he repeats all his former warnings, changing them into vehement accusations, which his attachment to the sufferer seems to justify. The Saviour does not answer, but at the instant the loving Veronica covers his face with the napkin, on which, as she removes it and raises it aloft, Ahasuerus sees depicted the features of the Lord, not indeed as those of the sufferer of the moment, but as of one transfigured and radiant with celestial life. Amazed by this phenomenon, he turns away his eyes and hears the words: "Over the earth shalt thou wander till thou shalt once more see me in this form." Overwhelmed at the sentence, it is not till after some time that the artisan comes to himself; he then finds that every one has gone to the place of execution and that the streets of Jerusalem are empty. Disquiet and curiosity drive him forth, and he begins his wandering.

I shall, perhaps, speak elsewhere of all this, and of the incident by which the poem was ended indeed, but not finished. The beginning, some detached passages, and the conclusion, were written. But I never completed the work. I lacked time for the studies necessary to give it the finish and bearing that I wished. The few sheets which I did write were the more willingly left to repose in obscurity, as a new and necessary epoch was now formed in my mental character by the publication of *Werther*.

The common fate of man, which all of us have to bear, must fall most heavily on those whose intellectual powers expand very early. For a time we may grow up under the protection of parents and relatives; we may lean for a while upon our brothers and sisters and friends, be supported by acquaintances, and made happy by those we love, but in the end man is always driven back upon himself, and it seems as if the Divinity had taken a position towards men so as not always to respond to their reverence, trust, and love, at least not in the precise moment of need. Early enough, and by many a hard lesson, had I learned that at the most urgent crises the call to us is, "Physician, heal thyself;" and how frequently

had I been compelled to sigh out in pain, "I tread the wine-press alone!" So now, while I was looking about for the means of establishing my independence, I felt that the surest basis on which to build was my own creative talents. For many years I had never known it to fail me for a moment. What, waking, I had seen by day, often shaped itself into regular dreams at night, and when I opened my eyes there appeared to me either a wonderful new whole, or a part of one already commenced. Usually, my time for writing was early in the morning, but still in the evening, or even late at night, when wine and social intercourse had raised my spirits, I was ready for any topic that might be suggested; only let a subject of some character be offered, and I was at once prepared and ready. While, then, I reflected upon this natural gift, and found that it belonged to me as my own, and could neither be favoured nor hindered by any external matters I easily in thought built my whole existence upon it. This conception soon assumed a distinct form; the old mythological image of Prometheus occurred to me, who, separated from the gods, peopled a world from his own work-shop. I clearly felt that a creation of importance could be produced only when its author isolated himself. My productions which had met with so much applause were children of solitude, and since I had stood in a wider relation to the world, I had not been wanting in the power or the pleasure of invention, but the execution halted, because I had, neither in prose nor in verse, a style properly my own, and, consequently, with every new work, had always to begin at the beginning and try experiments. As in this I had to decline and even to exclude the aid of men, so, after the fashion of Prometheus, I separated myself from the gods also, and the more naturally as with my character and mode of thinking one tendency always swallowed up and repelled all others.

The fable of Prometheus became living in me. The old Titan web I cut up according to my own measurements, and without further reflection began to write a piece in which was painted the dilapidated Prometheus was placed in with respect to the other and the later gods, in consequence of his making man with his own hand, giving them life by the aid of Minerva, and founding a third dynasty. And, in fact, the reigning gods had good cause to feel aggrieved, since they might now

appear in the light of wrongful intruders between the Titans and men. To this singular composition belongs as a monologue that poem, which has become remarkable in German literature, by having called forth a declaration from Lessing against Jacobi on certain weighty matters of thought and feeling. It thus served as the match to an explosion which revealed and brought into discussion the most secret relations of men of worth:—relations of which they perhaps were not themselves conscious, and which were slumbering in a society otherwise most enlightened. The schism was so violent, that, with the concurrence of further incidents, it caused us the loss of one of our most valuable men, namely, Mendelssohn.

Although philosophical and even religious considerations may be, and before now have been attached to this subject, still it belongs peculiarly to poetry. The Titans are the foil of polytheism, as the devil may be considered the foil of monotheism, though, like the only God to whom he stands in contrast, he is not a poetic figure. The Satan of Milton, though boldly enough drawn, still remains in the disadvantageous light of a subordinate existence attempting to destroy the splendid creation of a higher being: Prometheus, on the contrary, has this advantage, that, even in spite of superior beings, he is able to act and to create. It is also a beautiful thought, and well suited to poetry, to represent men as created not by the Supreme Ruler of the world, but by an intermediate agent, who, however, as a descendant of the most ancient dynasty, is of worth and importance enough for such an office. Thus, and indeed under every aspect, the Grecian mythology is an inexhaustible mine of divine and human symbols.

Nevertheless, the Titanic, gigantic, heaven-storming character afforded no suitable material for my poetic art. It better suited me to represent that peaceful, plastic, and always patient opposition which recognising the superior power, still presumes to claim equality. And yet the bolder members of the race, Tantalus, Ixion, Sisyphus, were also my saints. Admitted to the society of the gods, they would not deport themselves submissively enough, but, by their haughty bearing as guests, provoked the anger of their host and patron, and drew upon themselves a sorrowful banishment. I pitied them; their condition had already been set forth by the ancients as truly tragic, and when I introduced them in the

back-ground of my *Iphigenie*. I was indebted to them for a part of the effect which that piece had the good fortune to produce.

At this period I usually combined the art of design with poetical composition. I drew the portraits of my friends in profile on grey paper, in white and black chalk. Whenever I dictated or listened to reading, I sketched the positions of the writer and reader, with the surrounding objects; the resemblance could not be denied, and the drawings were well received. Dilettanti always have this advantage because they give their labor for nothing. But feeling the insufficiency of this copying, I betook myself once more to language and rhythm which were much more at my command. How briskly, how joyously and eagerly I went to work with them will appear from the many poems which, enthusiastically proclaiming the *art* of nature, and the *nature* of art, infused, at the moment of their production, new spirit into me as well as into my friends.

At this epoch, and in the midst of these occupations, I was sitting one evening with a struggling light in my chamber, to which at least the air of an artist's studio was thus imparted, while the walls, stuck over and covered with half-finished works, gave the impression of great industry, when there entered a well-formed, slender man, whom, at first, in the twilight, I took for Fritz Jacobi, but soon, discovering my mistake, greeted as a stranger. In his free and agreeable bearing a certain military air was perceptible. He announced himself by the name of Von Knebel, and from a brief introduction I gathered that he was in the Prussian service, and that during a long residence at Berlin and Potsdam he had actively cultivated an acquaintance with the literary men of those places, and with German literature in general. He had attached himself particularly to Rander, and had adopted his mode of reciting poems. He was also familiar with all that Goetz had written, who, at that time, had not as yet made a name among the Germans. Through his exertions the *Mädcheninsel* (Isle of Maidens) of this poet had been printed at Potsdam, and had fallen into the hands of the King, who was said to have expressed a favorable opinion of it.

We had seriously talked over these subjects of general interest in German literature, before I learned, even to my

satisfaction, that he was at present stationed in Weimar, and was appointed the companion of Prince Constantin. Of matters there I had already heard much that was favorable; for several strangers, who had come from Weimar, assured us that the Duchess Amalia had gathered round her the best men to assist in the education of the princes her sons; that the Academy of Jena, through its admirable teachers, had also contributed its part to this excellent purpose; and that the arts were not only protected by this princess, but were practised by her with great diligence and zeal. We also heard that Wieland was in especial favor. The *Deutsche Merkur*, too, which united the labors of so many scholars in other places, contributed not a little to the fame of the city in which it was published. There also was one of the best theatres in Germany, which was made famous by its actors, as well as by the authors who wrote for it. These noble institutions and plans seemed, however, to have received a sudden check, and to be threatened with a long interruption, in consequence of the terrible conflagration of the castle, which took place in the May of that year. But the confidence in the hereditary prince was so great that every one was convinced not only that the damage would be repaired, but that in spite of it every other hope would be fully accomplished. As I inquired after these persons and things, as if I were an old acquaintance, and expressed a wish to become more intimately acquainted with them, my visitor replied, in the most friendly manner possible, that nothing was easier, since the hereditary prince, with his brother, the Prince Constantin, had just arrived in Frankfort, and desired to see and know me. I at once expressed the greatest willingness to wait upon them, and my new friend told me that I must not delay, as their stay would not be long. In order to equip myself for the visit, I took Von Knebel to my father and mother, who were surprised at his arrival, and the message he bore, and conversed with him with great satisfaction. I then proceeded with him to the young princes, who received me in a very easy and friendly manner: Count Görtz, also, the tutor of the hereditary prince, appeared not displeased to see me. Though there was no lack of literary subjects for our conversation, accident furnished the best possible introduction to it, and rendered it at once important and profitable.

Möser's *Patriotische Fantasien* (patriotic Fantasies), that is to say, the first part of them, were lying on the table, fresh from the binder, with the leaves uncut. As I was familiar with them, while the rest were scarcely acquainted with them, I had the advantage of being able to give a complete account of the work, and had here a favorable opportunity for speaking with a young prince who was sincerely desirous, and also firmly determined to make use of his station to do all the good in his power. Möser's book, both in its contents and its tone, could not but be highly interesting to every German. While by other writers division, anarchy, and impotence, had been brought as a reproach against the German empire, according to Möser this very number of small states was highly desirable, as affording room for the special cultivation of each, according to its necessities, which must vary with the site and peculiarities of such widely different provinces. In the same way, I remarked, that Möser, starting with the city and bishopric *Stift*, of Osnaburg, and thence going over the circle of Westphalia, set forth its relation to the whole empire, and just as he, in the further examination of the subject, uniting the past with the present, deduced the latter from the former, and thus clearly shewed what alterations were desirable or not; so might every ruler, by proceeding in the same way, obtain a thorough knowledge of the constitution of the state he governs, its connexion with its neighbors and with the whole empire, and thus enable himself to judge both the present and the future.

In the course of our conversation, many remarks were made with regard to the difference between the States of Upper and Lower Saxony; not only their natural productions, it was observed, but also their manners, laws, and customs had differed from the earliest times, and, according to the form of religion and government, had variously modified themselves. We endeavoured to obtain a clear view of the differences between the two regions, and in this attempt it soon appeared how useful it would be to have a good model, which, if regarded, not in its individual peculiarities, but in the general method on which it had been based, might be applied to the most widely differing cases, and thereby might be highly serviceable in helping us to form a correct judgment.

This conversation, which was kept up when we were set down at table, made a better impression in my favor than I perhaps deserved. For instead of making such works as belonged to my own sphere of literature the subjects of discussion; instead of demanding an undivided attention for the drama and for romance, I appeared while discussing Möser's book, to prefer those writers whose talents, proceeding from active life, returned to it with immediate benefit, whereas works properly poetical, as soaring above mere social and material interests, could only be indirectly and accidentally profitable. These discussions went on like the stories of the Arabian Nights; one important matter came up after another; many themes were only touched upon without our being able to follow them out, and accordingly, as the stay of the young princes in Frankfort was necessarily short, they made me promise to follow them to Mayence and spend a few days with them there. I gave this promise gladly enough, and hastened home to impart the agreeable intelligence to my parents.

My father, however, could not by any means be brought to approve of it. In accordance with his sentiments as a citizen of the empire, he had always kept aloof from the great, and although constantly coming in contact with the *chargés d'affaires* of the neighboring princes, he had nevertheless avoided all personal relations with them. In fact, courts were among the things about which he was accustomed to joke. He was not indeed displeased if any one opposed his opinions on this head; only he was not satisfied unless his opponent maintained his side with wit and spirit. If we allowed his "*Procul a Jove procul a fulmine*" to pass, but added that with lightning the question was not so much whence it came as whither it went; he would bring up the old proverb, "With great lords it is not good to eat cherries." When to this we replied that it was yet worse to eat with dainty people out of one basket, he would not deny the truth of this; only he was sure to have another proverb ready at hand which was to put us to confusion. For since proverbs and rhyming apophthegms proceed from the people, who, while they are forced to obey, like at least to speak their vengeance, just as their superiors, on the other hand, indemnify themselves by deeds; and since the poetry of the sixteenth century is almost wholly of a nervous didactic cha-

racter, there is in our language no lack of jests and serious adages, directed from below upwards. We juniors, however, now began to aim from above downwards, fancying ourselves something great as we took up the cause of the great. Of these sayings and counter-sayings I will here insert a few

A.

Long at court is long in hell,

B.

There many good folks warm them well.

A.

Such as I am, I'm still mine own,
To me shall favors ne'er be shown.

B.

Blush not a favor to receive,
For you must take, if you would give.

A.

This trouble at the court you catch,
That where you itch, you must not scratch

B.

The sage, that would the people teach,
Must scratch a place that does not itch.

A.

Those who a slavish office choose,
One half of life are sure to lose,
And come what will they may be sure,
Old Nick the other will secure.

B.

Whoe'er with princes is at home,
Will some day find good fortune come;
Who courts the rabble,—to his cost
Will find that all his year is lost.

A.

Though wheat at court seems flourishing
Doubt that great harvest it will bring.
When to your barn you deem it brought,
You'll find that after all 'tis sought.

B.

The wheat that blooms will ripen too,
For so of old it used to do;
And if a crop is spoil'd by hail,
The next year's harvest will not fail.

A.

He who would serve himself alone,
Should have a cottage of his own.
Dwell with his children and his wife,
Regale himself with light new wine,
And on the cheapest viands dine:
Then nothing can disturb his life

B.

So, from a master you'd be free?—
Whither think'st thou then to flee?
Dream not your freedom you will get,
You have a wife to rule you yet.
She by her stupid boy is ruled,
Thus in your cot you still are schooled.

As I was lately looking up these rhymes in some old memorandum books, I fell in with many such *jeux d'esprit*, in which we had amplified pithy old German saws, in order to set them off against other proverbs which are equally verified by experience. A selection from them may perhaps hereafter, as an epilogue to the "Puppenspiele" (puppet shows), suggest some pleasant reflections.

But all these rejoinders could not move my father from his opinions. He was in the habit of saving his most stringent argument for the close of the discussion. This consisted of a minute description of Voltaire's adventure with Frederick the Second. He told us how the unbounded favor, familiarity, mutual obligations, were at once revoked and forgotten; how he had lived to see the comedy out in the arrest of that extraordinary poet and writer by the Frankfort civic guard, on the complaint of the Resident Freytag, and the warrant of the Burgemaster Fichard, and his confinement for some time in the tavern of the Rose, on the Zeil. To this we might have answered in many ways,—among others, that Voltaire was not free from blame himself,—but from filial respect we always

yielded the point. On the present occasion, when these things and others like them were alluded to, I hardly knew how to demean myself, for he warned me explicitly, maintaining that the invitation was given only to entice me into a trap, in order to take vengeance on me for my mischievous treatment of the favored Wieland. Fully as I was convinced of the contrary, yet as I saw but too plainly that a preconceived opinion, excited by hypochondriac fancies, afflicted my worthy father, I was unwilling to act in direct opposition to his convictions. Still I could not find any excuse for failing to keep my promise without appearing ungrateful and uncourteous. Unfortunately our friend Fräulein Von Klettenberg, to whose advice we usually resorted in such cases, was confined to her bed. In her and my mother I had two incomparable companions. I called them Word and Deed; for when the former cast her serene or rather blissful glance over earthly things, what was confusion to us children of earth, at once grew plain before her, and she could almost always point out the right way, because she looked upon the labyrinth from above, and was not herself entangled in it. When a decision was once made, the readiness and energy of my mother could be relied on. While the former had Sight for her aid the latter had Faith, and as she maintained her serenity in all cases, she was never without the means of accomplishing what was proposed or desired. Accordingly she was now despatched to our sick friend to obtain her opinion, and when this turned out in my favour, she was entreated to gain the consent of my father, who yielded, against his belief and will.

It was in a very cold season of the year that I arrived at the appointed hour in Mayence. My reception by the young princes and by their attendants, was no less friendly than the invitation. The conversation in Frankfort was recalled and resumed at the point where it had been broken off. When it touched upon the recent German literature and its audacities, it was perfectly natural that my famous piece, "*Götter, Helden, und Wieland*"—Gods, Heroes, and Wieland—should come up, at which I remarked with satisfaction that the thing was regarded with good humor. Being called on to give the real history of this *jeu d'esprit*, which had excited so great attention, I could not avoid confessing, first of all, that as true

fellows of the Upper Rhine, we had no bounds either to our liking or disliking. With us, reverence for Shakspeare was carried to adoration. But Wieland, with his decided peculiarity of destroying the interest, both of himself and of his readers, had, in the notes to his translation, found much fault with the great author, and that in such a way as to vex us exceedingly, and to diminish in our eyes, the value of the work. We saw that Wieland, whom we had so highly revered as a poet, and who, as a translator, had rendered such great service, was, as a critic, capricious, one-sided, and unjust. Besides this, he had deliberately spoken against our idols, the Greeks, and this sharpened our hostility yet more. It is well known that the Greek gods and heroes are eminent not for moral but for glorified physical qualities, for which reason they afford such splendid subjects to artists. Now Wieland, in his *Alceste*, had presented heroes and demi-gods after the modern fashion. Against this we had nothing to say, as every one is at liberty to mould poetic traditions to his own ends and way of thinking. But in the letters on this opera, which he inserted in the *Merkur*, he appeared to us unduly to exalt this mode of treating them; in short, to show too much of the partisan, and to commit an unpardonable sin against the good ancients and their higher style, by his absolute unwillingness to recognise the strong, healthy nature which is the basis of their productions. I told them we had hardly discussed these grievances with some vehemence in our little society, when my ordinary rage for dramatizing everything came upon me one Sunday afternoon, and so at one sitting, over a bottle of good Burgundy, I wrote off the whole piece, just as it stands. It was no sooner read to those of my colleagues as were present, and received by them with exclamations of delight, than I sent the manuscript to Lenz at Strasburg, who appeared enraptured with it, and maintained that it must be printed without delay. After some correspondence, I at last consented, and he put it hastily to press at Strasburg. Some time afterwards, I learned that this was one of the first steps which Lenz took in his design to injure me, and to bring me into disgrace with the public; but at that time I neither knew nor surmised anything of the kind.

In this way I narrated to my new patrons, with perfect candour, the innocent origin of the piece, as well as I knew

it myself, in order to convince them that it contained no personality, nor any ulterior motive. I also took care to let them understand with what gaiety and recklessness we were accustomed to banter and ridicule each other among ourselves. With this, I saw that they were quite content. They almost admired the great fear we had lest any one of ourselves should go to sleep upon his laurels. They compared such a society to those Buccaneers who, in every moment of repose, are afraid of becoming effeminate, and whose leaders, when there are no enemies in sight, and there is no one to plunder, will let off a pistol under the mess-table, in order that even in peace there may be no want of wounds and horrors. After considerable discussion *pro* and *con* upon this subject, I was at last induced to write Wieland a friendly letter. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, as, in the *Merkur*, he had spoken most liberally of this piece of youthful folly, and as, in literary feuds, was almost always his custom, had ended the affair in the most skilful manner.

The few days of my stay at Mayence passed off very pleasantly; for when my new patrons were abroad on visits and banquets, I remained with their attendants, drew the portraits of several, or went skating, for which the frozen ditches of the fortification afforded excellent opportunity. I returned home full of the kindness I had met with, and, as I entered the house, was on the point of emptying my heart by a minute account of it; but I saw only troubled faces, and the conviction was soon forced upon me that our friend Fräulein von Klettenberg was no more. At this I was greatly concerned, because, in my present situation I needed her more than ever. They told me for my consolation, that a pious death had crowned her happy life, and that the cheerfulness of her faith had remained undisturbed to the end. But there was also another obstacle in the way of a free communication on the subject of my visit. My father, instead of rejoicing at the fortunate issue of this little adventure, persisted in his opinion, and maintained, on the other hand, that it was nothing but dissimulation, and that perhaps there was a danger of their carrying out in the end something still worse against me. I was thus driven to my younger friends with my narrative, and to them I could not tell it circumstantially enough. But, their attachment and good will, led to a result which to me was

most unpleasant. Shortly afterwards, appeared a pamphlet, called "Prometheus, Decealion and his Reviewers," also in a dramatic form. In this the comical notion was carried out, of putting little wood-cut figures before the dialogue, instead of proper names, and representing by all sorts of satirical images those critics who had expressed an opinion upon my works, or on works akin to them. In one place the Altona courier, without his head, was blowing his horn, here a bear was growling, and there a goose was cackling. The *Merkur*, too, was not forgotten, and many wild and tame animals were represented in the *atelier* of the sculptor endeavoring to put him out, while he, without taking particular notice of them, kept zealously at his work, and did not refrain from expressing his opinion about the matter in general. The appearance of this *jeu d'esprit* surprised me much, and was as unexpected as it was disagreeable. Its style and tone evidently showed that it was by one of our society, and indeed I feared it might be attributed to me. But what was most annoying, was the circumstance that "Prometheus" brought out some allusions to my stay at Mayence and to what was said there, which nobody but myself could have known. To me this was a proof that the author was one of those who formed my most intimate circle of friends, where he must have heard me relate these events in detail. Accordingly we all looked at each other, and each suspected the rest, but the unknown writer managed very well to keep his own secret. I uttered vehement reproaches against him, because it was exceedingly vexatious to me, after so gracious a reception and so important a conversation, and after the confiding letter I had written to Wieland, to see here an occasion for fresh distrust and disagreement. However my uncertainty on this point was not of long duration. As I walked up and down my room reading the book aloud, I heard clearly in the fancies and the turns of expression the voice of Wagner—and it was he. When I had rushed down stairs to impart my discovery to my mother, she confessed to me that she already knew it. Annoyed at the ill results of what had seemed to him a good and praiseworthy plan, the author had discovered himself to her, and besought her intercession with me, not to fulfil in his person my threat of holding no further intercourse with the writer who had so abused my confidence.

The fact that I had found him out myself was very much in his favour, and the satisfaction always attending a discovery of one's own, inclined me to be merciful. The fault which had given occasion for such a proof of my sagacity, was forgiven. Nevertheless, it was not easy to convince the public that Wagner was the author, and that I had had no hand in the game. No one believed that he possessed such versatility of talent; and no one reflected, that it was very easy for him, though possessing no remarkable talents of his own, to notice, seize upon, and bring out in his own way all that for some time had passed either in jest and earnest in an intellectual society. And thus on this occasion as on many others afterwards, I had to suffer not only for my own follies, but also for the indiscretion and precipitancy of my friends.

As the remembrance of them is here suggested by many circumstances, I will speak of some distinguished men who, at different times, on their passage through Frankfort, either lodged at our house or partook of our friendly hospitality. Once more Klopstock stands justly at the head. I had already exchanged several letters with him, when he announced to me that he was invited to go to Carlsruhe and to reside there; that he would be in Friedberg by a specified day, and wished that I would come there and fetch him. I did not fail to be there at the hour. He, however, had been accidentally detained upon the road; and after I had waited in vain for some days, I went home, where he did not arrive till after some time, and then excused his delay, and received very kindly my readiness to come to meet him. His person was small but well-built; his manners without being stiff, were serious and precise; his conversation was measured and agreeable. On the whole there was something of the diplomatist in his bearing. Such a man undertakes the difficult task of supporting, at the same time, his own dignity, and that of a superior to whom he is responsible; of advancing his own interest, together with the small more important interest of a prince, or even of a whole State; and of holding himself beyond all things, pleasing to other men while in this critical position. In this way Klopstock appeared to bear himself as a man of worth, as the representative of other things, of religion, of society, and freedom. He had also assumed another peculiar position of the world—namely, not readily to speak on subjects upon

which he was particularly expected and desired to discourse. He was seldom heard to mention poetic and literary subjects. But as he found in me and my friends a set of passionate skaters, he discoursed to us at length on this noble art, on which he had thought much, having considered what in it was to be sought, and what avoided. Still, before we could receive the instruction he proffered, we had to submit to be put right as to the word itself, in which we blundered.* We spoke in good Upper-Saxon of *Schlittschuhen*, which he would not allow to pass at all; for the word, he said, does not come from *Schlitten* (sledge), as if one went on little runners, but from *Schreiten* (to stride), because like the Homeric gods the skater strides away on these winged shoes over the sea frozen into a plain. Next we came to the instrument itself. He would have nothing to do with the high grooved skates, but recommended the low, broad, smooth-bottomed Friseland steel skates as the most serviceable for speed. He was no friend to the tricks of art which are usually performed in this exercise. I procured, according to his advice, a pair of smooth skates, with long toes, and used them for several years, though with some discomfort. He understood, too, the science of horsemanship and horse-breaking, and liked to talk about it; thus, as if by design, he avoided all conversation upon his own profession, that he might speak with greater freedom about arts quite foreign to it, which he pursued only as a pastime. I might say much more of these and other peculiarities of this extraordinary man, if those who lived longer with him had not already informed us fully about them. One observation, however, I will not suppress, which is, that men whom Nature, after endowing them with uncommon advantages, has placed in a narrow circle of action, or at least in one disproportioned to their powers, generally fall into eccentricities; and as they have no opportunity of making direct use of their gifts, seek to employ them in an extraordinary or whimsical manner.

Zimmermann was also for a time our guest. He was tall and powerfully built; of a vehement nature open to every

* There are two words used for "skate." One of them *Schlittschuh*, means "sledge-shoe; the other *Schrittschuh*, means "stride-shoe." Götze and his friends make use of the former; Klopstock contends for the latter.

impulse; yet he had his outward bearing and manners perfectly under control, so that in society he appeared as a skilful physician and polished man of the world. It was only in his writings and amongst his most confidential friends, that he gave free course to his unbridled wit and witlings. His conversation was varied and highly instructive, even for one who could pardon his keen sensitiveness to what was granted on his own personal feelings and merits, as common desirable conversation could be found. For ays, I remember, is called vainly never disturbed me, and I, who often presumed to be vain also—that is, did not neglect to lean upon whatever in myself pleased me, I got on with him tolerably. We mutually tolerated and so added comfort to each other, as he showed himself thoroughly open and communicative, and I learned from him a great deal in a short time.

To judge such a man with the indulgence of gratitude, even on principle, I cannot say that he was vain. We Germans misuse the word “*vain*” *übel*, but too often. In a strict sense, it carries with it the idea of emptiness, and we properly designate by it only the man who cannot conceal his joy in his Nothing, his contentment with a hollow phantom. With Ziemann, it was exactly the reverse: he had great assets, and no inward satisfaction. The man who cannot enjoy his own natural gifts in silence, and find his reward in the exercise of them, but must wait and hope for their recognition and appreciation by others, will naturally and thus inevitably offend by it; it is but too well known that this man is very negligent of the impression that they who love to mingle alloy with praise, and where it can in any degree be done, to turn it into bronze. When a man is conscious of this, without being prepared for this, vain men without any but vexation; since even if he does not over-estimate his own production, it still has to him an inflated value, with the reception it meets with in the world, as a reward for his effort. Besides, a certain sense of the necessity for praise and applause, as for every other desire, is implanted in us by Ziemann, and this is a common ground on which to stand, that we are connected with the world, and that we are not alone.

If, however, a man of this kind, still has a sense of his duty, and is not of this nature, he will be able to

disturbed and even destroyed the happiness of others. I mean his conduct towards his children. A daughter, who travelled with him, stayed with us while he visited the neighbouring scenes. She might be about sixteen years old, slender and well formed, but without attractiveness; her regular features would have been agreeable, if there had appeared in them a trace of animation, but she was always as quiet as a statue; she spoke seldom, and in the presence of her father never. But she had scarcely spent a few days alone with my mother, receiving the cheerful and affectionate attentions of this sympathizing woman, than she threw herself at her feet with an opened heart, and with a thousand tears, begged to be allowed to remain with her. With the most passionate language she declared that she would remain in the house as a servant, as a slave all her life, rather than go back with her father, of whose severity and tyranny no one could form an idea. Her brother had gone mad under his treatment; she had hitherto borne it though with difficulty, because she had believed that it was the same, or not much better, in every family, but now that she had experienced such a loving, mild and considerate treatment, her situation at home had become to her a perfect hell. My mother was greatly moved as she related to me this passionate effusion, and indeed, she went so far in her sympathy, as to give me pretty clearly to understand, that she would be content to keep the girl in the house, if I would make up my mind to marry her. If she were an orphan, I replied, I might think and talk it over, but God keep me from a father-in-law who is such a father! My mother took great pains with the poor girl, but this made her only the more unhappy. At last an expedient was found, by putting her to a boarding-school. Her life, I should observe in passing, was not a very long one.

I should hardly mention this culpable peculiarity of a man of such great deserts, if it had not already become a matter of public notoriety, and especially had not the unfortunate hypochondria, with which, in his last hours, he tortured himself and others, been commonly talked of. For that severity towards his children was nothing less than hypochondria, a partial insanity, a continuous moral murder, which, after making his children its victims, was at last directed against himself. We must also remember that

though apparently in such good health, he was a great sufferer even in his best years;—that an incurable disease troubled the skilful physician who had relieved, and still gave ease to so many of the afflicted. Yes, this distinguished man, with all his outward reputation, fame, honour, rank, and wealth, led the saddest life, and whoever will take the pains to learn more about it from existing publications, will not condemn but pity him.

If it is now expected that I shall give a more precise account of the effect which this distinguished man had upon me, I must once more recall the general features of that period. The epoch in which we were living might be called an epoch of high requisitions, for every one demanded of himself and of others what no mortal had hitherto accomplished. On chosen spirits who could think and feel, a light had arisen, which enabled them to see that an immediate, original understanding of nature, and a course of action based upon it, was both the best thing a man could desire, and also not difficult to attain. Experience thus once more became the universal watchword, and every one opened his eyes as wide as he could. Physicians, especially, had a most pressing call to labour to this end, and the best opportunity for finding it. Upon them a star shone out of antiquity, which could serve as an example of all that was to be desired. The writings which had come down to us under the name of Hippocrates, furnished a model of the way in which a man should both observe the world and relate what he had seen, without mixing up himself with it. But no one considered that we cannot see like the Greeks, and that we shall never become such poets, sculptors, and physicians as they were. Even granted that we could learn from them, still the results of experience already gone through, were almost forgotten, and besides were not always of the clearest kind; moreover had too often been made to accord with erroneous civil opinions. All these were to be mastered, digested, noted, and sifted. This also was an immense demand. To remain, it was required that each observer, in his personal sphere and labours, should acquaint himself with the true, healthy nature, as if she were now for the first time noticed, and attended, and thus only what was generally over-looked was to be learned. But as, in general, hearing can

never exist without the accompaniment of a universal smattering and a universal pedantry, nor the practice of any profession without empiricism and charlatanry, so there sprung up a violent conflict, the purpose of which was to guard use from abuse, and place the kernel high above the shell in men's estimation. In the execution of this design, it was perceived that the shortest way of getting out of the affair, was to call in the aid of genius, whose magic gifts could settle the strife, and accomplish what was required. Meanwhile, however, the understanding meddled with the matter; all it alleged must be reduced to clear notions, and exhibited in a logical form, that every prejudice might be put aside, and all superstition destroyed. And since the achievements of some extraordinary men, such as Boerhaave and Haller, were actually incredible, people thought themselves justified in demanding even still more from their pupils and successors. It was maintained that the path was opened, forgetting that in earthly things a path can very rarely be spoken of: for, as the water that is dislodged by a ship, instantly flows in again behind it, so by the law of its nature, when eminent spirits have once driven error aside, and made a place for themselves, it very quickly closes upon them again.

But of this the ardent Zimmermann could form no idea whatever; he would not admit that absurdity did in fact fill up the world. Impatient, even to madness, he rushed to attack everything that he saw and believed to be wrong. It was all the same to him whether he was fighting with a nurse or with Paracelsus, with a quack, or a chemist. His blows fell alike heavily in either case, and when he had worked himself out of breath, he was greatly astonished to see the heads of this hydra, which he thought he had trodden under foot, springing up all fresh again, and showing him their teeth from innumerable jaws.

Every one who reads his writings, especially his clever work "On Experience," will perceive more distinctly than I can express in mine, the subjects of discussion between this excellent man and myself. His influence over me, was the more powerful, as he was twenty years my senior. Having a high reputation as a physician, he was chiefly employed among the upper classes, and the corruption of the times, caused by idleness and excess, was a constant theme of conversation with

him. Thus his medical discourses, like those of the philosophers and my poetical friends, drove me again back to nature. In his vehement passion for improvement I could not fully participate; on the contrary, after we separated, I resolutely drew back into my own proper calling, and undevoted to employ the gifts nature had bestowed upon me, with moderate exertion, and by good-natured opposition to what I deemed proved off, to gain a standing for myself in perfect tranquillity: how far my influence might reach or whether I might not offend.

Von Sulis, who was setting up the large botanical school at Merseldins, visited us also at that time. He was an earnest and intelligent man, and must have quickly noticed my humorous observations on the irregular though good mode of life in our little society. The same was probably the case with Sulzer, who came in contact with us on his journey to the south of France: at least a passage in his travels where he speaks of me, seems to favor this opinion.

These visits, which were as agreeable as they were profitable, were however diversified by others which we would rather have been spared. Needy and shameless adventurers fixed themselves on the confiding youth, supporting their urgent demands by real as well as fictitious relationships and misfortunes. They borrowed my money, and made it necessary for me to borrow in turn, so that I was consequently led into the most unpleasant position with open and closed hearted friends. If I wished that all these unfortunate folks were food for the crows, my father found a more proper situation of the *Taro in Wildbeut*,* who was willing enough to see his house washed clean, but is troubled when the foot rashes in without ceasing, over the dirt he had washed. By an excessive kindness, the quiet and unimportant mode of life which my father had designed for me was steadily and persistently moved and put off, and from day to day came a contrary to all expectation. All idea of a long visit to Ratisbon and Vienna was as good as given up; but still I was to pass through those cities on my way to Italy, so as at least to gain a general notion of them. On the other hand, some of my friends, who did not approve of taking so long a time away in order to get into active life, recommended that I should take advantage of a moment which seemed in every way to be ex-

* The allusion is to Goethe's own poem "Der Zauberlehrling."

and think on a permanent establishment in my native city. Although the Council were closed against me, first by my grandfather and then by my uncle, there were yet many civil offices to which I could lay claim, where I could remain for a time and await the future. There were agencies of several kinds which offered employment enough, and the place of a *chargé d'affaires* was highly respectable. I suffered myself to be persuaded, and believed also, that I might adapt myself to this plan, without having tried whether I was suited for such a mode of life and business as requires that amid dissipation, we should most of all act for a certain end. To these plans and designs there was now added a tender sentiment which seemed to draw me towards a domestic life and to accelerate my determination.

The society of young men and women already mentioned, which was kept together by, if it did not owe its origin to, my sister, still survived after her marriage and departure, because the members had grown accustomed to each other, and could not spend one evening in the week better than in this friendly circle. The eccentric orator also whose acquaintance we made in the sixth book, had, after many adventures, returned to us, more clever and more perverse than ever, and once again played the legislator of the little state. As a sequel to our former diversions he had devised something of the same kind; he enacted that every week lots should be drawn, not as before to decide what pairs should be lovers, but married couples. How lovers should conduct themselves towards each other, he said, we knew well enough; but of the proper deportment of husbands and wives in society we were totally ignorant, and this, with our increasing years, we ought to learn before all things. He laid down general rules, which, of course, set forth that we must act as if we did not belong to each other; that we must not sit or speak often together, much less indulge in anything like caresses. And at the same time we were not only to avoid everything which would occasion mutual suspicion and discord, but, on the contrary, he was to win the greatest praises, who, with his free and open manners should yet most endear to himself his wife.

The lots were at once drawn: some odd matches that they decided were laughed at and joked about, and the universal marriage-comedy was begun in good humour and renewed every week.

Now it fell out strangely enough, that from the first the same lady fell twice to me. She was a very good creature, just such a woman as one would like to think of as a wife. Her figure was beautiful and well-proportioned, her countenance pleasing, while in her manners there prevailed a peace and order testified to the health of her mind and body. Every day and hour she was perfectly the same. Her domestic industry was in high repute. Though she was not talkative, her understanding and natural talents could be recognised in her language. To meet the advances of such a person with a friendliness and esteem was natural: on a general principle I was already accustomed to do it, and now I acted from a sort of traditional kindness as a social duty. But when the lot brought us together for the third time, our jocose law-giver declared in the most solemn manner that Heaven had spoken, and we could not again be separated. We submitted to his sentence, and both of us adapted ourselves so well to our public conjugal duties, that we might really have served as a model. Since all the pairs who were severally united for the evening, were obliged by the general rules to address each other for the few hours with *Du* (thou), we had, after a series of weeks, grown so accustomed to this courtly and pronoun, that even in the intervals whenever we accidentally came together, the *Du* would kindly come on.* It felt like a strange thing: by degrees both of us found that nothing was more natural than this relation. I liked her more and more, while her manner of treating me gave evidence of a beautiful calm confidence, so that on many an occasion if a priest had been present we might have been united on the spot without much hesitation.

As at each of our social gatherings something new was required to be read aloud, I brought with me one evening a perfect novelty. The *Memoir of Beauprechaud's* against *Chastity*, in the original. It gained great applause. The passages to which it gave occasion were freely expressed, and were well had been spoken on both sides, my partner said, with thy liege lady and not thy wife, I would certainly have to

* Members of the society usually address each other with the pronoun *Tu* (thou) person singular, and *Vous* (ye) plural, of the second and third persons. The French employ "Tu" instead of "Thou."

change this memoir into a play: it seems to me perfectly suited for it." "That thou mayst see, my love," I replied, "that liege lady and wife can be united in one person. I promise that, at the end of a week, the subject-matter of this work, in the form of a piece for the theatre, shall be read aloud, as has just been done with these pages." They wondered at so bold a promise, but I did not delay to set about accomplishing it. What, in such cases, is called invention, was with me instantaneous. As I was escorting home my titular wife I was silent. She asked me what was the matter? "I am thinking out the play," I answered, "and have got already into the middle of it. I wished to show thee that I would gladly do anything to please thee." She pressed my hand, and as I in return snatched a kiss, she said: "Thou must forget thy character! To be loving, people think, is not proper for married folks." "Let them think," I rejoined, "we will have it our own way."

Before I got home, and indeed I took a very circuitous route, the piece was pretty far advanced. Lest this should seem boastful, I will confess that previously, on the first and second reading, the subject had appeared to me dramatic and even theatrical, but, without such a stimulus, this piece, like so many others, would have remained among the number of the merely possible creations. My mode of treating it is well enough known. Weary of villains, who, from revenge, hate, or mean purposes, attack a noble nature and ruin it, I wished, in Carlos, to show the working of clear good sense, associated with true friendship, against passion, inclination and outward necessity; in order, for once, to compose a tragedy in this way. Availing myself of the example of our patriarch Shakspeare, I did not hesitate for a moment to translate, word for word, the chief scene, and all that was properly dramatic in the original. Finally, for the conclusion, I borrowed the end of an English ballad, and so I was ready before the Friday came. The good effect which I attained in the reading will easily be believed. My liege spouse took not a little pleasure in it, and it seemed as if, by this production, as an intellectual off-spring, our union was drawn closer and dearer.

Mephistopheles Merck here did me, for the first time, a great injury. When I communicated the piece to him, he

answered: "You must write hereafter no more such things, others can do such things." In this he was wrong. We should not, in all things, transcend the notions which men have already formed; it is good that much should be in accordance with the common way of thinking. Had I at that time written a dozen such pieces, which with a little study, as would have been easy enough, three or four of them, and perhaps have retained a place on the stage. Every theatrical manager who knows the value of a *répertoire*, can say what an advantage that would have been.

By these, and other intellectual diversions, our whole life and game of marriage became a family story, if not the talk of the town, which did not sound disagreeably in the ears of our mothers of our fair ones. My mother, also, was not at all opposed to such an event; she had before looked with favor on the lady with whom I had fallen into so strange a relation, and did not doubt that she would make as good a daughter-in-law as a wife. The aimless bustle in which I had for some time lived was not to her mind, and, in fact, she had to bear the worst of it. It was her part to provide abundant entertainment for the stream of guests, without any compensation for furnishing quarters to this literary army, other than the honor they did her son by feasting upon him. Besides, it was clear to her that so many young persons—all of them without property—united not only for scientific and poetic purposes, but also for that of passing the time in the gayest manner, would soon become a burthen and injury to themselves, and most certainly to me, whose thoughtless generosity and passion for becoming security for others she too well knew.

Accordingly, she looked on the long-planned Italian journey, which my father once more brought forward, as the best means of cutting short all these connexions at once. But, in order that no new danger might spring up in the wide world, she intended first of all to bind fast the union which had already been suggested, so as to make a return into my native country more desirable, and my final determination more certain. Whether I only attribute this scheme to her, or whether she had actually formed it with her departed friend, I am not quite sure; enough, that her actions seemed to be based on a well-digested plan. I had very often to hear from her about it

that since Cornelia's marriage our family circle was altogether too small; it was felt that I had lost a sister, my mother an assistant, and my father a pupil: nor was this all that was said. It happened, as if by accident, that my parents met the lady on a walk, invited her into the garden, and conversed with her for a long time. Thereupon there was some pleasantry at tea-table, and the remark was made with a certain satisfaction that she had pleased my father, as she possessed all the chief qualities which he as a connoisseur of women required.

One thing after another was now arranged in our first story, as if guests were expected; the linen was reviewed, and some hitherto neglected furniture was thought of. One day I surprised my mother in a garret examining the old cradles, among which an immense one of walnut inlaid with ivory and ebony, in which I had formerly been rocked, was especially prominent. She did not seem altogether pleased when I said to her, that such swing-boxes were quite out of fashion, and that now people put babies, with free limbs, into a neat little basket, and carried them about for show, by a strap over the shoulder, like other small wares.

Though:—such prognostics of a renewal of domestic activity became frequent, and, as I was in every way submissive, the thought of a state which would last through life spread a peace over our house and its inhabitants such as had not been enjoyed for a long time. *

* The following note is prefixed by the author to the last portion of the work.

It is well known, that in treating a life's story, proceeding in many different directions, as this which we have ventured to undertake, it is necessary, in order to be intelligible and readable, that some parts should be connected together, and be separated, while others which naturally belong together, should be separated, and some must be brought together, and the various parts arranged in such a way, that the reader inspecting it, may possibly may form an opinion on it, and appropriate a general term for his own use.

We open the present volume with this reflexion, that it may help to justify our mode of proceeding; and we add this request, that our readers will note, that the narrative here continued, is not exactly a continuation of the preceding book, though the characters are to go on to explain the main threads one by one, and to trace on the persons as well as the thoughts and actions in a virtually complete sequence.

PART THE FOURTH.

SEMPER CONTRA DOCTOS SEQUITUR.

SIXTEENTH BOOK.

WHAT people commonly say of misfortune is: that it never comes alone: may with almost as much truth be said of good fortune, and, indeed, of other circumstances, which cluster around us in a harmonious way: whether it be of the kind of fidelity, or whether it be that of nature, thus, we are attracting to himself all mutually related things.

At any rate, my present experience showed me everything conspiring to produce an outward and an inward peace. The former came to me while I resolved patiently to await the result of what others were meditating in, and doing to me; the latter, however, I had to attain for myself by leaving former studies.

I had not thought of Spinoza for a long time, and now I was driven to him by an attack upon him. In our library I found a little book, the author of which railed violently against that original thinker: and to go the name effectually to work, had inserted for a frontispiece a pictorial Spinoza, marked with the inscription: "*Spinoza repulcherrimus*," and bearing on his face the stamp of reproach. The picture was no gainsaying, indeed, so long as one had not the picturæ: for the engraving was wonderfully beautiful, and caricature: so that I could not help thinking of those good series who, when they conceive and sketch to my mind, all misrepresent him, and then assert the misrepresentation to be their own creation.

This little book, however, made no impression on me, since generally I did not like controversial books, and I was always to learn from the author himself, and know how to learn from others how he ought to be treated. Still, curiosity led me to the picture of Spinoza, and I found therein, a work as valuable for its beauty as for its truth. It is readers and penmen by its good things and bad.

The reader "Spinoza" excited in me a deep interest. In the first place, the philosopher is represented as a man, and his condition is most human. In the second place, afterwards it is confessed that he was a reality.

ting man, devoted to his studies, a good citizen, a sympathizing neighbour, and a peaceable individual. The writer seemed to me to have quite forgotten the words of the gospel: "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" for how could a life pleasing in the sight of God and man spring from corrupt principles?

I well remembered what peace of mind and clearness of ideas came over me when I first turned over the posthumous works of that remarkable man. The effect itself was still quite distinct to my mind, though I could not recall the particulars; I therefore speedily had recourse again to the works to which I had owed so much, and again the same calm air breathed over me. I gave myself up to this reading, and believed, while I looked into myself, that I had never before so clearly seen through the world.

As, on this subject, there always has been, and still is even in these later times, so much controversy, I would not wish to be misunderstood, and therefore I make here a few remarks upon these so much feared, yea, abhorred views.

Our physical as well as our social life, manners, customs, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, and many an accidental event, all call upon us, *to deny ourselves*. Much that is most inwardly peculiar to us we are not allowed to develope; much that we need from without for the completion of our character is withheld; while, on the other hand, so much is forced upon us which is as alien to us as it is burdensome. We are robbed of all that we have laboriously acquired for ourselves, or friendly circumstances have bestowed upon us; and before we can see clearly what we are, we find ourselves compelled to part with our personality, piece by piece, till at last it is gone altogether. Indeed, the case is so universal that it seems a law of society to despise a man who shows himself surly on that account. On the contrary, the bitterer the cup we have to drink, the more pleasant face must one make, in order that composed lookers on may not be offended by the least grimace.

To solve this painful problem, however, nature has endowed man with ample power, activity, and endurance. But especially is he aided therein by his volatility (*Leichtsinn*), a boon to man, which nothing can take away. By its means he is able to renounce the cherished object of the moment, if only the next presents him something new to reach at; and thus he

goes on unconsciously, remodelling his whole life. We are continually putting one passion in the place of another; employments, inclinations, tastes, hobbies—we try them all, only to exclaim at last, *All is vanity*. No one is shocked by this false and murmuring speech; nay, every one thinks, while he says it, that he is uttering a wise and indisputable maxim. A few men there are, and only a few, who anticipate this insupportable feeling, and avoid all calls to such partial resignation by one grand act of total self-renunciation.

Such men convince themselves of the Eternal, the Necessary, and of Immutable Law, and seek to form to themselves ideas which are incorruptible, nay which observation of the Perishable does not shake, but rather confirms. But since in this there is something superhuman, such persons are commonly esteemed *in-human*, without a God and without a World. People hardly know what sort of horns and claws to give them.

My confidence in Spinoza rested on the serene effect he wrought in me, and it only increased when I found my worthy mystics were accused of Spinozism, and learned that even Leibnitz himself could not escape the charge; nay, that Boerhaave, being suspected of similar sentiments, had to abandon Theology for Medicine.

• But let no one think that I would have subscribed to his writings, and assented to them *vehement et libere*. For, that no one really understands another; that each attaches the same idea to the same word which another does; that a dialogue, a book, excites in different persons different trains of thought;—this I had long seen all too plainly; and the reader will trust the assertion of the author of *Faust* and *Werther*, that deeply experienced in such misunderstandings, he was never so presumptuous as to think that he understood perfectly a man, who, as the scholar of Descartes, raised himself, through mathematical and rabbinical studies, to the highest reach of thought; and whose name even at this day seems to mark the limit of all speculative efforts.

How much I appropriated from Spinoza, would be seen distinctly enough, if the visit of the "Wandering Jew" to Spinoza, which I had devised as a worthy ingredient in a poem, existed in writing. But it pleased me so much in the conception, and I found so much delight in modifying and

in silence, that I never could bring myself to the point of writing it out. Thus the notion, which would have been well enough as a passing joke, expanded itself until it lost its charm, and I banished it from my mind as something troublesome. The chief points, however, of what I owed to my study of Spinoza, so far as they have remained indelibly impressed on my mind, and have exercised a great influence on the subsequent course of my life, I will now unfold as briefly and succinctly as possible.

Nature wears never such eternal, necessary, divine laws, that the Deity himself could alter nothing in them. It is belief, in men, are unconsciously agreed. Think only how a natural phenomenon, which seemed intimate to a degree of understanding, reason, or even of caprice, would instantly astonish and terrify us.

If anything like reason shows itself in brutes, it is long before we can remove them out of our apprehension; and when they stand so near to us, they nevertheless seem to be divided from us by an infinite gulf, and to belong to another world, kingdom, or society. It is therefore impossible to think that if some animals have pronounced the inferiority of man, but strictly limited, organisation of these creatures to be thoroughly mechanical.

If we turn to plants, our position is still more strikingly confirmed. How unaccountable is the feeling which seizes the observer upon seeing the *Mimosa*, as soon as it has unfolded together in pairs its downy leaves, and then lay down its little stalk as if upon a joint (*Chamaecrista*). Still more striking that feeling, to which I will give no name, at the sight of the *Hedysarum Cypreus*, which without any external occasion moves up and down its little leaves, as though to play with itself as with our thoughts. Let us turn to a *Banana*, suddenly endowed with a similar property, so that of itself it could by turns let down and lift up again its huge leafy canopy; who would not, upon seeing it the first time, start back in terror? So rooted within us is the idea of our own superiority, that we absolutely refuse to concede to the outward world any part or portion in it: nay, if we could, we would too often withhold such advantages from our fellows.

On the other hand, a similar horror seizes upon us, when

And so I have more than amply opposing universally recognised and laws, or unwisely acting against the interests of the whole. I was conscious of the repugnance which I was then on the point of doing, and I at once brought it into consideration as to whether I was right in reality or in theory, and I was satisfied.

There is continuity between Reason and Necessity, which I have now seen in so strong a light. I stand, as ever, on my own feet, and what has been said is, for me, only for the purpose of rendering more clear the following.

I had come to look upon my indwelling poetic talent as identical with Nature: the more so, as I had always been inclined to regard outward Nature as its product. The exercise of this poetic gift could indeed be described and explained by circumstances; but its most joyful, its richest, its most spontaneous—may, even involuntary.

The orchid field and forest roaming,
My little songs still humming,
No rest it all day long.

In an odd way the same thing happened: I therefore often wished like one of my predecessors, to get me a leathern jerkin made, and to accustom myself to write in the dark so as to be able to fix down at once all such impressions without additions. So frequently had it happened that after composing a little piece in my head I could not recall it, that I would now hurry to the desk and, at one standing, write off the poem from beginning to end, and as I could not spare time to adjust my paper, however obliquely it might lie, the lines often crossed it diagonally. In such a mood I liked best to get hold of a lead pencil, because I could write most readily with it; whereas the scratching and spluttering of the pen would sometimes wake me from my sumptuous poetizing, confuse me, and stifle a little conception of its birth. For the poems thus created I had a peculiar reverence: for I felt towards them something like a hen does towards her chickens, which she sees hatched and growing about her. My old whim of making books of my songs only by means of private readings, now I have determined to exchange them for money seemed to me better.

And this suggests to me to mention in the present place a little incident, which however did not take place till some time after. When the demand for my works had increased and a collected edition of them was much called for, these feelings held me back from preparing it myself: Himburg, however, took advantage of my hesitation, and I unexpectedly received one day several copies of my collected works in print. With cool audacity this unauthorized publisher even boasted of having done me a public service, and offered to send me, if I wished, some Berlin porcelain by way of compensation. His offer served to remind me of the law which compelled the Jews of Berlin, when they married, to purchase a certain quantity of porcelain, in order to keep up the sale of the Royal manufacture. The contempt which was shewn for the shameless pirate, led me to suppress the indignation which I could not but feel at such a robbery. I gave him no reply; and while he was making himself very comfortable with my property, I revenged myself in silence with the following verses:—

Records of the years once dream'd away,
 Long fallen hairs, and flow'rs that shew decay,
 Faded ribbons, veils so lightly wove,
 The mournful pledges of a vanished love;
 Things that to the flames should long have gone,
 —Saucy Sosias snatches every one.
 Just as though he were the heir to claim,
 Lawfully the poets' works and fame.
 And to make the owner full amends
 Paltry tea and coffee-cups he sends!
 Take your china back, your gingerbread!
 For all Himburgs living I am dead.

This very Nature, however, which thus spontaneously brought forth so many longer and smaller works, was subject to long pauses, and for considerable periods I was unable, even when I most wished it, to produce anything, and consequently often suffered from ennui. The perception of such contrasts within me gave rise to the thought whether, on the other hand, it would not be my wisest course to employ for my own and others' profit and advantage, the human, rational, and intellectual part of my being, and as I already

had done, and as I now felt myself more and more called upon to devote my intervals when Nature ceased to harass me, to worldly occupations, and thus to leave no one of my faculties unemployed. This course, which seemed to be dictated by the so general idea before described, was so much in harmony with my character and my position in life, that I resolved to adopt it, and by this means to check the wavering and hesitation to which I had hitherto been subject. Very pleasant was it to me to reflect, that thus for actual service to my fellow men, I might demand substantial reward, while on the other hand I might go on disinterestedly spending that lovely gift of nature as a sacred thing. By this consideration I guarded against the bitterness of feeling which might have arisen when circumstances should force upon the remark that precisely this talent, so courted and admired in Germany, was treated as altogether beyond the pale of the law and of justice. The first two were piracies considered perfectly allowable, and even excused in Berlin, but the estimable Margrave of Baden, so praised for his administrative virtues, and the Emperor Joseph who had justified so many hopes, lent their sanction to his Macklot, and the other to his honorable noble *von* Truttner; and it was declared, that the rights, as property of genius, should be left at the absolute disposal of the artist.

One day, when we were complaining of this to a visitor from Berlin, he told us the following story: The *Polysynop* of Mr. Schöner, being a very active lady, had established a paper of her own; but the paper was so bad, that it was necessary to get rid of it. Thereupon Mr. Schöner's Macklot proposed, if he were permitted to print the German poets in six volumes, he would use this paper, and thus enhance its value. The proposition was adopted with avidity.

Our friends who pronounced this malicious piece of caricature to be a gross libel on Education; but found our pleasure in it not without standing. The name of Macklot became a by-word at the time, and was applied by us to all men of letters, who, in the prime of youth, often reduced to borrowing their sustenance from the mercenary press, were making themselves rich upon the backs of the Muse, and thus sufficiently compensated by a couple of

Children and youths wander on in a sort of happy intoxication, which betrays itself especially in the fact, that the good, innocent creatures are scarcely able to notice, and still less to understand, the ever changing state of things around them. They regard the world as raw material which they must shape, as a treasure which they must take possession of. Everything they seem to think belongs to them, everything must be subservient to their will; indeed, on this account, the greater part lose themselves in a wild uncontrollable temper. With the better part, however, this tendency unfolds itself into a moral enthusiasm, which, occasionally moves of its own accord after some actual or seeming good, but still oftener suffers itself to be prompted, led, and even misled.

Such was the case with the youth of whom we are at present speaking, and if he appeared rather strange to mankind, still he seemed welcome to many. At the very first meeting you found in him a freedom from reserve, a cheerful open-heartedness in conversation, and in action the unpremeditated suggestions of the moment. Of the latter trait a story or two.

In the close built Jews' street (*Judenplatz*), a violent conflagration had broken out. My universal benevolence, which prompted me to lend my active aid to all, led me to the spot, full dressed as I was. A passage had been broken through from All Saints' street (*Allerheiligengasse*), and thither I repaired. I found a great number of men busied with carrying water, rushing forward with full buckets, and backward with empty ones. I soon saw that, by forming a line for passing up and down the buckets, the help we rendered might be doubled. I seized two full buckets and remained standing and called others to meet those who came on were relieved of their load, while those remaining arranged themselves in a row on the other side. The arrangement was completed, my address and personal sympathy found favor, and the labor unbroken from its commencement to its terminating goal, was soon completed. Suddenly, however, but the cheerfulness which this inspired, called forth joyous, I might even say merry hums, in this living machine, all of whose parts worked well together, when weakness began to be felt. It was soon succeeded by a state of mischief. The worst of fugitives, driven on by the flames, and the substantial support of

was not unobserved, for often afterwards it was brought up in jest or in earnest, among my other eccentricities.

Leaving these recollections of happy and spontaneous action, we will now resume the sober thread of our narrative.

A witty Frenchman has said: If a clever man has ever attracted the attention of the public by any meritorious work, every one does his best to prevent his ever doing a similar thing again.

It is even so: something good and spirited is produced by the quiet seclusion of youth; and, when the world's turbulence is lost; the concentrated talent is pulled to pieces and distracted, because people think that they are entitled to appropriate to themselves a portion of the personality.

It was owing to this that I received a great many invitations, or, rather, not exactly invitations: a friend, an acquaintance would propose, with even more than an impudent assurance, to induce me here or there.

The *quasi* stranger, now described as a benevolent person, and his frequent, sly refusals, and then again Mr. A. B. C. Huron, or Cumberland's West Indian, as a still more agreeable person, in spite of many talents, excited curiosity, and the families and relations were set on foot to see him.

Among others, a friend once called on me, and, accompanied with him to a little concert to be given by the friends of an eminent merchant of the island, dearest friend, I was invited to him: but as I loved to do everything in the most judicious manner, I went with him, dearest friend, to the concert. We entered a chamber on the ground floor—the room was a very spacious sitting-room of the family. The room was very numerous, a piano stood in the middle of the room, and a laughter of the house, at dawn of the day, and a considerable facility and grace. I stood at the piano, and the piano that I might be near people to observe, and was not bending: there was something of a look, and the movements she was obliged to make, in position unconstrained and easy.

After the sonata was finished, she stopped at the end of the piano to meet me; we merely saluted, however, without further conversation, for a quarter of eight.

menced. At the close of it, I moved somewhat nearer and uttered some civil compliment: telling her what pleasure it gave me that my first acquaintance with her should have also made me acquainted with her talent. She answered to make a very clever reply, and kept her position as I did mine. I saw that she observed me closely, and that I was really standing for a show: but I took it all in good part, since I had something graceful to look at in my turn. Moreover, we gazed on one another, and I will not deny that I was sensible of feeling an attractive power of the great kind. The moving about of the company, and her performances, prevented any further approach that evening. But I don't confess that I was anything but disappointed when, on taking leave, the mother gave me to understand that they hoped soon to see me again, while the daughter seemed to bid in the request with some friendliness of manner. I did not fail, at suitable intervals, to repeat my visit, since, on such occasions, I was sure of a cheerful and intelligent conversation, which seemed to me to have no tie of passion.

In the meantime, the hospitality of our house could not open cause many an inconvenience to my good guests and myself. At my table it had not proved in any way beneficial to my steady desire to study the History to study it, to further it, and if possible to complete it. Men, I was, for as they were good as nothing; and, so far as they were, active, were unwise, and of dubious merit. The former could not be proved, and the latter only confused I saw. One remarkable case I here can only write a down.

wide-spread reputation. The candor of his soul, his truthfulness of character, and genuine piety, gained him universal confidence; this extended up the river through the medium of various parties connected by business. Herr von Lensner and his friends, upon the advice of an intelligent physician, resolved to send for the successful oculist, although a Frankfort merchant, in whose case the cure had failed, earnestly endeavored to dissuade them. But what was a single failure against so many successful cases! So Jung came, enticed by the hope of a handsome remuneration, which heretofore he had been accustomed to renounce; he came, to increase his reputation, full of confidence and in high spirits, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of such an excellent and lively table-companion.

At last, after a preparatory course of medicine, the cataract upon both eyes was couched. Expectation was at its height. It was said that the patient saw the moment after the operation, until the bandage again shut out the light. But it was remarked that Jung was not cheerful, and that something weighed on his spirits; indeed, on further inquiry he confessed to me that he was uneasy as to the result of the operation. Commonly, for I had witnessed several operations of the kind in Strasburg, nothing in the world seemed easier than such cases; and Stilling himself had operated successfully a hundred times. After piercing the insensible cornea, which gave no pain, the dull lens would, at the slightest pressure, spring forward of itself; the patient immediately discerned objects, and only had to wait with bandaged eyes, until the completed cure should allow him to use the precious organ at his own will and convenience. How many a poor man, for whom Jung had procured this happiness, had invoked God's blessing and reward upon his benefactor, which was now to be realized by means of this wealthy patient!

Jung confessed to me that this time the operation had not gone off so easily and so successfully: the lens had not sprung forward, he had been obliged to draw it out, and indeed, as it had grown to the socket, to loosen it; and thus he was not able to do without violence. He now reproached himself for having operated also on the other eye. But Lensner and his friends had firmly resolved to have both cured at the same

time, and when the emergency occurred, they did not immediately recover presence of mind enough to think what was best. So, in a fit to say, the second has its collision with the first spring forward; but had to be loosened and drawn out with difficulty.

How much pain our benevolent, good-natured, pious friend felt in this case, it is impossible to describe or to estimate. A general observation on his state of mind will not be out of place here.

To labor for his own moral culture, is the simplest and most practicable thing which man can propose to himself; the impulse is inherent in him; while in social life duty, honor, and love, prompt or rather force him to do so.

Stilling could only live in a moral religious atmosphere of love: without sympathy, without hearty response, he could not exist: he demanded mutual attraction; where it was not known, he was silent: where it was only a cold, distant love, he was sad: accordingly he got on best with those well-disposed persons, who can set themselves down to their in their assigned vocation and go to work to perfect themselves in their narrow but peaceful sphere.

The things sympathetic persons of this kind love most to talk of, are the so-called awakenings and conversions, to which we will not deny a certain psychological value. They are properly what we call in scientific and poetic matters, an "*aperçu*;" the perception of a great maxim, which is always a genius-like operation of the mind; we arrive at it by pure intuition, that is, by reflection, neither by learning or tradition. In the cases before us it is the perception of the moral power, which anchors in faith, and thus feels itself in proud security in the midst of the waves.

Such an *aperçu* gives the discoverer the greatest joy, because, in an original manner, it points to the infinite; it requires no length of time to work conviction; it leaps forth whole and complete in a moment: hence the quaint old French rhyme:

En peu d'heure
Dieu labeure.

Outward occasions often work violently in bringing about such conversions, and then people think they see in them signs and wonders.

Love and confidence bound me most heartily to Stilling; I had moreover exercised a good and happy influence on his life, and it was quite in accordance with his disposition, to treasure up in a tender grateful heart the remembrance of all that had ever been done for him; but in my existing frame of mind and pursuits his society neither had nor altered me. I was glad to let every one interpret as he pleased and work out the richness of his days, but his way of ascribing to an immediate divine influence, all the good that after a rational manner occurs to us in our chanceful life, seemed to me too presumptuous; and the habit of regarding the political consequences of the last years and commissions of our own thoughtlessness and errors, of living christianism, did not at all suit me. I could then only listen to my good friend, but could not give him any very encouraging reply; still I readily stopped him. He, however, went on in his own way, and defended him since then, as well as before, with others, of a worldly mind, did not hesitate to wound his gentle nature. Thus I have allowed a roughish remark to come to his ears, made by a wagglish man who once very earnestly exclaimed: "No! indeed, if I were as intimate

did not herself perceive it, with her usual equanimity and ever bustling activity. I was most pained for my father. On my account he, with a good grace, had enlarged what hitherto had been a strictly close and private circle, and at table, especially, where the presence of strangers attracted familiar friends and even passing visitors, he liked to indulge in a merry, even paradoxical conversation, in which I put him in good humor and drew from him many an agreeable smile, by all sorts of dialectic pugilism: for I had a numerous way of disputing everything, which, however, I pertinaciously kept up in every case so long only as he, who maintained the right, was not yet made perfectly ridiculous. During the last few weeks, however, this procedure was not to be thought of; for many very happy and most cheering incidents, occasioned by some successful secondary cures on the part of our friend, who had been made so miserable by the failure of his principal attempt, did not affect him, much less did they give his gloomy mood another turn.

One incident in particular was most amusing. Among Jung's patients there was a blind old Jewish beggar, who had come from Isenburg to Frankfort, where in the extremity of wretchedness, he scarcely found a shelter, scarcely the meanest food and attendance; nevertheless his tough oriental nature helped him through and he was in raptures to find himself healed perfectly and without the least suffering. When asked if the operation pained him, he said, in his hyperbolic manner, "If I had a million eyes, I would let them all be operated upon, one after the other, for half a *Kopfstück**." On his departure he acted quite as eccentrically in the *Fildergasse* (or main thoroughfare). He thanked God, and in good old testament style, praised the Lord and the wondrous man whom He had sent. Strolling thus he walked slowly on through the long busy street towards the bridge. Buyers and sellers ran out of the shops, surprised by this singular exhibition of pious enthusiasm, passionately venting itself before all the world, and he excited their sympathy to such a degree, that, without asking anything, he was amply furnished with gifts for his travelling expenses.

This lively incident, however, could hardly be mentioned

* A coin, with the head of the sovereign stamped upon it, generally worth $1\frac{1}{2}$ good groschen.—TRASS.

in our circle; for though the poor wretch, without any domestic misery, in his study home beyond the Alps, could still be counted extremely happy; the man of wealth and dignity on this side of the river, for whom we were most interested, had missed the priceless relief so confidently expected.

It was sickening, therefore, to our good-fellow, to receive the thousand guilders, which, being stipulated in any case, were honorably paid by the high-minded surgeon. This money was destined to liquidate, on his return, a part of the debts, which added their burden to other sad and untold circumstances.

And so he went off inconsolable, for he could not help thinking of his meeting with his one-woe woman, of the cold manner of her parents, who, as surties for company's sake, of this too confiding man, might, however well, welling to see, that they had made a great mistake in the choice of a partner for their daughter. In this and that house, from this and that window, he could already see the scornful and contemptuous looks of those who even when he was prospering, had wished him no good; while the thought of a patient, disappointed by his absence, and likely to be materially damaged by his failure, troubled him extremely.

And so we took our leave of him, not without having done our parts; for his strong nature, sustained by the help of his natural aid, could not but inspire his friends with a moderate confidence.

SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

In resuming the history of my relation to Lili, I have to mention the many very pleasant hours I spent in her society, partly in the presence of her mother, partly alone with her. On the strength of my writings, people gave me credit for knowledge of the human heart, as it was then called, and in this view our conversations were morally interesting in every way.

But how could we talk of such inward matters without coming to mutual disclosures? It was not long before, in a quiet hour, Lili told me the history of her youth. She had grown up in the enjoyment of all the advantages of society and worldly comforts. She described to me her brothers, her relations, and all her nearest connexions; only her mother was kept in a respectful obscurity.

Little weaknesses, too, were thought of; and among them she could not deny, that she had often remarked in herself a certain gift of attracting others, with which, at the same time, was united a certain peculiarity of letting them go again. By prattling on we thus came at last to the important point, that she had exercised this gift upon me too, but had been punished for it, since she had been attracted by me also.

These confessions flowed forth from so pure and childlike a nature, that by them she made me entirely her own.

We were now necessary to each other, we had grown into the habit of seeing each other; but how many a day, how many an evening till far into the night, should I have had to deny myself her company, if I had not reconciled myself to seeing her in her own circles! This was a source of manifold pain to me.

My relation to her was that of a character to a character—I looked upon her as, to a beautiful, amiable, highly accomplished daughter; it was like my earlier attachments, but was of a still higher kind. Of outward circumstances, however, of the interchange of social relations, I had never thought. An irresistible longing reigned in me; I could not be without her, nor she without me; but from the circle which surrounded

her, and through the interference of its individual members, how many days were spoiled, how many hours wasted.

The history of pleasure parties which ended in displeasure; a retarding brother, whom I was to accompany, who would however always be stopping to do some business or other which perhaps somewhat maliciously he was in a hurry to finish, and would thereby spoil the whole well concerted plan for a meeting, and I ever so much more of accident and disappointment, of inconvenience and privation,—all these little troubles, which I then actually set forth in a romance, would certainly find sympathizing readers, I need not say. However, to bring a more fully contemplative account nearer to a living experience, on youthful sympathy, I may insert some songs, which are indeed well known but are perhaps especially impressive in this place.

Heartily mine!—O, what hath changed thee?

Why dost thou weigh on thee so sore?

What dost thou deem thyself estranged thee,

That I have seen thee grow thee more?

Gone is the which once seemed dearest,

Gone the which once was nearest

Gone thy life and tranquil bliss,

Ah! how dost thou come to this?

Does that which was so fresh and youthful,—

That which was so lovely form,—

Thou deemest so good and faithful,

Bind thee wither'st thou charm?

If I swear to thee to see her,

If I name thee and thee her,

Soon I find my efforts vain

For'd to seek her once again.

She with needle thread has bound me

Thou dost deem my strength or skill,

She has drawn a circle round me,

Holds me fast against my will.

Crud matter, her charms enslave me,

I must live as she would have me,

Ah! how great the change to me!

Love! when wilt thou set me free!

With resistless power why dost thou press me
 Into scenes so bright?

Had I not—good youth—so much to bless me
 In the lonely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,
 In the moon's cold beams;
 And their quivering light fell softly round me,
 While I lay in dreams.

And by hours of pure, unmingled pleasure,
 All my dreams were blest,
 While I felt her image, as a treasure,
 Deep within my breast.

Is it I, she at the table places,
 'Mid so many lights?

Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
 She her slave invites.

Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,
 Flowers no sweetness bring;

Angel, where thou art, all sweets are near me,—
 Love, Nature, and Spring.

Whoever reads these songs attentively to himself or better still, sings them with feeling, will certainly feel a breath of the fulness of those happy hours stealing over him.

But we will not take leave of that greater, and more brilliant society, without adding some further remarks, especially to explain the close of the second poem.

She, whom I was only accustomed to see in a simple dress which was seldom changed, now stood before me on such occasions in all the splendor of elegant fashion, and still she was the same. Her usual grace and kindness of manner remained, only I should say her gift of attracting shone more conspicuous:—perhaps, because brought into contact with several persons, she seemed called upon to express herself with more animation, and to exhibit herself on more sides, as various characters approached her. At any rate, I could not deny, on the one hand, that these strangers were annoying to me, while on the other I would not for a great deal have deprived myself of the pleasure of witnessing her talents.

for society, and of seeing that she was made for a wider and more general sphere.

Though covered with ornaments it was still the same bosom that had opened to me its inmost secrets, and into which I could look as clearly as into my own: they were still the same lips that had so lately described to me the state of things amidst which she had grown up, and had spent her early years. Every look that we interchanged, every accompanying smile, bespoke a noble feeling of mutual intelligence, and I was myself astonished, here in the crowd, at the secret innocent understanding which existed between us in the most human, the most natural way.

But with returning spring, the pleasant freedom of the country was to knit still closer these relations. Offenbach on the Main showed ever, then the considerable beginnings of a city, which promised to form itself in time. Beautiful, and for the times, splendid buildings, were already erected. Of these Uncle Bernard, (to call him by his familiar title) inhabited the largest; extensive factories were adjoining, D'Orville, a lively young man of amiable qualities, lived opposite. Contiguous gardens and terraces, reaching down to the Main, and affording a free egress in every direction into the lovely surrounding scenery, put both visitors and residents in excellent humor. The lover could not find a more desirable spot for indulging his feelings.

I lived at the house of John André, and since I am here forced to mention this man, who afterwards made himself well enough known, I must indulge in a short digression, in order to give some idea of the state of the Opera at that time.

In Frankfort, Marchand was director of the theatre, and exerted himself in his own person to do all that was possible. In his best years he had been a fine, large well-made man, the easy and gentle qualities appeared to predominate in his character; his presence on the stage, therefore, was agreeable enough. He had perhaps as much voice as was required for the execution of any of the musical works of that day: accordingly he endeavoured to adapt to our stage the large and smaller French operas.

The part of the father in Gretry's opera of "Beauty and the Beast," particularly suited him, and his acting was quite

expressive in the scene of the Vision which was contrived at the back of the stage.

This opera, successful in its way, approached, however the lofty style, and was calculated to excite the tenderest feelings. On the other hand a Demon of Realism had got possession of the opera-house; operas founded upon different crafts and classes were brought out. *The Huntsmen, the Coopers*, and I know not what else, were produced; André chose the *Potter*. He had written the words himself, and upon that part of the text which belonged to him, had lavished his whole musical talent.

I was lodging with him, and will only say so much as occasion demands of this ever ready poet and composer.

He was a man of an innate lively talent and was settled at Offenbach, where he properly carried on a mechanical business and manufacture; he floated between the chapel-master (or Precentor) and the dilettante. In the hope of meriting the former title, he toiled very earnestly to gain a thorough knowledge of the science of music; in the latter character he was inclined to repeat his own compositions without end.

Among the persons who at this time were most active in filling and enlivening our circle, the pastor Ewald must be first named. In society an intellectual agreeable companion, he still carried on in private quietly and diligently the studies of his profession, and in fact afterwards honourably distinguished himself in the province of theology. Ewald in short was an indispensable member of our circle, being quick alike of comprehension and reply.

Lili's pianoforte-playing completely fettered our good André to our society; what with instructing, conducting, and executing, there were few hours of the day or night in which he was not either in the family circle or at our social parties.

Bürger's "*Leonore*," then but just published, and received with enthusiasm by the Germans, had been set to music by him; this piece he was always forward to execute however often it might be encored.

I too, who was in the habit of repeating pieces of poetry with animation, was always ready to recite it. Our friends at this time did not get weary of the constant repetition of the same thing. When the company had their choice

which of us they would rather hear, the decision was often in my favour.

All this, however it might be, served to prolong the intercourse of the lovers. They knew no bounds, and between them both they easily managed to keep the good John André continually in motion, that by repetitions he might make his music last till midnight. The two lovers thus secured for themselves, a precious and indispensable opportunity.

If we walked out early in the morning, we found ourselves in the freshest air, but not precisely in the country. Imposing buildings, which at that time would have done honor to a city; gardens, spreading before us and easily overlooked, with their smooth flower and ornamental beds; a clear prospect commanding the opposite banks of the river, over whose surface even at an early hour might be seen floating a busy line of rafts or nimble market-skiffs and boats—these together formed a gently gliding, living world, in harmony with love's tender feelings. Even the lonely rippling of the waves and rustling of the reeds in a softly flowing stream was highly refreshing, and never failed to throw a decidedly tranquillizing spell over those who approached the spot. A clear sky of the finest season of the year overarched the whole, and most pleasant was it to renew morning after morning her dear society, in the midst of such scenes!

Should such a mode of life seem too irregular, too trivial to the earnest reader, let him consider that between what is here brought closely together for the sake of a convenient order, there intervened whole days and weeks of renunciation, other engagements and occupations, and indeed an insupportable tedium.

Men and women were busily engaged in their spheres of duty. I, too, out of regard for the present and the future, delayed not to attend to all my obligations; and I found time enough to finish that to which my talent and my passion irresistibly impelled me.

The earliest hours of the morning I devoted to poetry: the middle of the day was assigned to worldly business, which was handled in a manner quite peculiar. My father, a thorough and indeed finished jurist, managed himself successfully as arose from the care of his own property, and a connection with highly valued friends; for although his

character as Imperial Councillor did not allow him to practise, he was at hand as legal adviser to many a friend, while the papers he had prepared were signed by a regular advocate, who received a consideration for every such signature.

This activity of his had now become more lively since my return, and I could easily remark, that he prized my talent higher than my practice, and on that account did what he could to leave me time for my poetical studies and productions. Sound and thoroughly apt, but slow of conception and execution, he studied the papers as private *Referendarius*, and when we came together, he would state the case, and left me to work it out, in which I shewed so much readiness, that he felt a father's purest joy, and once could not refrain from declaring, "that, if I were not of his own blood, he should envy me."

To lighten our work we had engaged a scribe whose character and individuality, well worked out, would have helped to adorn a romance. After his school-years, which had been profitably spent, and in which he had become fully master of Latin, and acquired some other useful branches of knowledge, a dissipated academic life had brought trouble on the remainder of his days. He dragged on a wretched existence for a time in sickness and in poverty, till at last he contrived to improve his circumstances by the aid of a fine hand-writing and a readiness at accounts. Employed by some advocates, he gradually acquired an accurate knowledge of the formalities of legal business, and by his faithfulness and punctuality made every one he served his patron. He had been frequently employed by our family, and was always at hand in matters of law and account.

He also was an useful assistant in our continually increasing business, which consisted not only of law matters, but also of various sorts of commissions, orders and transit agencies. In the council-house he knew all the passages and windings; in his way, he was in tolerable favor at both burgomasters' audiences; and since, from his first entrance into office, and even during the times of his equivocal behaviour, he had been well acquainted with many of the new senators, some of whom had quickly risen to the dignity of *Schöffen*, he had acquired a certain confidence, which might be called a sort of influence. All this he knew how to turn to the

advantage of his patrons, and since the state of his health forced him to limit his application to writing, he was always found ready to execute every commission or order with care.

His presence was not disagreeable; he was slender in person and of regular features; his manner was unobtrusive, though a certain expression betrayed his conviction that he knew all what was necessary to be done; moreover, he was cheerful and dexterous in clearing away difficulties. He must have been full forty, and (to say the same thing over again), I regret that I have never introduced him as the main-spring in the machinery of some novel.

Hoping that my more serious readers are now somewhat satisfied by what I have just related, I will venture to turn again to that bright point of time, when love and friendship shone in their fairest light.

It was in the nature of such social circles that all birth-days should be carefully celebrated, with every variety of rejoicing: it was in honor of the birth-day of the pastor Ewald, that the following song was written:—

When met in glad communion,
 When warm'd by love and wine,
 To sing this song in union,
 Our voices we'll combine,
 Through God, who first united,
 Together we remain:
 The flame which once He lighted,
 He now revives again.

Since this song has been preserved until this day, and there is scarcely a merry party at which it is not joyfully revived, we commend it also to all that shall come after us, and to all who sing it or recite it we wish the same delight and inward satisfaction which we then had, when we had no thought of any wider world, but felt ourselves a world to ourselves in that narrow circle.

It will, of course, be expected that Lili's birthday, which, on the 23rd June, 1775, returned for the seventeenth time, was to be celebrated with peculiar honours. She had promised to come to Offenbach at noon; and I must observe that our friends, with a happy unanimity, had laid aside all customary compliments at this festival, and had prepared

for her reception and entertainment nothing but such heartfelt tokens, as were worthy of her.

Busied with such pleasant duties, I saw the sun go down, announcing a bright day to follow, and promising its glad beaming presence at our feast, when Lili's brother, George, who knew not how to dissemble, came somewhat rudely into the chamber, and, without sparing our feelings, gave us to understand that to-morrow's intended festival was put off: he himself could not tell how, or why, but his sister had bid him say that it would be wholly impossible for her to come to Offenbach at noon that day, and take part in the intended festival; she had no hope of arriving before evening. She knew and felt most sensibly how vexatious and disagreeable it must be to me and all her friends, but she begged me very earnestly to invent some expedient which might soften and perhaps do away the unpleasant effects of this news, which she left it to me to announce. If I could, she would give me her warmest thanks.

I was silent for a moment, but I quickly recovered myself, and, as if by heavenly inspiration, saw what was to be done. "Make haste, George!" I cried; "tell her to make herself easy, and do her best to come towards evening: I promise that this very disappointment shall be turned into a cause of rejoicing!" The boy was curious, and wanted to know how? I refused to gratify his curiosity, notwithstanding that he called to his aid all the arts and all the influence which a brother of our beloved can presume to exercise.

No sooner had he gone, than I walked up and down in my chamber with a singular self-satisfaction: and, with the glad, free feeling that here was a brilliant opportunity of proving myself her devoted servant, I stitched together several sheets of paper with beautiful silk, as suited alone such an occasional poem, and hastened to write down the title:

"SHE COMES NOT!"

"A Mournful Family Piece, which, by the sore visitation of Divine Providence, will be represented in the most natural manner on the 23rd of June, 1775, at Offenbach-on-the-Maine. The action lasts from morning until evening."

I have not by me either the original or a copy of this *jeu*

d'esprit; I have often inquired after one, but have never been able to get a trace of it: I must therefore compose it anew, a thing which, in the general way, is not difficult.

The scene is at D'Orville's house and garden in Offenbach; the action opens with the domestics, of whom each one plays his special part, and evident preparations for a festival are being made. The children, drawn to the life, run in and out among them; the master appears and the mistress, actively discharging her appropriate functions; then, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of active preparation comes in neighbour Hans André, the indefatigable composer: he seats himself at the piano, and calls them all together to hear him try his new song, which he has just finished for the festival. He gathers round him the whole house, but all soon disperse again to attend to pressing duties: one is called away by another, this person wants the help of that; at last, the arrival of the gardener draws attention to the preparations in the grounds and on the water: wreaths, banners with ornamental inscriptions, in short, nothing is forgotten.

While they are all assembled around the most attractive objects, in steps a messenger, who, as a sort of humorous go-between, was also entitled to play his part, and who although he has had plenty of drink-money, could still pretty shrewdly guess what was the state of the case. He sets a high value on his packet, demands a glass of wine and a wheaten roll, and after some reguishi hesitation hands over his *d'esprit* to the master of the house. Let his arms drop, the papers fall to the floor, he calls out: "Let me go to the table! let me go to the bureau that I may *brush*."

The spirited intercourse of vivacious persons is chiefly distinguished by a certain symbolised style of speech and gesture. A sort of conventional idiom arises, which, while it makes the initiated very happy, is unobserved by the stranger, or, if observed, is disagreeable.

Among Lill's most pleasing particularities was the one which is here expressed by the word *brushing*, and which manifested itself whenever anything disagreeable was said or told, especially when said at table, or was necessary to the table.

It had its origin, in a most fascinating but ill-explained, whimsical phrase, *once had, twice dose* to when a stranger, sitting at

her at table, uttered something unseemly. Without altering her mild countenance, she brushed with her right hand, most prettily, across the table-cloth, and deliberately pushed off on to the floor everything she reached with this gentle motion. I know not what did not fall:—knives, forks, bread, salt-cellar, and also something belonging to her neighbour; every one was startled: the servants ran up, and no one knew what it all meant, except the observing ones, who were delighted that she had rebuked and checked an impropriety in so pretty a manner.

Here now was a symbol found to express the repulsion of anything disagreeable, which still is frequently made use of in clever, hearty, estimable, well-meaning, and not thoroughly polished society. We all adopted the motion of the right hand as a sign of reprobation; the actual brushing away of objects was a thing which afterwards she herself indulged in only moderately and with good taste.

When, therefore, the poet gives to the master of the house, as a piece of dumb shew, this desire for brushing, (a habit which had become with us a second nature,) the meaning and effect of the action and its tendency, are at once apparent; for while he threatens to sweep everything from all flat surfaces, everybody tries to hinder him, and to pacify him, till finally he throws himself exhausted on a seat.

"What has happened?" all exclaim. "Is she sick? Is any one dead?" "Read! read!" cries D'Orville, "there it lies on the ground." The despatch is picked up: they read it, and exclaim: *She comes not!*

The great terror had prepared them for a greater:—but she was well—nothing had happened to her! no one of the family was hurt; hope pointed still to the evening.

André, who in the meanwhile had kept on with his music, came running up at last, consoling and seeking consolation. Pastor Ewald and his wife likewise came in quite characteristically, disappointed and yet reasonable, sorry for the disappointment and yet quietly accepting all for the best. Everything now is at sixes and sevens, until the calm and exemplary uncle Bernard finally approaches, expecting a good breakfast and a comfortable dinner; and he is the only one who sees the matter from the right point of view. He, by reasonable speeches, sets all to rights, just as in the Greek tragedy a god

manages with a few words to clear up the perplexities of the greatest heroes.

Dashed off "*corrente calamo*," it was yet late at night before I had finished it and given it to a messenger with instructions to deliver it the next morning in Offenbach, precisely at ten o'clock.

Next day when I awoke, it was one of the brightest mornings possible, and, I set off just in time to arrive at Offenbach, as I purposed, precisely at noon.

I was received with the strangest charivari of salutations; the interrupted feast was scarcely mentioned; they scolded and rated me, because I had taken them off so well. The domestics were contented with being introduced on the same stage with their superiors; only the children, these most decided and indomitable realists, obstinately insisted that they had not talked so and so, that everything in fact went quite differently from the way in which it there stood written. I appeased them by some foretastes of the supper-table, and they loved me as much as ever. A cheerful dinner-party, with some though not all of our intended festivities, put us in the mood of receiving Lili with less splendor, but perhaps the more affectionately. She came, and was welcomed by cheerful, nay, merry faces, surprised to find that her staying away had not marred all our cheerfulness. They told her everything, they laid the whole thing before her, and she, in her dear sweet way, thanked me as only she could thank.

It required no remarkable acuteness to perceive, that her absence from the festival in her honor was not accidental, but had been caused by gossiping about the intimacy between us. However, this had not the slightest influence either on our sentiments or our behavior.

At this season of the year there never failed to be a varied throng of visitors from the city. Frequently I did not join the company until late in the evening, when I found her apparently sympathizing; and since I commonly appeared only for a few hours, I was glad of an opportunity to be useful to her in any way, by attending to or undertaking some commission, whether trifling or not, in her behalf. And indeed this service is the most delightful which a man can enter upon, as the old romances of chivalry certainly used to intimate in their obscure, but powerful manner. I have

ruled over me, was not to be concealed, and this pride she might well allow herself: for in this contest the victor and the vanquished both triumph, and enjoy an equal glory.

This my repeated, though often brief cooperation, was always so much the more effective. John André had always store of music: I contributed new pieces either by others or myself: so that poetical and musical blossoms showered down upon us. It was altogether a brilliant time; a certain excitement reigned in the company, and there were no insipid moments. Without further question it seemed to be communicated to all the rest. For where inclination and passion come out in their own bold nature, they encourage timid souls, who cannot comprehend why they should suppress their equally valid rights. Hence relations, which hitherto were more or less concealed, were now seen to intertwine themselves without reserve: while others, which did not confess themselves so openly, still glided on agreeably in the shade.

If, because of my multifarious avocations, I could not pass whole days out of doors with her, yet the clear evenings gave us opportunity for prolonged meetings in the open air. Loving souls will be pleased to read the following event.

Ours was a condition of which it stands written: "I sleep, but my heart wakes:" the bright and the dark hours were alike; the light of the day could not outshine the light of love, and the night was made as the brightest day by the radiance of passion.

One clear starlight evening we had been walking about in the open country till it was quite late; and after I had seen her and her friends home to their several doors, and finally had taken leave of her, I felt so little inclined to sleep that I did not hesitate to set off on another ramble. I took the highroad to Frankfort, giving myself up to my thoughts and hopes; here I seated myself on a bench, in the purest stillness of night, under the gleaming starry heavens, that I might belong only to myself and her.

My attention was attracted by a sound quite near me, which I could not explain; it was not a rattling, nor a rustling noise, and on closer observation I discovered that it was under the ground, and caused by the working of some little animal. It might be a hedge-hog, or a weasel, or whatever creature labors in that way at such hours.

Having set off again towards the city and got near to the Röderberg, I recognised, by their chalk-white gleam, the steps which lead up to the vineyards. I ascended them, sat down, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the twilight had already dawned, and I found myself opposite the high wall, which in earlier times had been erected to defend the heights on this side. Sachsenhausen lay before me, light mists marked out the course of the river; it was cool, and to me most welcome.

There I waited till the sun, rising gradually behind me, lighted up the opposite landscape. It was the spot where I was again to see my beloved, and I returned slowly back to the paradise which surrounded her yet sleeping.

On account of my increasing circle of business, which, from love to her, I was anxious to extend and to establish, my visits to Offenbach became more rare, and hence arose a somewhat painful predicament; so that it might well be remarked, that, for the sake of the future, one postpones and loses the present.

As my prospects were now gradually improving, I took them to be more promising than they really were, and I thought the more about coming to a speedy explanation, since so public an intimacy could not go on much longer without misconstruction. And, as is usual in such cases, we did not expressly say it to one another; but the feeling of being mutually pleased in every way, the full conviction that a separation was impossible, the confidence reposed in one another,—all this produced such a seriousness, that I, who had firmly resolved never again to get involved in any troublesome connexion of the kind, and who found myself, nevertheless, entangled in this, without the certainty of a favorable result, was actually beset with a heaviness of mind, to get rid of which I plunged more and more in indifferent worldly affairs, from which apart from my beloved I had no care to derive either profit or pleasure.

In this strange situation, the like of which many, no doubt, have with pain experienced, there came to our aid a female friend of the family, who saw through characters and situations very clearly. She was called Mademoiselle Delf; she presided with her elder sister over a little business in Heil-berg, and on several occasions had received many favors from

the greater Frankfort commission-house. She had known and loved Lili from her youth; she was quite a peculiar person, of an earnest, masculine look, and with an even, firm hasty step. She had had peculiar reason to adapt herself to the world, and hence she understood it, in a certain sense at least. She could not be called intriguing; she was accustomed to consider distant contingencies, and to carry out her plans in silence; but then she had the gift of seeing an opportunity, and if she found people wavering betwixt doubt and resolution, at the moment when everything depended upon decision, she skilfully contrived to infuse into their minds such a force of character, that she seldom failed to accomplish her purpose. Properly speaking she had no selfish ends; to have done anything, to have completed anything, especially to have brought about a marriage, was reward enough for her. She had long since seen through our position, and, in repeated visits, had carefully observed the state of affairs, so that she had finally convinced herself that the attachment must be favored; that our plans, honestly but not very skilfully taken in hand and prosecuted, must be promoted, and that this little romance be brought to a close as speedily as possible.

For many years she had enjoyed the confidence of Lili's mother. Introduced by me to my parents, she had managed to make herself agreeable to them; for her rough sort of manner is seldom offensive in an imperial city, and backed by cleverness and tact, is even welcome. She knew very well our wishes and our hopes; her love of meddling made her see in all this a call upon her good offices; in short she had a conversation with our parents. How she commenced it, how she put aside the difficulties which must have stood in her way, I know not; but she came to us one evening and brought the consent. "Take each other by the hand!" cried she, in her pathetic yet commanding manner. I stood opposite to Lili and offered her my hand; she, not indeed hesitatingly, but still slowly, placed hers in it. After a long and deep breath we fell with lively emotion into each other's arms.

It was a strange degree of the overruling Providence, that in the course of my singular history, I should also have experienced the feelings of one who is betrothed.

I may venture to assert, that for a truly moral man it is the pleasantest of all recollections. It is delightful to recall those feelings, which are with difficulty expressed and are hardly explained. For him the state of things is all at once changed: the sharpest oppositions are removed, the most inveterate differences are adjusted: prompting nature, ever warning reason, the tyrannizing impulses, and the sober law, which before kept up a perpetual strife within us, all are now reconciled in friendly unity, and at the festival, so universally celebrated with solemn rites, that which was forbidden is commanded, and that which was penal is raised to an inviolable duty.

The reader will learn with moral approval that from this time forward a certain change took place in me. If my beloved had hitherto been looked upon as beautiful, graceful, and attractive, now she appeared to me a being of superior worth and excellence. She was as it were a double person: her grace and loveliness belonged to me,—that I felt as formerly: but the dignity of her character, her self-reliance, her confidence in all persons remained her own. I beheld it, I looked through it, I was delighted with it as with a capital of which I should enjoy the interest as long as I lived.

There is depth and significance in the old remark: on the summit of fortune one abides not long. The consent of the parties on both sides, so gained in such a peculiar manner by Demoiselle Delf, was now ratified silently and without further formality. But as soon as we believe the matter to be all settled—as soon as the ideal, as we may well call it, of a betrothal is over, and it begins to pass into the actual and to enter soberly into facts, then too often comes a crisis. The outward world is utterly unmerciful, and it has reason, for it must maintain its authority at all costs: the confidence of passion is very great, and we see it too often wrecked upon the rocks of opposing realities. A young married couple who enter upon life, unprovided with sufficient means, can promise themselves no honey-moon, especially in these latter times: the world immediately presses upon them with incompatible demands, which, if not satisfied, make the young couple appear ridiculous.

Of the insufficiency of the means which for the attainment of my end, I had anxiously scraped together, I could not before be aware, because they had held out up to certain

point: but now the end was drawing nearer, I saw that matters were not quite what they ought to be.

The fallacy, which passion finds so convenient, was now exposed in all its inconsistency. My house, my domestic circumstances, had to be considered in all their details, with some soberness. The consciousness, that his house would one day contain a daughter-in-law, lay indeed at the bottom of my father's design: but then what sort of a lady did he contemplate?

At the end of our third part, the reader made the acquaintance of the gentle, dear, intelligent, beautiful, and talented maiden, so always like herself, so affectionate, and yet so free from passion; she was a fitting key-stone to the arch already built and curved. But here, upon calm unbiassed consideration, it could not be denied that, in order to establish the newly acquired treasure in such a function, a new arch would have to be built!

However this had not yet become clear to me, and still less was it so to her mind. But now when I tried to fancy myself bringing her to my home, she did not seem somehow to suit it exactly. It appeared to me something like what I had myself experienced, when I first joined her social circle: in order to give no offence to the fashionable people I met there, I found it necessary to make a great change in my style of dress. But this could not be so easily done with the domestic arrangement of a stately burgher's house, which, rebuilt in the olden style, had with its antique ornaments, given an old-fashioned character to the habits of its inmates.

Moreover, even after our parents' consent had been gained, it had not been possible to establish friendly relations or intercourse between our respective families. Different religious opinions produced different manners: and if the amiable girl had wished to continue in any way her former mode of life, it would have found neither opportunity nor place in our moderate-sized house.

If I had never thought of all this until now, it was because I had been quieted by the opening of fine prospects from without, and the hope of getting some valuable appointment. An active spirit gets a footing everywhere: capacities, talents create confidence; every one thinks that a change of management is all that is needed. The earnestness of youth finds

favour, genius is trusted for everything, though its power is only of a certain kind.

The intellectual and literary domain of Germany was at that time regarded as but newly broken ground. Among the business-people there were prudent men, who desired skilled cultivators and prudent managers for the fields about to be turned up. Even the respectable and well established Free-Mason's lodge, with the most distinguished members of which I had become acquainted through my intimacy with Lill, contrived in a suitable manner to get me introduced to them; but I, from a feeling of independence, which afterwards appeared to me madness, declined all closer connection with them, not perceiving that these men, though already bound together in a higher sense, would yet do much to further my own ends, so nearly related to theirs.

I return to more personal matters.

In such cities as Frankfort, men often hold several situations together, such as residentships, and agencies, the number of which may by diligence be indefinitely increased. Something of this sort now occurred to me, and at first sight it seemed both advantageous and honorable. It was assumed that I should suit the place; and it would, under the conditions, certainly have succeeded, if it could have commanded the co-operation of the Chancery triad already described. We thus suppress our doubts; we dwell only on what is favorable, by powerful activity we overcome all wavering; whence there results a something untrue in our position, without the force of passion being in the least subdued.

In times of peace there is no more interesting reading for the multitude than the public papers, which furnish early information of the latest doings in the world. The quiet opulent citizen exercises thus in an innocent way a party spirit, which in our finite nature we neither can nor should get rid of. Every comfortable person thus gets up a factitious interest, like that which is often felt in a bet, experiences an unreal gain or loss, and as in the theatre, feels a very lively, though imaginary sympathy in the good or evil fortune of others. This sympathy seems often arbitrary, but it rests on moral grounds. For now we give to praiseworthy designs the applause they deserve; and now again, carried away by brain, at

successes, we turn to those whose plans we should otherwise have blamed. For all this there was abundant material in those times.

Frederick the Second, resting on his victories, seemed to hold in his hand the fate of Europe and the world: Catherine, a great woman, who had proved herself every way worthy of a throne, afforded ample sphere of action to able and highly gifted men, in extending the dominion of their Empress: and as this was done at the expense of the Turks, whom we are in the habit of richly repaying for the contempt with which they look down upon us, it seemed as if it was no sacrifice of human life, when these infidels were slain by thousands. The burning of the fleet in the harbor of Tschesme, caused a universal jubilee throughout the civilized world, and every one shared the exultation of a victory, when, in order to preserve a faithful picture of that great event, a ship of war was actually blown up on the roads of Leghorn, before the studio of an artist. Not long after this, a young northern king, to establish his own authority, seized the reins of government, out of the hands of an oligarchy. The aristocrats whom he overthrew were not lamented, for aristocracy finds no favor with the public, since it is in its nature to work in silence, and it is the more secure the less talk it creates about itself; and in this case the people thought all the better of the young king, since in order to balance the enmity of the higher ranks, he was obliged to favor the lower, and to conciliate their good will.

The lively interest of the world was still more excited when a whole people prepared to effect their independence. Already had it witnessed a welcome spectacle of the same effort on a small scale: Corsica had long been the point to to which all eyes were directed: Paoli, when despairing of ever being able to carry out his patriotic designs, he passed through Germany to England, attracted and won all hearts; he was a fine man, slender, fair, full of grace and friendliness. I saw him in the house of Bethmann, where he stopped a short time, and received with cheerful cordiality the curious visitors who thronged to see him. But now similar events were to be repeated in a remote quarter of the globe: we wished the Americans all success, and the names of Franklin and Washington began to shine and sparkle in the firmament

of politics and war. Much had been accomplished to improve the condition of humanity, and now, when in France, a new and benevolent sovereign evinced the best intentions of devoting himself to the removal of so many abuses and to the noblest ends,—of introducing a regular and efficient system of political economy,—of dispensing with all arbitrary power and of ruling alone by law and justice: the brightest hopes spread over the world, and confident youth promised itself and to all mankind a bright and noble future.

In all these events, however, I only took part so far as they interested society in general; I myself and my immediate circle did not meddle with the news of the day: our affair was to study men: men in general we allowed to have their way.

The quiet position of the German Fatherland, to which also my native city had now conformed for upwards of a hundred years, had been fully preserved in spite of many wars and convulsions. A highly varied gradation of ranks, which, instead of holding the several classes apart, seemed to bind them the more closely together, had promoted the interest of all, from the highest to the lowest—from the Emperor to the Jew. If the sovereign princes stood in a subordinate relation to the Emperor, still their electoral rights and immunities thereby acquired and maintained, were a full compensation. Moreover, the highest nobility belonged exclusively to the agnates of the royal houses, so that in the enjoyment of their distinguished privileges, they could look upon themselves as equal with the highest and even superior to them in some sense, since, as spiritual electors, they might take precedence of all others, and, as branches of the sacred hierarchy, hold an honorable and uncontested rank.

If now we think of the extraordinary privileges which these ancient houses enjoyed, not only in their old patrimonial estates, but also in the ecclesiastical endowments, the knightly orders, the official administration of the Empire, and the old brotherhoods and alliances for mutual defence and protection, we can vainly conceive that this great body of influential men feeling themselves at once subordinated to and co-ordinate with the highest, and occupying their days with a regular round of employments, might well be contented with their situation, and would without further anxiety seek only to secure and transmit to their successors the same comforts and prerogatives.

Nor was this class deficient in intellectual culture. Already for more than a century the decided proofs of high training in military and political science had been discernible in our noble soldiers and diplomatists. But at the same time there were many minds who, through literary and philosophical studies, had arrived at views not over favorable to the existing state of things.

In Germany scarcely any one had as yet learned to look with envy on that monstrous privileged class, or to grudge its fortunate advantages. The middle class had devoted themselves undisturbed to commerce and the sciences, and by these pursuits, as well as by the practice of the mechanic arts, so closely related to them, had raised themselves to a position of importance which fully balanced its political inferiority; the free or half-free cities favoured this activity, while individuals felt a certain quiet satisfaction in it. The man who increased his wealth, or enhanced his intellectual influence, especially in matters of law or state, could always be sure of enjoying both respect and authority. In the Supreme Courts of the empire, and indeed in all others, a learned bench stood parallel with the noble; the uncontrolled oversight of the one managed to keep in harmony with the deepest insight of the other; and experience could never detect a trace of rivalry between them; the noble felt secure in his exclusive and time-hallowed privileges, and the burgher felt it beneath his dignity to strive for a semblance of them by a little prefix to his name.* The merchant, the manufacturer, had enough to do to keep pace with those of other nations in progress and improvement. Leaving out of the account the usual temporary fluctuations, we may certainly say that it was on the whole a time of pure advance, such as had not appeared before, and such as, on account of another and greater progress both of mind and things, could not long continue.

My position with regard to the higher classes at this time was very favorable. In *Werther*, to be sure, the disagreeable circumstances which arise just at the boundary between two distinct positions, were descanted upon with some impatience; but this was overlooked in consideration of the gene-

* The "vor," which in Germany those who are ennobled prefix to their surnames

rally passionate character of the book, since every one felt that it had no reference to any immediate effect.

But *Götz von Berlichingen* had set me quite right with the upper classes: whatever improprieties might be charged upon my earlier literary productions, in this work I had with considerable learning and cleverness depicted the old German constitution, with its inviolable emperor at the head, with its many degrees of nobility, and a knight who, in a time of general lawlessness, had determined as a private man to act uprightly, if not lawfully, and thus fell into a very sorry predicament. This complicated story, however, was not snatched from the air, but founded on fact; it was cheerfully lively, and consequently here and there a little modern, but it was, nevertheless, on the whole, in the same spirit as the brave and capable man had with some degree of skill set it forth in his own narrative.

The family still flourished: its relation to the Frankish knighthood had remained in all its integrity, although that relation, like many others at that time, might have grown somewhat faint and nominal.

Now all at once the little stream of Jaxt, and the castle of Jaxthausen, acquired a poetical importance; they, as well as the council-house at Heilbronn, were visited by travellers.

It was known that I had the mind to write of other points of that historical period: and many a family, which could readily deduce its origin from that time, hoped to see its ancestors brought to the light in the same way.

A strange satisfaction is generally felt, when a writer felicitously recalls a nation's history to its recollection; men rejoice in the virtues of their ancestors, and smile at the failings, which they believe they themselves have long since got rid of. Such a delineation never fails to meet with sympathy and applause, and in this respect I enjoyed an envied influence.

Yet it may be worth while to remark, that among the numerous advances, and in the multitude of young persons who attached themselves to me, there was found no nobleman: on the other hand, many who had already arrived at the age of thirty sought me and visited me, and of these the willing and striving were pervaded by a joyful hope of earnestly developing themselves in a national and even more universally humane sense.

At this time a general curiosity about the epoch between the fifteenth and sixteenth century had commenced, and was very lively. The works of ULRICH VON HUTTEN had fallen into my hands, and I was not a little struck to see something so similar to what had taken place in his time, again manifesting itself in our later days.

The following letter of Ulrich von Hutten to Billibald Pyrkheymer, may therefore suitably find place here:—

“What fortune gives us, it generally takes away again; and not only that—everything else which accrues to man from without, is, we see, liable to accident and change. And yet, notwithstanding, I am now striving for honor, which I should wish to obtain, if possible, without envy, but still at any cost; for a fiery thirst for glory possesses me, so that I wish to be ennobled as highly as possible. I should make but a poor figure in my own eyes, dear Billibald, if, born in the rank, in the family I am, and of such ancestors, I could be content to hold myself to be noble, though I never ennobled myself by my own exertions. So great a work have I in my mind! my thoughts are higher! it is not that I would see myself promoted to a more distinguished and more brilliant rank; but I would fain seek a fountain elsewhere, out of which I might draw a peculiar nobility of my own, and not be counted among the factitious nobility, contented with what I have received from my ancestors. On the contrary, I would add to those advantages something of my own, which may, from me, pass over to my posterity.

“Therefore, in my studies and my efforts, I proceed in opposition to the opinion of those who consider that what actually exists is enough; for to me nothing of that sort is enough, according to what I have already confessed to you of my ambition in this respect. And I here avow that I do not envy those who, starting from the lowest stations, have climbed higher than myself; for on this point I by no means agree with those of my own rank, who are wont to sneer at persons who, of a lower origin, have, by their own talents, raised themselves to eminence. For those with perfect right are to be preferred to us, who have seized for themselves and taken possession of the material of glory, which we ourselves neglected; they may be the sons of fullers or of tanners, but they have contrived to attain their ends, by struggling with

greater difficulties than we ever had against us. The ignorant man, who envies him who by his knowledge has distinguished himself, is not only to be called a fool, but is to be reckoned among the miserable—indeed among the most miserable; and with this disease are our nobles especially affected, that they look with an evil eye upon such accomplishments. For what, in God's name! is it to envy one who possesses that which we have despised? Why have we not applied ourselves to the law? why have we not ourselves this excellent learning, the best arts? And now fullers, shoemakers, and wheelwrights, go before us. Why have we forsaken our post, why left the most liberal studies to hired servants and (shamefully for us!) to the very lowest of the people? Most justly has that inheritance of nobility which we have thrown away been taken possession of by every clever and diligent plebeian who makes it profitable by its own industry. Wretched beings that we are, who neglect that which suffices to raise the very humblest above us; let us cease to envy, and strive also to obtain what others, to our deep disgrace, have claimed for themselves.

“Every longing for glory is honorable; all striving for the excellent is praiseworthy. To every rank may its own honor remain, may its own ornaments be secured to it! Those statues of my ancestors I do not despise any more than the richly endowed pedigree; but whatever their worth may be, it is not ours, unless by our own merits we make it ours; nor can it endure, if the nobility do not adopt the habits which become them. In vain will yonder fat and corpulent head of a noble house point to the images of his ancestors, whilst he himself, inactive, resembles a clod rather than those whose virtues throw a halo upon his name from bygone days.

“So much have I wished most fully and most frankly to confide to you respecting my ambition and my nature.”

Although, perhaps, not exactly in the same train of ideas, yet the same excellent and strong sentiments had I to hear from my more distinguished friends and acquaintances, of which the results appeared in an honest activity. It had become a creed, that every one must earn for himself a personal nobility, and if any rivalry appeared in those fine days, it was from above downwards.

We others, on the contrary, had what we wished; the free

and approved exercise of the talents lent to us by nature, as far as could consist with all our civil relations.

For my native city had in this a very peculiar position, and one which has not been enough considered. While of the free imperial cities the northern could boast of an extended commerce, but the southern, declining in commercial importance, cultivated the arts and manufactures with more success; Frankfort on the Main exhibited a somewhat mixed character, combining the results of trade, wealth, and capital, with the passion for learning, and its collection of works of art.

The Lutheran Confession controlled its government: the ancient lordship of the *Gau*, now bearing the name of the house of Limburg; the house of Frauenstein, originally only a club, but during the troubles occasioned by the lower classes, faithful to the side of intelligence; the jurist, and others well to do and well disposed—none was excluded from the magistracy; even those mechanics who had upheld the cause of order at a critical time, were eligible to the council, though they were only stationary in their place. The other constitutional counterpoises, formal institutions, and whatever else belongs to such a constitution, afforded employment to the activity of many persons; while trade and manufacture, in so favorable a situation, found no obstacle to their growth and prosperity.

The higher nobility kept to itself, unenvied and almost unnoticed; a second class pressing close upon it was forced to be more active; and resting upon old wealthy family foundations, sought to distinguish itself by political and legal learning.

The members of the so-called Reformed persuasion (Calvinists) composed, like the refugees in other places, a distinguished class, and when they rode out in fine equipages on Sundays to their service in Bockenheim, seemed almost to celebrate a sort of triumph over the citizen's party, who had the privilege of going to church on foot in good weather and in bad.

The Roman Catholics were scarcely noticed; but they were aware of the advantages which the other two classes had appropriated to themselves.

EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

RETURNING to literary matters, I must bring forward a circumstance which had great influence on the German poetry of this period, and which is especially worthy of remark, because this very influence has lasted through the history of our poetic art to the present day, and will not be lost even in the future.

From the earlier times, the Germans were accustomed to rhyme: it had this advantage in its favour, that one could proceed in a very naïve manner, scarcely doing more than count the syllables. If with the progress of improvement attention began more or less instinctively to be paid also to the sense and signification of the syllables, this was highly praiseworthy, and a merit which many poets contrived to make their own. The rhyme was made to mark the close of the poetic proposition; the smaller divisions were indicated by shorter lines, and a naturally refined ear began to make provision for variety and grace. But now all at once rhyme was rejected before it was considered that the value of the syllables had not as yet been decided, indeed that it was a difficult thing to decide. Klopstock took the lead. How earnestly he toiled and what he has accomplished is well known. Every one felt the uncertainty of the matter, many did not like to run a risk, and stimulated by this natural tendency, they snatched at a poetic prose. Gessner's extremely charming Idylls opened an endless path. Klopstock wrote the dialogue of *Hermon's Schicksal* (*Hermon's Destiny*) in prose, as well as *Der Tod Adams* (*The Death of Adam*). Through the domestic tragedies as well as the neo-classic dramas, a style more lofty and more impassioned gained possession of the theatre: while, on the other hand, the Pindaric verse of five feet, which the example of the English had stirred among us, was reducing poetry to prose. But in general the demand for rhythm and for rhyme could not be silenced. Rander, though proceeding on vague principles (as he was always severe with respect to his own productions), could not help exercising the same severity upon those of

others. He transformed prose into verse, altered and improved the works of others, by which means he earned little thanks and only confused the matter still more. Those succeeded best who still conformed to the old custom of rhyme with a certain observance of syllabic quantity, and who, guided by a natural taste, observed laws though unexpressed and undetermined: as, for example, Wieland, who, although inimitable, for a long time served as a model to more moderate talents.

But still in any case the practice remained uncertain, and there was no one, even among the best, who might not for the moment have gone astray. Hence the misfortune, that this epoch of our poetic history, so peculiarly rich in genius, produced little which, in its kind, could be pronounced correct; for here also the time was stirring, advancing, active, and calling for improvement, but not reflective and satisfying its own requirements.

In order, however, to find a firm soil on which poetic genius might find a footing,—to discover an element in which they could breathe freely, they had gone back some centuries, where earnest talents were brilliantly prominent amid a chaotic state of things, and thus they made friends with the poetic art of those times. The Minnesingers lay too far from us: it would have been necessary first to study the language, and that was not our object, we wanted to live and not to learn.

Hans Sachs, the really masterly poet, was one whom we could more readily sympathise with. A man of true talent, not indeed like the Minnesinging knights and courtiers, but a plain citizen, such as we also boasted ourselves to be. A didactic realism suited us, and on many occasions we made use of the easy rhythm, of the readily occurring rhyme. His manner seemed so suitable to mere poems of the day, and to such occasional pieces as we were called upon to write at every hour.

If important works, which required the attention and labor of a year or a whole life, were built, more or less, upon such hazardous grounds on trivial occasions, it may be imagined how wantonly all other ephemeral productions took their rise and shape; for example, the poetical epistles, para-

bles, and invectives of all forms, with which we went on making war within ourselves, and seeks squabbling abroad.

Of this kind, besides what has already been printed, something, though very little, survives: it may be laid up somewhere. Brief allusions will suffice to reveal to thinking men their origin and purposes. Persons of more than ordinary penetration, to whose sight these may hereafter be brought, will be ready to observe that an honest purpose lay at the bottom of all such eccentricities. An upright will revolt against presumption, nature against conventionalities, talent against forms, genius with itself, energy against indecision, undeveloped capacity against developed mediocrity: so that the whole proceeding may be regarded as a skirmish which follows a declaration of war, and gives promise of a violent contest. For, strictly considered, the contest is not yet fought out, in these fifty years; it is still going on, only in a higher region.

I had, in imitation of an old German puppet play, invented a wild *extravaganza*, which was to bear the title of *Hanswurst's Hochzeit* (*Jack Pudding's Wedding*).* The scheme was as follows:—Hanswurst, a rich young farmer and an orphan, has just come of age, and wishes to marry a rich maiden, named Ursel Blandine. His guardian, Kilian Brastleeh (*Leather apron*), and her mother Ursel, are highly pleased with the purpose. Their long-cherished plans, their dearest wishes, are at last fulfilled and gratified. There is not the slightest obstacle, and properly the whole interest turns only upon this, that the young people's ardour for their union is delayed by the necessary arrangements and formalities of the occasion. As prologue, enters the inviter to the wedding festivities, who proclaims the banns after the traditional fashion, and ends with the rhymes:

The wedding feast is at the house
Of mine host of the Golden Louse.

To obviate the charge of violating the unity of place, the aforesaid tavern, with its glittering insignia, was placed in the background of the theatre; but so that all its four sides could

* Hanswurst is the old German buffoon, whose name answers to the English "Jack Pudding." —Tr.

be presented to view, by being turned upon a peg: and as it was moved round, the front scenes of the stage had to undergo corresponding changes.

In the first act the front of the house facing the street was turned to the audience, with its golden sign magnified as it were by the solar microscope; in the second act, the side towards the garden. The third was towards a little wood; the fourth towards a neighboring lake; which gave rise to a prediction that in aftertimes the decorator would have little difficulty in carrying a wave over the whole stage up to the prompter's box.

But all this does not as yet reveal the peculiar interest of the piece. The principal joke which was carried out, even to an absurd length, arose from the fact that the whole *dramatis personæ* consisted of mere traditional German nick-names, which at once brought out the characters of the individuals, and determined their relations to one another.

As we would fain hope that the present book will be read aloud in good society, and even in decent family circles, we cannot venture, after the custom of every play-bill, to name our persons here in order, nor to cite the passages in which they most clearly and prominently showed themselves in their true colours; although, in the simplest way possible, lively, roguish, broad allusions, and witty jokes, could not but arise. We add one leaf as a specimen, leaving our editors the liberty of deciding upon its admissibility.

Cousin Schuft (*scamp*), through his relationship to the family, was entitled to an invitation to the feast; no one had anything to say against it; for though he was a thoroughly good-for-nothing fellow, yet there he was, and since he was there, they could not with propriety leave him out; on such a feast-day, too, they were not to remember that they had occasionally been dissatisfied with him.

With Master Schurke (*knave*), it was a still more serious case; he had, indeed, been useful to the family, when it was to his own profit; on the other hand, again, he had injured it, perhaps, in this case, also with an eye to his own interests; perhaps, too, because he found an opportunity. Those who were any ways prudent voted for his admission; the few who would have excluded him, were out-voted.

But there was a third person, about whom it was still more

difficult to decide; an orderly man in society, no less than others, obliging, agreeable, useful in many ways: he had the single failing, that he could not bear his name to be mentioned, and as soon as he heard it, was instantaneously transported into a heroic fury, like that which the Northmen call *Berserker-rage*, attempted to kill all right and left, and in his frenzy hurt others and received hurt himself; indeed the second act of the piece was brought, through him, to a very perplexed termination.

Here was an opportunity which I could not allow to pass, for chastising the piratical publisher Macklot. He is introduced going about hawking his Macklot wares, and when he hears of the preparation for the wedding, he cannot resist the impulse to go spunging for a dinner, and to stuff his ravening maw at other people's expense. He announces himself; Kilian Brustflech inquires into his claims, but is obliged to refuse him, since it was an understanding that all the guests should be well known public characters, to which recommendation the applicant can make no claim. Macklot does his best to show that he is as renowned as any of them. But when Kilian Brustflech, as a strict master of ceremonies, shows himself immoveable, the nameless person, who has recovered from his Berserker-rage at the end of the second act, espouses the cause of his near relative, the book-pirate, so urgently, that the latter is finally admitted among the guests.

About this time the COUNTS STOLBERG arrived at Frankfurt; they were on a journey to Switzerland, and wished to make us a visit. The earliest productions of my drawing talent, which appeared in the Göttingen *Musenalmannach*, had led to my forming a friendly relation with them, and with all those other young men whose characters and labors are now well known. At that time rather strange ideas were entertained of friendship and love. They applied themselves to nothing more, properly speaking, than a certain vivacity of youth, which led to a mutual association and to an interchange of minds, full indeed of talent but nevertheless uncultivated. Such a mutual relation, which looked indeed like confidence, was mistaken for love, for genuine inclination: I deceived myself in this as well as others, and have, in more than one way, suffered from it many years. There is still in existence a

letter of Bürger's belonging to that time, from which it may be seen that, among these companions, there was no question about the moral æsthetic. Every one felt himself excited, and thought that he might act and poetize accordingly.

The brothers arrived, bringing Count Haugwitz with them. They were received by me with open heart, with kindly propriety. They lodged at the hotel, but were generally with us at dinner. The first joyous meeting proved highly gratifying; but troublesome eccentricities soon manifested themselves.

A singular position arose for my mother. In her ready frank way, she could carry herself back to the middle age at once, and take the part of Aja with some Lombard or Byzantine princess. They called her nothing else but *Frau Aja*, and she was pleased with the joke; entering the more heartily into the fantasies of youth, as she believed she saw her own portrait in the lady of Götz von Berlichingen.

But this could not last long. We had dined together but a few times, when once, after enjoying glass after glass, our poetic hatred for tyrants showed itself, and we avowed a thirst for the blood of such villains. My father smiled and shook his head; my mother had scarcely heard of a tyrant in her life, however she recollected having seen the copper-plate engraving of such a monster in Gottfried's Chronicle, viz., King Cambyses, whom he describes as having shot with an arrow the little son of an enemy through the heart, and boasting of his deed to the father's face; this still stood in her memory. To give a cheerful turn to the conversation which continually grew more violent, she betook herself to her cellar, where her oldest wines lay carefully preserved in large casks. There she had in store no less treasure than the vintages of 1706, '19, '26, and '48, all under her own especial watch and ward, which were seldom broached except on solemn festive occasions.

As she set before us the rich-colored wine in the polished decanter, she exclaimed: "Here is the true tyrant's blood! Glut yourselves with this, but let all murderous thoughts go out of my house!"

"Yes, tyrants' blood indeed!" I cried: "there is no greater tyrant than the one whose heart's blood is here set before you. Regale yourselves with it; but use moderation! for beware lest he subdue you by his spirit and agreeable taste. The vine

is the universal tyrant who ought to be rooted up: let us therefore choose and reverence as our patron Saint the holy Lyeurgus, the Thracian: he set about the pious work in earnest, and though at last blinded and corrupted by the infatuating demon Bacchus, he yet deserves to stand high in the army of martyrs above.

"This vine-stock is the very vilest tyrant, at once an oppressor, a flatterer, and a hypocrite. The first draughts of his blood are sweetly relishing, but one drop incessantly entices another after it; they succeed each other like a necklace of pearls, which one fears to pull apart."

If any should suspect me here of substituting, as the best historians have done, a fictitious speech for the actual address, I can only express my regret that no short-hand writer had taken down this peroration at once and handed it down to us. The thoughts would be found the same, but the flow of the language perhaps more graceful and attractive. Above all, however, in the present sketch, as a whole, there is a want of that diffuse eloquence and fulness of youth, which feels itself, and knows not whither its strength and faculty will carry it.

In a city like Frankfort, one is placed in a strange position; strangers continually crossing each other, point to every region of the globe, and awaken a passion for travelling. On many an occasion before now I had shown an inclination to be moving, and now at the very moment when the great point was to make an experiment whether I could renounce Lilli—when a certain painful disquiet unfitted me for all regular business, the proposition of the Stolbergs, that I should accompany them to Switzerland, was welcome. Stimulated, moreover, by the exhortations of my father, who looked with pleasure on the idea of my travelling in that direction, and who advised me not to omit to pass over into Italy, if a suitable occasion should offer itself, I at once decided to go, and soon had everything packed for the journey. With some hesitation, but without leave-taking, I separated myself from Lilli: she had so grown into my heart, that I did not believe it possible to part myself from her.

In a few hours I found myself with my merry 60th waltz-vellers in Darmstadt. Even at court we should not always act with perfect propriety: here Count Hatzwitz took the lead. He was the youngest of us all, well formed, of a delicate,

but noble appearance, with soft friendly features, of an equable disposition, sympathizing enough, but with so much moderation, that, contrasted with us, he appeared quite impassible. Consequently, he had to put up with all sorts of jibes and nicknames from them. This was all very well, so long as they believed that they might act like children of nature; but as soon as occasion called for propriety, and when one was again obliged, not unwillingly, to put on the reserve of a Count, then he knew how to introduce and to smoothe over everything, so that we always came off with tolerable credit, if not with *éclat*.

I spent my time, meanwhile, with Merck, who in his Mephistophelistic manner looked upon my intended journey with an evil eye, and described **my** companions, who had also paid him a visit, with a discrimination that listened not to any suggestions of mercy. In his way he knew me thoroughly; the naïve and indomitable good nature of my character was painful to him; the everlasting purpose to take things as they are, the live and let live was his detestation. "It is a foolish trick," he said, "your going with these Burschen;" and then he would describe them aptly, but not altogether justly. Throughout there was a want of good feeling, and here I could believe that I could see further than he did, although I did not in fact do this, but only knew how to appreciate those ideas of their character, which lay beyond the circle of his vision.

"You will not stay long with them!" was the close of all his remarks. On this occasion I remember a remarkable saying of his, which he repeated to me at a later time, which I had often repeated to myself, and frequently found confirmed in life. "Thy striving," said he, "thy unswerving effort is to give a poetic form to the real; others seek to give reality to the so-called poetic, to the imaginative, and of that nothing will ever come but stupid stuff." Whoever apprehends the immense difference between these two modes of action, whoever insists and acts upon this conviction, has reached the solution of a thousand other things.

Unhappily, before our party left Darmstadt, an incident happened which tended to verify beyond dispute the opinion of Merck.

Among the extravaganzas which grew out of the notion that

we should try to transport ourselves into a state of nature, was that of bathing in public waters, in the open air; and our friends, after violating every other law of propriety, could not forego this additional unseemliness. Darmstadt, situated on a sandy plain, without running water, had, it appeared, a pond in the neighbourhood, of which I only heard on this occasion. My friends, who were hot by nature, and moreover kept continually heating themselves, sought refreshment in this pond. The sight of naked youths in the clear sunshine, might well seem something strange in this region: at all events scandal arose. Merck sharpened his conclusions, and I do not deny that I was glad to hasten our departure.

On the way to Mannheim, in spite of all good and noble feelings which we entertained in common, a certain difference in sentiment and conduct already exhibited itself. Leopold Stolberg told us with much of feeling and passion, that he had been forced to renounce a sincere attachment to a beautiful English lady, and on that account had undertaken so long a journey. When he received in return the sympathising confession that we too were not strangers to such experiences, then he gave vent without respect to the feelings of youth, declaring that nothing in the world could be compared with his passion, his sufferings, or with the beauty and amiability of his beloved. If by moderate observations we tried, as is proper among good companions, to bring him duly to qualify his assertion, it only made matters worse: and Count Haugwitz, as well as I, were inclined at last to let the matter drop. When we had reached Mannheim, we occupied pleasant chambers in a respectable hotel, and after our first dinner there during the dessert, at which the wine was not spared, Leopold challenged us to drink to the health of his fair one, which was done noisily enough. After the glasses were drained, he cried out: But now, out of goblets thus consecrated, no more drinking must be permitted; a second health would be a profanation: therefore, let us annihilate these vessels! and with these words he dashed the wine-glass against the wall behind him. The rest of us followed his example; and I imagined at the moment, that Merck pulled me by the collar.

But youth still retains this trait of childhood, that it harbors no malice against good companions: that its unsophisticated good nature may be brushed somewhat roughly indeed, to be sure, but cannot be permanently injured.

The glasses thus proclaimed angelical had considerably swelled our reckoning, comforting ourselves, however, and determined to be merry, we hastened for Carlsruhe, there to enter a new circle, with all the confidence of youth and its freedom from care. There we found Klopstock, who still maintained, with dignity, his ancient authority over disciples who held him in reverence. I also gladly did homage to him, so that when bidden to his court with the others, I probably conducted myself tolerably well for a novice. One felt, too, in a certain manner called upon to be natural and sensible at the same time.

The reigning Margrave, highly honored among the German Sovereigns as one of their princely seniors, but more especially on account of the excellent aims of his government, was glad to converse about matters of political economy. The Margravine, active and well versed in the arts and various useful branches of knowledge, was also pleased by some graceful speeches to manifest a certain sympathy for us: for which we were duly grateful, though when at home we could not refrain from venting some severe remarks upon her miserable paper-manufactory, and the favor she showed to the piratical bookseller Macklot.

The circumstance, however, of importance for me, was, that the young duke of Saxe-Weimar had arrived here to enter into a formal matrimonial engagement with his noble bride, the princess Louisa of Hesse-Darmstadt: President von Moser had already arrived on the same business, in order to settle this important contract with the court-tutor Count Görtz, and fully to ratify it. My conversations with both the high personages were most friendly, and at the farewell audience, they both made me repeated assurances that it would be pleasant to them to see me at Weimar.

Some private conversations with Klopstock, won me by the friendliness they showed, and led me to use openness and candour with him. I communicated to him the latest scenes of *Faust*, which he seemed to approve of. Indeed, as I afterward learned, he had spoken of them to others with marked commendation, a thing not usual with him, and expressed a wish to see the conclusion of the piece.

Our former rudeness, though sometimes as we called it, our genius-like dememeanour, was kept in something like a check

restraint in Carlsruhe, which is decent and almost holy ground. I parted from my companions, as I had resolved to take a wide round and go to Emmendingen, where my brother-in-law was high bailiff. I looked upon this visit to my sister as a real trial. I knew that she had not a happy existence, while there was no cause to find fault with her, with her husband, or with circumstances. She was of a peculiar nature, of which it is difficult to speak; we will endeavour, however, to set down here whatever admits of being described.

A fine form was in her favor; but not so her features, which, although expressing clearly enough, goodness, intelligence, and sensibility, were nevertheless wanting in regularity and grace.

Add to this, that a high and strongly arched forehead, exposed still more by the abominable fashion of dressing the hair back on the head, contributed to leave a certain unpleasant impression, although it bore the best testimony to her moral and intellectual qualities. I can fancy, that if after the modern fashion, she had surrounded the upper part of her face with curls, and clothed her temples and cheeks with ringlets, she would have found herself more agreeable before the mirror, without fear of displeasing others as well as herself. Then there was the grave fault, that her skin was seldom clean, an evil which from her youth up, by some demoniacal fatality, was most sure to show itself on all festal occasions, and at concerts, balls, and other parties.

In spite of these drawbacks she gradually made her way, however, as her better and nobler qualities showed themselves more distinctly.

A firm character not easily controlled, a soul that sympathised and needed sympathy, a highly cultivated mind, fine acquisitions and talents; some knowledge of languages and a ready pen—all these she possessed—so that if she had been more richly favored with outward charms, she would have been among the women most sought after in her day.

Besides all this there is one strange thing to be mentioned: there was not the slightest touch of sensual passion in her nature. She had grown up with me, and had no other wish than to continue and pass her life in this fraternal union. Since my return from the University we had been inseparable; with the most unreserved confidence we shared all our thoughts,

feelings, and humors, and even the most incidental and passing impressions of every accidental circumstance. When I went to Wetzlar, the loneliness of the house without me seemed insupportable; my friend Schlosser, neither unknown nor repugnant to the good girl, stepped into my place. In him, unfortunately, the brotherly affection changed into a decided, and to judge from his strictly conscientious character, probably a first passion. Here there was found what people call as good a match as could be wished, and my sister, after having stedfastly rejected several good offers, but from insignificant men, whom she always had an aversion to, allowed herself to be, I may well say, talked into accepting him.

I must frankly confess that I have frequently indulged in fancies about my sister's destiny. I did not like to think of her as the mistress of a family, but rather as an Abbess, as the Lady Superior of some noble community. She possessed every requisite for such a high position, while she was wanting in all that the world deems indispensable in its members. Over feminine souls she always exercised an irresistible influence: young minds were gently attracted towards her, and she ruled them by the spirit of her inward superiority. As she had in common with me an universal tolerance for the good, the human, with all its eccentricities, provided they did not amount to perversity, there was no need for seeking to conceal from her any idiosyncrasy which might mark any remarkable natural talents, or for its owner feeling any constraint in her presence; hence our parties, as we have seen before, were always varied, free, ingenuous, and sometimes perhaps bordering on boldness. My habit of forming intimacies with young ladies of a respectful and obliging nature, without allowing any closer engagement or relations to grow out of them, was mainly owing to my sister's influence over me. And now the sagacious reader, who is capable of reading into these lines what does not stand written in them, but is nevertheless implied, will be able to form some conception of the serious feelings with which I then set foot in Eranenburgh.

But at my departure, after a short visit, a heavenly sorrow on my heart, for my sister had earnestly recommended me to say enjoined me, to break off my connection with Fild. She herself had suffered much from a long-protracted engagement:

Schlosser, with his spirit of rectitude, did not betray himself to her, until he was sure of his appointment under the Grand Duke of Baden; indeed, if one would take it so, until he was actually appointed. The answer to his application, however, was delayed in an incredible manner. If I may express my conjecture on the matter, the brave Schlosser, able man of business as he was, was nevertheless on account of his downright integrity, desirable neither to the prince as a servant, immediately in contact with himself, nor to the minister, who still less liked to have so honest a coadjutor near to him. His expected and earnestly desired appointment at Carlsruhe was never filled up. But the delay was explained to me, when the place of Upper Bailiff in Emmendingen became vacant, and he was instantly selected for it. Thus an office of much dignity and profit was now intrusted to him, for which he had shown himself fully competent. It seemed entirely suited to his taste, his mode of action, to stand here alone to act according to his own conviction, and to be held responsible for everything, whether for praise or blame.

As no objections could be raised to his accepting this place, my sister had to follow him, not indeed to a Court-residence, as she had hoped, but to a place which must have seemed to her a solitude, a desert; to a dwelling, spacious to be sure, with an official dignity, and stately, but destitute of all chance of society. Some young ladies, with whom she had cultivated an early friendship, followed her there, and as the Gerock family was blessed with many daughters, these contrived to stay with her in turn, so that, in the midst of such privation, she always enjoyed the presence of at least one long-trusted friend.

These circumstances, these experiences, made her feel justified in recommending to me, most earnestly, a separation from Lili. She thought it hard to take such a young lady (of whom she had formed the highest opinion) out of the midst of a lively, if not splendid circle, and to shut her up in our old house, which, although very passable in its way, was not suited for the reception of distinguished society, sticking her, as it were, between a well-disposed, but unsociable, precise, and formal father, and a mother extremely active in her domestic matters, who, after the household business of the day was over would not like to be disturbed over some

notable bit of work by a friendly conversation with forward and refined young girls. On the other hand, she in a lively manner set Lili's position before me: for, partly in my letters, partly in a confidential but impassioned conversation, I had told her everything to a hair.

Unfortunately her conception was only a circumstantial and well-meant completion of what a gossiping friend, in whom, by degrees, all confidence ceased to be placed, had contrived by mentioning a few characteristic traits to insinuate into her mind.

I could promise her nothing, although I was obliged to confess that she had convinced me. I went on with that enigmatic feeling in my heart, with which passion always nourishes itself: for the Child Cupid clings obstinately to the garment of Hope, even when she is preparing with long step to flee away.

The only thing between this place and Zurich which I now clearly remember, is the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. A mighty cascade here gives the indication of the mountainous region which we designed to enter; where, each step becoming steeper and more difficult, we should have laboriously to clamber up the heights.

The view of the lake of Zurich, which we enjoyed from the gate of the "*Sword*," is still before me: I say from the gate of the tavern, for, without stopping to enter it, I hastened to Lavater. He gave me a cheerful and hearty reception, and was, I must confess, extremely gracious; confiding, considerate, kind, and elevating was his bearing, indeed, it would be impossible to expect anything else of him. His wife, with somewhat singular, but serene tenderly pious expression of countenance, fully harmonized, like everything else about him, with his way of thinking and living.

Our first, and perhaps only theme of conversation, was his system of Physiognomy. The first part of this remarkable work, was, if I mistake not, already printed, or, at least, near its completion. It might be said to be at once stamped with genius and yet empirical; methodical, but still in its instances incomplete and partial. I was strangely connected with it, Lavater wanted all the world for co-operators and sympathizers. During his travels up the Rhine, he had portraits taken of a great many distinguished men, in order to exhibit

their personal interest in a work in which they were to appear. He proceeded in the same way with artists; he called upon every one to send him drawings for illustrations. The latter came, and many were not exactly suited for his purpose. So, too, he had copper-plates engraved in all parts, which seldom turned out characteristic copies. Much labor had been bestowed on his part; with money and exertions of all kinds an important work was now ready, and full honor was done to Physiognomy. But when in a great volume, illustrated by examples, Physiognomy, founded on doctrine, was to set up its claims to the dignity of science, it was found that not a single picture said what it ought to say; all the plates had to be censured or to be taken with exceptions, none to be praised, but only tolerated; many, indeed, were quite altered by the explanations. For me, who in all my studies sought a firm footing before I went further, I had now to perform one of the most painful tasks which industry could be set to. Let the reader judge. The manuscript, with impressions of the plates inserted was sent to me at Frankfort. I was authorized to strike out whatever displeased me, to change and put in what I liked. However I made a very moderate use of this liberty. In one instance he had introduced a long and violent piece of controversy against an unjust orator, which I left out, and substituted a cheerful poem about nature; for this he scolded me, but afterwards, when he had cooled down, approved of what I had done.

Whoever turns over the four volumes of Physiognomy, and (what he will not repent of) reads them, may conceive the interest there was in our interviews, during which, as most of the plates contained in it were already drawn and part of them had been engraved, we examined, and decided on those fit to be inserted in the work, and considered the ingenious means by which those, which did not exactly tally with its principles, might be made instructive and suitable.

Whenever at present I look through the work of Lavater, a strange comic, merry feeling comes over me: it seems as if I saw before me the shadows of men formerly known to me, over whom I once fretted, and in whom I find little satisfaction now.

The possibility, however, of retaining in some sort, much that otherwise would have been unsuitable, was owing to the

fine and decided talent of the sketcher and engraver, Lips. He was, in fact, born for the free prosaic representation of the actual, which was precisely the thing wanted in this case. He worked under a singularly exacting physiognomist, and therefore was obliged to look sharp to approximate to the demands of his master: the clever peasant boy felt the whole responsibility of working for a clerical gentleman from a city so highly privileged, and gave his best care to the business.

Living in a separate house from my companions, I became every day more of a stranger to them, without the least unpleasant feeling having arisen; our rural excursions were no longer made together, although in the city we still kept up some intercourse. With all the arrogance of young counts they had honored Lavater with a visit and appeared to the skilful physiognomist somewhat different from what they did to the rest of the world. He spoke to me about them, and I remember quite well, that, speaking of Leopold Stolberg, he exclaimed: "I know not what you all mean; he is a noble, excellent youth, and full of talent; but you have described him to me as a hero, as a Hercules, and I have never in my life seen a softer and more sensitive young man; nor, if need be, one more easily influenced. I am still far from having formed a clear physiognomical judgment of him, but as for you and all the rest, you are in a fog altogether."

Since Lavater's journey on the Lower Rhine, the public interest in him and his physiognomical studies had greatly increased; visitors of all sorts crowded upon him, so that he felt in some sort embarrassed at being looked upon as the first of spiritual and intellectual men, and the chief point of attraction for strangers. Hence, to avoid envy and all unpleasant feelings, he managed to remind and warn his visitors that they must treat other distinguished men with friendship and respect.

In this especial regard was had to the aged BODMER, and, accordingly, we were compelled to visit him and pay our youthful respects to him. He lived on a hill, above the large or old town, which lay on the right bank, where the lake contracts its waters into the Linmat. We crossed the old town, and, by a path that became steeper and steeper, at last ascended the height behind the walls, where, between the fortifications and the old wall, a pleasant suburb had sprung

up, partly in continuous and partly in detached houses, with a half country look. The house where Bodmer had passed his whole life, stood in the midst of an open and cheerful neighbourhood, which, the day being beautiful and clear, we often paused on our road to survey with the greatest pleasure.

We were conducted up a flight of steps into a wainscoted chamber, where a brisk old man, of middle stature, came to meet us. He received us with his usual greeting to young visitors: telling us that we must consider it an act of courtesy on his part to have delayed so long his departure from this world in order that he might receive us kindly, form our acquaintance, refresh himself with our talents, and wish us joy in our future career.

We, on the other hand, congratulated him that, as a poet belonging to the patriarchal world, he had yet in the neighbourhood of the most highly cultivated city, possessed during his whole life a truly idyllic dwelling, and, in the high free air, had enjoyed for so many long years such a wide and beautiful prospect to feed his eyes with unfading delight.

It seemed anything but displeasing to the old man, when we asked permission to take a view from his window of the neighboring scenery: and truly the prospect in the cheerful sunshine, and in the best season of the year, appeared quite incomparable. The prospect commanded much of the slope, from the great town down to the water's edge, as well as the smaller town across the Limmat, and the whole of the fertile Sihl-feld, towards the west. Behind us, on the left, was a part of the lake of Zurich, with its bright rippled surface, and its shores endlessly varying with a towering hill and valley and height after height in greater variety than the eye could take in, which dazzled by this splendour, delighted to rest on the blue range of the loftier mountains in the distance whose snowy summits man has been so far intimate with us to give names to.

The rapture of us young men at sight of the marvellous beauty which for so many years, had daily been before him, appeared to please the old poet: he began, so to speak, immediately sympathizing, and we parted the best of friends, but not without a warning for those little mountain hermits had the possession of their hills.

Now I am on the point of leaving our worthy patriarch, I

remark, for the first time, that I have as yet said nothing of his form and countenance, of his movements, and his carriage and bearing.

In general, I do not think it quite right for travellers to describe every distinguished man, whom they visit, as if they wanted to furnish materials for advertising a runaway. No one sufficiently considers that he has only looked at the great man during the moment of introduction, and then only in his own way; and that according to the circumstances of the moment the host may or not be what he seemed, proud or meek, silent and talkative, cheerful or morose. In this particular case, however, I may excuse myself from the attempt, by saying that no verbal description of Bodmer's venerable person would convey an adequate impression. Fortunately there exists a picture of him by Graff, of Bause, which perfectly represents the man as he appeared to us, and, indeed, exactly preserves his peculiar penetrating and reflective look.

A great, not indeed unexpected, but still highly coveted gratification awaited me in Zurich, where I met my young friend, Passavant. Of a respectable family of the reformed persuasion, and born in my native city, he lived in Switzerland, at the fountain-head of the doctrine which he was afterwards to proclaim as a preacher. With a frame not large, but active, his face and his whole manner promised a quick and agreeable resoluteness of character. His hair and beard were black, his eyes lively. On the whole, you saw in him a man of some sensitiveness, but of moderate energy.

Scarcely had we embraced one another and exchanged the first greeting, when he immediately proposed to me to visit the smaller cantons. Having himself already walked through them with great delight, he wished, with the sight of them, to awaken my rapture and enthusiasm.

While I was talking over, with Lavater, the most interesting and important points of our common business, until we had nearly exhausted them, my lively fellow-travellers had already sallied forth in various directions, and, in their own fashion, had examined the country. Passavant, receiving and welcoming me with hearty friendship, believed that he had gained thereby a right to the exclusive possession of my society, and, therefore, in the absence of my companions, con-

trived to entice me to the mountains, the more easily, since I was decidedly inclined to accomplish the long desired ramble in quiet and at liberty to follow my own whims. Without further deliberation, therefore, we stepped into a boat and sailed up the glorious lake, on a fine clear morning.

A poem inserted here may give the reader some intimation of those happy moments:

New draughts of strength and youthful blood,
 From this free world I've press'd;
 Here nature is so mild, so good—
 Who clasps me to her breast.
 The billows rock our little boat,
 The oars in measure beat,
 The hills, while clouds around them float,
 Approach our barque to meet.

Eye, mine eye, why sink'st thou mourning?
 Golden dreams, are ye returning?
 Though thou'rt gold, thou dream, farewell;
 Here, too, life and love can dwell.

Countless stars are blinking,
 In the waters here,
 On the mountains drinking
 Clouds of mist appear;
 Round the cool bay flying,
 Morning breezes wake,
 Ripen'd fruits are lying
 Mirror'd in the lake.

We landed in Richterswyl, where we had an introduction from Lavater to Doctor Hoerzi. As a physician, and a highly intelligent and benevolent man, he enjoyed great esteem in his immediate neighbourhood and in the whole country, and we can do no better honor to his memory than by referring to a passage in Lavater's *Physiognomy*, which describes him.

After a very hospitable entertainment, which he relieved with a highly agreeable and instructive conversation, describing to us the next halting-places in our journey, we ascended the mountains which lay before us. When we were about to descend again into the vale of Schindellegi, we turned round

to take in once more the charming prospect over the lake of Zurich.

Of my feelings at that moment some idea may be gathered from the following lines, which, just as I wrote them down, are still preserved in a little memorandum book :

Dearest Lili, if I did not love thee,
I should revel in a scene like this!
Yet, sweet Lili, if I did not love thee,
What were any bliss ?

This little impromptu seems to me more expressive in its present context, than as it stands by itself in the printed collection of my poems.

The rough roads, which led to St. Mary's hermitage, did not wear out our good spirits. A number of pilgrims, whom we had remarked below upon the lake, now overtook us and asked the aid of our prayers in behalf of their pious object. We saluted them and let them pass, and as they moved regularly with their hymns and prayers, they lent a characteristic graceful animation to the dreary heights. We saw livingly marked out the serpentine path which we too had to travel, and seemed to be joyously following. The customs of the Romish church are altogether significant and imposing to the Protestant, inasmuch as he only recognises the inmost principle, by which they were first called forth, the human element by which they are propagated from race to race; thus penetrating at once to the kernel, without troubling himself, just at the moment with the shell, the rind, or even with the tree itself, its twigs, leaves, bark, and roots.

We now saw rising a dreary, treeless vale, the splendid church, the cloister, of broad and stately compass, in the midst of a neat place of sojourn for a large and varied assembly of guests.

The little church within the church, the former hermitage of the saint, incrustated with marble, and transformed as far as possible into a regular chapel, was something new to me; something that I had not seen, this little vessel, surrounded and built over with pillars and vaults. It could not but excite sober thoughts to reflect how a single spark of goodness, and of the fear of God, had here kindled a bright and burning flame, so that troops of believers, never ceased to

make painful pilgrimages in order to light their little tapers at this holy fire. However the fact is to be explained, it plainly points at least to an unbounded craving in man, for equal light, for equal warmth, with that which this old hermit cherished and enjoyed in the deepest feeling and the most secure conviction. We were shewn into the treasure chamber, which was rich and imposing enough, and offered to the astonished eye busts of the size of life, not to say colossal, of the saints and founders of different orders.

A very different sort of feeling was awakened at the sight of a closet opening upon this. It was filled with antique valuables here dedicated and honored. My attention was fixed by various golden crowns of remarkable workmanship, out of which I contemplated one exclusively. It was a pointed crown, in the style of former days, such as one may have seen in pictures on the heads of ancient queens, but of a most tasteful design and of highly elaborate execution. The colored stones with which it was studded were distributed over it or set opposite to each other, with great effect and judgment; it was, in short, a work of that kind which one would pronounce perfect at the first glance, without waiting to bring out this impression by an appeal to the laws of art.

In such cases, where the art is not recognised, but felt, heart and soul are turned towards the object, one would like to possess the jewel, that one might impart pleasure to others with such a gift. I begged permission to handle the little crown, and as I held it up respectfully in my hand, I could not help thinking that I should like to press it upon the bright, glittering locks of Lili, lead her before the mirror, and witness her own joy in it, and the happiness which she spread around her. I have often thought since, that this scene, if realized by a skilful painter, would be highly touching and full of meaning. It were worth one's while to be the young king to receive a bride and a new kingdom in this way.

In order to show us all the treasures of the cloister, they led us into a cabinet of natural and artificial curiosities. I had then but little idea of the value of such things; at that time geognosy, which is so commendable in itself, but which fritters away the impression produced by the earth's beautiful surface on the mind's eye, had not begun to entice me, still

less had a fantastic geology entangled me in its labyrinths. Nevertheless, the monk who acted as our guide, compelled me to bestow some attention on a fossil, much prized as he said by connoisseurs, a small wild bear's head well preserved in a lump of blue fuller's clay, which, black as it was, has dwelt in my imagination ever since. They had found it in the country of Rapperswyl, a district which ever since the memory of man was so full of morasses, that it could well receive and keep such mummies for posterity.

Far different attractions was presented to me by a copper-plate engraving of Martin Schön, which was kept under a glass frame, and represented the Assumption of the Virgin. True, only a perfect specimen could give an idea of the art of such a master; but then we are so affected by it, as with the perfect in every branch of art, that we cannot get rid of the wish to possess something in some way like it, to be able constantly to repeat the sight of it, however long a time may intervene. Why should I not anticipate and confess here, that afterwards I could not rest until I had succeeded in obtaining an excellent copy of this plate.

On the 16th of July, 1775 (for here I find a date first set down), we entered upon a toilsome journey; wild stony heights were to be surmounted, and that, too, in a perfect solitude and wilderness. At a quarter before eight in the evening, we stood before the Schwyzer-Haken, two mountain peaks which jut out boldly, side by side, into the sky. For the first time we found snow upon our path, where on the jagged rocks it had been hanging since the winter. A primeval forest, with its solemn awe, filled the immense valleys, into which we were about to descend. Refreshed, after a short rest, we sprang, with bold and light step, from cliff to cliff, from ledge to ledge, down the precipitous foot-path, and arrived by ten o'clock at Schwyz. We had become at once weary yet cheerful, exhausted yet excited; we eagerly quenched our violent thirst, and felt ourselves still more inspired. Imagine the young man, who but two years before had written *Werther*, and his still younger friend who still earlier had read that remarkable work in manuscript, and had been strangely excited by it, had transported in some respect without their knowing it or wishing it, into a state of nature, and there in the consciousness of rich powers, vividly recall-

ing past passions, clinging to those of the present, shaping fruitless plans, rioting through the realm of fancy, and you will be able to form some conception of our situation then, which I should not know how to describe, if it did not stand written in my journal: "Laughing and shouting lasted until midnight."

On the morning of the 17th, we saw the Schwyzer-Alpen from our windows. Around these vast and irregular natural pyramids, clouds rose upon clouds. At one in the afternoon we left Schwyz, on our way to the Rigi; at two we were on the Lowerzer lake, the sun shining brilliantly on it and on us all the while. For sheer delight we saw nothing. Two stout maidens guided the boat: that looked pretty, and we made no objection. We arrived upon the island, on which they say once lived the former lord of the castle: be this as it may, the hut of the anchorite has now planted itself amidst the ruins.

We climbed the Rigi; at half-past seven we stood at the foot of the "Mother of God" covered in snow; then passed the chapel and the nunnery, and rested at the hotel of the Ox.

On the 18th, Sunday morning early, we took a sketch of the chapel from the Ox. At twelve we went to Kaltenbad, or the fountain of the Three Sisters. By a quarter after two we had reached the summit; we found ourselves in the clouds, this time doubly disagreeable to us, since they both hindered the prospect and drenched us with mist. But when, here and there, they opened and showed us, framed as it were by their ever-varying outline, a clear, majestic sun-lit world, with the changing scenes of a diorama, we no longer lamented these accidents: for it was a sight we had never seen before and should never behold again, and we lingered long in this somewhat inconvenient position, to catch, through the chinks and crevices of the ever-shifting masses of cloud, some little point of sunny earth, some little strip of shore, or pretty nook of the lake.

By eight in the evening we were back again at the door of the inn, and refreshed ourselves with baked fish and eggs, and plenty of wine.

As the twilight and the night gradually came on, our ears were filled with mysteriously harmonizing sounds; the twink-

ling of the chapel bells, the splashing of the fountain, the rustling of changeful breezes, with the horns of the foresters in the distance;—these were blest, soothing, tranquillising moments.

At half-past six, on the morning of the 19th, first ascending then going down by the Waldstätter Lake we came to Fitznau; from thence, by water, to Gersau. At noon, we were in the hotel on the lake. About two o'clock we were opposite to Grütli, where the three Tells conspired; then upon the flat rock where the hero sprang from his boat, and where the legend of his life and deeds is recorded and immortalized by a painting. At three we were at Flüelen, where he embarked; and at four in Altorf, where he shot the apple.

Aided by this poetic thread one winds conveniently through the labyrinth of these rocky walls which, descending perpendicularly to the water, stand silently before us. They, the immovable, stand there as quietly as the side-scenes of a theatre; success or failure, joy or sorrow, merely pertain to the persons who for the day successively strut upon the stage.

Such reflections, however, were wholly out of the circle of the vision of the youths who then looked upon them: what had recently passed had been dismissed from their thoughts, and the future lay before them as strangely inscrutable, as the mountain region which they were laboriously penetrating.

On the 20th, we breakfasted at Amstäg, where they cooked us a savoury dinner of baked fish. Here now, on this mountain ledge, where the Reuss, which was at all times wild enough, was rushing from rugged clefts, and dashing the cool snow-water over the rocky channels, I could not help enjoying the longed-for opportunity and refreshing myself in the foaming waves.

At three o'clock we proceeded onwards; a row of sumpter-horses went before us, we marched with them over a broad mass of snow, and did not learn till afterwards, that it was hollow underneath. The snows of winter, that had deposited themselves here in a mountain gorge, which at other seasons it was necessary to skirt circuitously, now furnished us with a shorter and more direct road. But the waters which forced their way beneath had gradually undermined the snowy mass, and the mild summer had melted more and more of the

lower side of the vault, so that now, like a broad arched bridge, it formed a natural connection between the opposite sides. We convinced ourselves of this strange freak of nature by venturing more than half way down into the broader part of the gorge. As we kept ascending, we left pine forests in the chasm, through which the Reuss from time to time appeared, foaming and dashing over rocky precipices.

At half-past seven we arrived at Wasen, where, to render palatable the red, heavy, sour Lombardy wine, we were forced to have recourse to water, and to supply, by a great deal of sugar, the ingredient which nature had refused to elaborate in the grape. The landlord showed us some beautiful crystals; but I had, at that time, so little interest in the study of nature and such specimens, that I did not care to burden myself with these mountain products, however cheaply they might be bought.

On the 21st, at half-past six, we were still ascending; the rocks grew more and more stupendous and awful; the path to the *Teufelstein* (Devil's Stone), from which we were to gain a view of the Devil's Bridge, was still more difficult. My companion being disposed for a rest, proposed me to sketch the most important views. My outlines were, perhaps, tolerably successful, but nothing seemed to stand out, nothing to retire into the distance: for such objects I had no language. We toiled on further; the horrors of the wilderness seemed continually to deepen, planes became hills, and hollows chasms. And so my guide conducted me to the cave of Ursern, through which I walked in somewhat of an ill humor, what we had seen thus far was, at any rate, sublime, this darkness took everything away.

But the roguish guide anticipated the joyful astonishment which would overwhelm me on my egress. There the moderately foaming stream wound mildly through a level vale surrounded by mountains, but wide enough to invite habitation. Above the clean little village of Ursern and its church, which stood opposite to us on a level plot, rose a pine-grove which was held sacred, because it protected the inhabitants at its foot from the rolling of the avalanches. Here we enjoyed the sight of long-missed vegetation. The meadows of the valley, just beginning to look green, were adorned along the river side with short willows. The tranquillity was great;

upon the level paths we felt our powers revive again, and my fellow-traveller was not a little proud of the surprise which he had so skilfully contrived.

The meadows produce the celebrated Ursern cheese, and the youthful travellers, high in spirits, pronounced very tolerable wine not to be surpassed in order to heighten their enjoyment, and to give a more fantastic impulse to their projects.

On the 22nd, at half-past three, we left our quarters, that from the smooth Ursern valley we might enter upon the stony valley of Liviner. Here, too, we at once missed all vegetation; nothing was to be seen or heard but naked or mossy rocks covered with snow, fitful gusts blowing the clouds backwards and forwards, the rustling of waterfalls, the tinkling of sumpter-horses in the depth of solitude, where we saw none coming and none departing. It did not test the imagination much to see dragons' nests in the clefts. But, nevertheless, we felt inspired and elevated by one of the most beautiful and picturesque waterfalls, sublimely various in all its rocky steps, which, being at this time of the year enriched by melted snows, and now half hidden by the clouds, now half revealed, chained us for some time to the spot.

Finally, we came to little mist-lakes, as I might call them, since they were scarcely to be distinguished from the atmospheric streaks. Before long, a building loomed towards us out of the vapour: it was the Hospice, and we felt great satisfaction at the thoughts of sheltering ourselves under its hospitable roof.

NINETEENTH BOOK.

ANNOUNCED by the low barking of a little dog which ran out to meet us, we were cordially received at the door by an elderly but active female. She apologised for the absence of the Pater, who had gone to Milan, but was engaged till that evening: and immediately, without saying a word, set to work to provide for our comfort and wants. We were shown into a warm and spacious room, where bread, cheese, and some passable wine were set before us, with the promise of a more substantial meal for our supper. The surprise of the day was now talked over, and my friend was not a little pained that all had gone off so well, and that we had passed a day the impressions of which neither poetry nor prose could ever reproduce.

At length with the twilight, which did not here come on till late, the venerable father entered the room, received his guests with dignity but in a friendly and confidential manner, and in a few words ordered the cook to pay all possible attention to our wishes. When we expressed the wonder we could not conceive, that he could like to pass his life up here, in the midst of such a perfect wilderness, out of the reach of all society, and of all the pleasures of society was never wanting, as our own father would have testified. A lively trade, he told us, was kept up between Italy and Germany. This continual traffic brought about a communication with the first mercantile houses. He spoke of going to Milan, and also to Lucerne, though not so frequently as to the latter place, where, however, the houses which had charge of the posting on the main route, frequently sent people to him, who, here at the point of passage between the two countries, required to be made acquainted with all the circumstances and events connected with such affairs.

Amid such varied conversation the evening passed away, and we slept a quiet night on somewhat short shelves, fastened to the wall, and more like shelves than bedsteads.

Rising early, I soon found myself under the open sky, but in a narrow space surrounded by tall mountain-tops. I sat down upon the foot-path which led to Italy, and attempted

after the manner of dilettanti, to draw what could not be drawn, still less make a picture, namely, the nearest mountain-tops, whose sides, with their white furrows and black ridges, were gradually made visible by the melting of the snow. Nevertheless, that fruitless effort has impressed the image indelibly on my memory.

My companion stepped briskly up to me, and began: "What say you of the story of our spiritual host, last evening? Have not you as well as myself, felt a desire to descend from this dragon's height into those charming regions below? A ramble through these gorges must be glorious and not very toilsome: and when it ends with Bellinzona, what a pleasure that must be! The words of the good father have again brought a living image before my soul of the isles of the Lago Maggiore. We have heard and seen so much of them since Keyssler's travels, that I cannot resist the temptation."

"Is it not so with you too?" he resumed; "you are sitting on exactly the right spot; I stood there once, but had not the courage to jump down. You can go on without ceremony, wait for me at Airolo, I will follow with the courier when I have taken leave of the good father and settled every thing."

"Such an enterprise," I replied, "so suddenly undertaken, does not suit me." "What's the use of deliberating so much?" cried he: "we have money enough to get to Milan, where we shall find credit; through our fair, I know more than one mercantile friend there." He grew still more urgent. "Go!" said I, "and make all ready for the departure, then we will decide."

In such moments it seems to me as if a man feels no resolution in himself, but is rather governed and determined by earlier impressions. Lombardy and Italy lay before me, altogether foreign land; while Germany, as a well-known dear home, full of friendly, domestic scenes, and where, let me confess it,—was that which had so long entirely enchained me, and on which my existence was centred, remained even now the most indispensable element, beyond the limits of which I felt afraid to step. A little golden heart, which in my happiest hours, I had received from *her*, still hung love-warmed about my neck, suspended by the same ribbon to which she had tied it. Snatching it from my bosom, I headed

it with kisses. This incident gave rise to a poem, which I here insert:—

Round my neck, suspended, as a token
Of those joys, that swiftly pass'd away,
Art thou here that thou may'st lengthen love's short day,
Still binding, when the bond of souls is broken?

Lili, from thee I fly: yet I am doom'd to feel
Thy fetters still,
Though to strange vales and mountains I depart,
Yes, Lili's heart must yet remain
Attached to *my* fond heart

Thus the bird, snapping his string in twain,
Seeks his wood,—his own,
Still a mark of bondage bearing,
Of that string a fragment wearing,
The old—the free-born bird—he cannot be again,
When once a master he has known.

Seeing my friend with the guide, who carried our knapsack, come storming up the heights, I rose hastily and removed from the precipice, where I had been watching his return, lest he should drag me down into the abyss with him. I also saluted the pious father, and turned, without saying a word, to the path by which we had come. My friend followed me, somewhat hesitating, and in spite of his love and attachment to me, kept for a long time at a distance behind, till at last a glorious waterfall brought us again together for the rest of our journey, and what had been once decided, was from hence forth looked upon as the wisest and the best.

Of our descent I will only remark that we now found the snow bridge, over which we had so lately travelled with a heavy-laden train a few days before, all fallen in, and that now, as we had to make a circuit round the opened thicket, we were filled with astonishment and admiration by the colossal fragments of that piece of natural architecture.

My friend could not quite get over his disappointment at not returning into Italy; very likely he had thought of the plan some time before, and with amiable cunning had hoped to surprise me on the spot. On this account our return did not proceed so merrily as our advance; but I was occupied all

the more constantly on my silent route, with trying to fix, at least in its more comprehensible and characteristic details, that sense of the sublime and vast, which, as time advances, usually grows contracted in our minds.

Not without many both new and renewed emotions and reflections did we pass over the remarkable heights about the Vierwaldstätter Lake, on our way to Küsnacht, where having landed and pursued our ramble, we had to greet Tell's chapel, which lay on our route, and to reflect upon that assassination which, in the eyes of the whole world, is so heroic, patriotic, and glorious. So, too, we sailed over the Zuger Lake, which we had seen in the distance as we looked down from Rigi. In Zug, I only remember some painted glass, inserted into the casement of a chamber of the inn, not large to be sure, but excellent in its way. Our route then led over the Albis into the Sihl valley, where, by visiting a young Hanoverian, Von Lindau, who delighted to live there in solitude, we sought to mitigate the vexation which he had felt some time before in Zurich, at our declining the offer of his company not in the most friendly or polite manner. The jealous friendship of the worthy Passavant was really the reason of my rejecting the truly dear, but inconvenient presence of another.

But before we descend again from these glorious heights, to the lake and to the pleasantly situated city, I must make one more remark upon my attempts to carry away some idea, of the country by drawing and sketching. A habit from youth upward of viewing a landscape as a picture, led me, whenever I observed any picturesque spot in the natural scenery, to try and fix it, and so to preserve a sure memorial of such moments. But having hitherto only exercised myself on confined scenes, I soon felt the incompetency of my art for such a world.

The haste I was in at once compelled me to have recourse to a singular expedient: scarcely had I noticed an interesting object, and with light and very sketchy strokes drawn the outlines on the paper, than I noted down, in words, the particular objects which I had no time to catch and fill up with the pencil, and, by this means, made the scenes so thoroughly present to my mind, that every locality, whenever I afterwards wanted it for a poem or a story, floated at once before me and was entirely at my command.

On returning to Zurich, I found the Stolbergs were regretting their stay in this city had been cut short in a singular manner.

It must be confessed that travellers upon removing to a distance from the restraints of home, are only too apt to think they are stepping not only into an unknown, but into a perfectly free world: a delusion which it was the more easy to indulge in at this time, as there was not as yet any passports to be examined by the police, or any tolls and such like checks and hindrances on the liberty of travellers, to remind men that abroad they are subject to still worse and more painful restraints than at home.

If the reader will only bear in mind this decided tendency to realize the freedom of nature, he will be able to pardon the younger spirits who regarded Switzerland as the very place in which to "idle like" the fresh independence of youth. The tender poems of Giessner, as well as his charming sketches, seemed decidedly to justify this expectation.

In fact, bathing in wide waters seems to be one of the best qualifications for expressing such poetic talents. Upon our journey thus far, such natural exercises had not seemed exactly suitable to modern customs, and we find in some degree alienated from them. But, in Switzerland, the sight of the cool stream—flowing, rushing, rushing, then gathering in pools, then again spreading out to new rapids—produced a temptation that was not to be resisted. I had, moreover, that I joined my companions in bathing, and clearly felt that it was quite as good, as well as quite as clean, as all the other sports. But naked bodies shone in good ways, and a crowd of men to see us doubtless took offence.

I saw different youths who thought it nowise shocking to be thus exposed, and, like poetic shoppers, one day they found the modern clothes were adulterated by their tasteless and tasteless combinations. They were given to the most delicate and delicate, and in primeval nature, but they were not so good and good and sanitary to all as the modern clothes, and thus which not to be troubled with the modern clothes. They were not so good as the modern clothes, and thus, especially in the special case of the modern clothes, which, to them seemed venerable as a second nature. Accordingly, they left the more

public lake shores, but when in their walks through the mountains, they fell in with the clear, rustling, refreshing streams, it seemed to them impossible, in the middle of July, to abstain from the refreshing exercise. Thus, on their wide sweeping walks, they came also to the shady vale, where the Sihl, streaming behind the Albis, shoots down to empty itself into the Limmat below Zurich. Far from every habitation, and even from all trodden foot-paths, they thought there could be no objection here to their throwing off their clothes and boldly meeting the foaming waves. This was not indeed done without a shriek, without a wild shout of joy, excited partly by the chill and partly by the satisfaction, by which they thought to consecrate these gloomy, wooded rocks into an Idyllic scene.

But, whether persons previously ill-disposed had crept after them, or whether this poetic tumult called forth adversaries even in the solitude, cannot be determined. Suffice it to say, stone after stone was thrown at them from the motionless bushes above, whether by one or more, whether accidentally or purposely, they could not tell; however, they thought it wisest to renounce the quickening element and look after their clothes.

No one got hit: they sustained no injury but the moral one of surprise and chagrin, and full of young life as they were, they easily shook off the recollection of this awkward affair.

But the most disagreeable consequences fell upon Lavater, who was blamed for having given so friendly a welcome to such saucy youths, as even to have arranged walks with them, and otherwise to shew attention to persons whose wild, unbridled, unchristian, and even heathenish habits, had caused so much scandal to a moral and well-regulated neighbourhood.

Our clever friend, however, who well knew how to smooth over such unpleasant occurrences, contrived to hush up this one also, and at the departure of these meteoric travellers, we found, on our return, peace and quiet restored.

In the fragment of Werther's travels, which has lately been reprinted in the sixteenth volume of my works, I have attempted to describe this contrast of the commendable order and legal restraint of Switzerland, with that life of nature which youth in its delusions so loudly demands. But, as

people generally are apt to take all that the poet advances without reserve for his decided opinions, or even didactic censure, so the Swiss were very much offended at the comparison, and I, therefore, dropped the intended continuation, which was to have represented, more or less in detail, Werther's progress up to the epoch of his sorrows, and which, therefore, would certainly have been interesting to those who wish to study mankind.

Arrived at Zurich, I devoted my time almost exclusively to Lavater, whose hospitality I again made use of. The Physiognomy, with all its portraits and monstrous caricatures, weighed heavily and with an ever-increasing load on the shoulders of the worthy man. We arranged all as well as we could under the circumstances, and I promised him, on my return home, to continue my assistance.

I was led to give this promise by a certain youthful unlimited confidence in my own quickness of comprehension, and still more by a feeling of my readiness of adaptation to any subject: for, in truth, the way in which Lavater dissected physiognomies was not at all in my vein. The impression which at our first meeting, he had made upon me, determined, in some degree, my relation to him; although a general wish to oblige which was always strong, joined to the light-heartedness of youth, had a great share in all my actions by causing me to see things in a certain twilight atmosphere.

Lavater's mind was altogether an imposing one: in his society it was impossible to resist his decided influence, and I had no choice but to submit to it at once and set to work observing foreheads and noses, eyes and mouths, in detail, and weighing their relations and proportions. My fellow observer did this from necessity, as he had to give a perfect account of what he himself had discerned so clearly: but to me it always seemed like a trick, a piece of espionage, to attempt to analyse a man into his elements before his face, and so to get upon the track of his hidden moral peculiarities. I had more pleasure in listening to his conversation, in which he unravelled himself at will. And yet, I must confess, I always felt a degree of constraint in Lavater's presence: for, while by his art of physiognomy, he possessed himself of our peculiarities, he also made himself, by conversation, master of our thoughts, which, with a little sagacity, he would easily guess from our variety of phrases.

He who feels a pregnant synthesis in himself, has peculiarly a right to analyse, since by the outward particulars he tests and legitimizes his inward whole. How Lavater managed in such cases, a single example will suffice to show.

On Sundays, after the sermon, it was his duty, as an ecclesiastic, to hold the short-handled, velvet, alms-bag before each one who went out, and to bless as he received the pious gift. Now, on a certain Sunday he proposed to himself, without looking at the several persons as they dropped in their offerings, to observe only their hands, and by them, silently, to judge of the forms of their owner. Not only the shape of the finger, but its peculiar action in dropping the gift, was attentively noted by him, and he had much to communicate to me on the conclusions he had formed. How instructive and exciting must such conversations have been to one, who also was seeking to qualify himself for a painter of men!

Often in my after life had I occasion to think of Lavater, who was one of the best and worthiest men that I ever formed so intimate a relation with. These notices of him that I have introduced in this work were accordingly written at various times. Following our divergent tendencies, we gradually became strangers to each other, and yet I never could bring myself to part with the favorable idea which his worth had left upon my mind. In thought I often brought him before me, and thus arose these leaves, which, as they were written without reference to and independently of each other, may contain some repetitions, but, it is hoped, no contradictions.

By his cast of mind, Lavater was a decided realist, and knew of nothing ideal except in a moral form; by keeping this remark steadily in mind, you will most readily understand this rare and singular man.

His *Prospects of Eternity* look merely for a continuance of the present state of existence, under easier conditions than those which we have now to endure. His *Physiognomy* rests on the conviction that the sensible corresponds throughout with the spiritual, and is not only an evidence of it, but indeed its representative.

The ideals of art found little favor with him, because with

his sharp look he saw too clearly the impossibility of such conceptions ever being embodied in a living organization, and he therefore banished them into the realm of noble, and even of monstrous, fiction.

His incessant demand for a realization of the ideal guided him the reputation of a visionary; although he maintained and felt convinced that no man insisted more strongly on the actual than he did; accordingly, he never could detect the error in his mode of thinking and acting.

Seldom has there been a man who strove more passionately than he did for public recognition, and thus he was particularly fitted for a viceroy; but if all his labors tended to the intellectual and moral improvement of others, this was by no means their ultimate aim.

To realize the character of Christ was what he had most at heart; hence that almost insane zeal of his to have pictures of Christ drawn, copied, moulded, one after another; none of which, however, as to be expected, ever satisfied him.

His writings are hard to understand, even now, for it is far from easy to penetrate into his precise meaning. No one ever wrote so much of the times, and for the times, as Lavater; his writings are veritable journals, which in an especial manner require to be explained by the history of the day; they, moreover, are written in the most elegant and correct style, which one must distinguish and find difficult to do. We can hold communion with them, otherwise many things will appear obscure and absurd even to the most intelligent reader. Indeed, our opinion is strong, that the whole literature of the last thirty years, at least, has its origin and source in this author, at least in his lifetime and since.

Thus, for example, with our rage for dramatizing and personifying, and with its formula that struck us, as reaching for no other way out, so warmed his brain, with a certain ardour, that, in his *Plagues of Egypt*, he found it very natural to show that the most democratic work that could be done, and especially that the history of Christ's Passion, ought to be regarded as the drama of all dramas.

There is a certain idealism in the whole of the work, but it appears greatly softened and human. Abraham of Saint-Clément, another man of a very highly gifted mind, once expressed some wishes to work with his contemporaries. The great complaint he had with existing tendencies and passions, with

the speech and terminology of the day, and adapt them to his ends, in order to approach the mass whom he seeks to influence.

Since Lavater took Christ literally,—as described by the Scriptures, and by most commentators,—he let this representation serve so far for the supplement of his own being, that he ideally incorporated the God-man into his own individual humanity, until he finally was able to imagine himself melted into one and united with him, and, indeed, to have become the same person.

This decidedly literal faith had also worked in him a perfect conviction that miracles can be wrought to-day as well as heretofore. Accordingly, since in some important and trying emergencies of his earlier days, he had by means of earnest and indeed violent prayer, succeeded in procuring an instantaneous and favorable turn of the impending calamity, no mere cold objections of the reasoning intellect would make him for a moment waver in this faith. Penetrated, moreover, by the idea of the greatness and excellence of Humanity as restored by Christ, and through Him destined to a blissful immortality, but, at the same time, fully sensible of the manifold requisitions of man's heart and mind, and of his insatiable yearnings after knowledge, and, moreover, feeling in himself that desire of expanding himself into the infinite to which the starry heavens seem so sensibly to invite us, he wrote under these feelings his "*Prospects of Eternity*," which must have appeared a very strange book indeed to the greater part of his contemporaries.

All this striving, however, all wishes, all undertakings, were overborne by the genius for physiognomy, which nature has bestowed upon him. For, as the touchstone, by its blackness and peculiar roughness of surface, is eminently fitted to distinguish between the metals which are applied to it; so that pure idea of humanity, which Lavater carried with him, and that sharp yet delicate gift of observation, which at first he exercised from natural impulse occasionally only and accidentally, but afterwards with deliberate reflection and regularly, qualified him in the highest degree to note the peculiarities of individual men, and to understand, distinguish, and express them.

Every talent which rests on a decided natural gift, seems from our inability to subordinate either it or its operations to any idea to have something of magic about it. And, in truth, Lavater's insight into the characters of individuals surpassed all conception: one was utterly amazed at his remarks, when in confidence we were talking of this or that person: nay, it was frightful to live near a man who clearly discerned the nicest limits by which nature had been pleased to modify and distinguish our various personalities.

Every one is apt to believe that what he possesses himself may be communicated to others: and so Lavater was not content to make use of this great gift for himself alone, but insisted that it might be found and called forth in others, nay that it might even be imparted to the great mass. The many dull and malicious misinterpretations, the stupid jests in abundance, and detracting railleries, this striking doctrine gave rise to, may still be remembered by some men: however, it must be owned that the worthy man himself was not altogether without blame in the matter. For though a high moral sense preserved the unity of his inner being, yet, with his manifold labors, he was unable to attain to outward unity, since he did not possess the slightest capacity for philosophical method, nor for artistic talent.

He was neither Thinker nor Poet: indeed, not even an orator, in the proper sense of the term. Utterly unable to take a comprehensive and methodical view, he nevertheless formed an unerring judgment of individual cases and these he noted down boldly side by side. His great work on Physiognomy is a striking proof and illustration of this. In himself, the idea of the moral or of the sensual man might form a whole; but out of himself he could not represent this idea, except practically by individual cases, in the same way as he himself had apprehended them in life.

That very work sadly shows us how in the commonest matter of experience so sharp-sighted a mind may go groping about him. For after spending an immense sum and employing every artist and botcher living, he procured at last drawings and engravings, which were so far without character, that he is obliged in his work to say after each one that it is more or less a failure, unmeaning and worthless. True, by this means, he sharpened his own judgment, and the judg-

ment of others; but it also proves that his mental bias led him rather to heap up cases of experience, than to draw from them any clear and sober principle. For this reason he never could come to results, though I often pressed him for them. What in later life he confided as such to his friends, were none to me; for they consisted of nothing more than a collection of certain lines and features, nay, warts and freckles, with which he had seen certain moral, and frequently immoral, peculiarities associated. There were certainly some remarks among them that surprised and riveted your attention; but they formed no series, one thing followed another accidentally, there was no gradual advance towards any general deductions and no reference to any principles previously established. And indeed there was just as little of literary method or artistic feeling to be found in his other writings, which invariably contained passionate and earnest expositions of his thoughts and objects, and supplied by the most affecting and appropriate instances, what they could not accomplish by the general conception.

The following reflections, as they refer to those circumstances, may be aptly introduced here.

No one willingly concedes superiority to another, so long as he can in any way deny it. Natural gifts of every kind can the least be denied, and yet by the common mode of speaking in those times, genius was ascribed to the poet alone. But another world seemed all at once to rise up: genius was looked for in the physician, in the general, in the statesman, and before long, in all men, who thought to make themselves eminent either in theory or practice. Zimmerman, especially, had advanced these claims. Lavater, by his views of Physiognomy, was compelled to assume a more general distribution of mental gifts by nature; the word *genius* became a universal symbol, and because men heard it uttered so often, they thought that what was meant by it, was habitually at hand. But then, since every one felt himself justified in demanding genius of others, he finally believed that he also must possess it himself. The time was yet far distant when it could be affirmed, that genius is that power of man which by its deeds and actions gives laws and rules. At this time it was thought to manifest itself only, by overstepping exist-

ing laws, breaking established rules, and declaring itself above all restraint. It was, therefore, an easy thing to be a genius, and nothing was more natural than that extravagance both of word and deed should provoke all orderly men to oppose themselves to such a monster.

When anybody rushed into the world on foot, without exactly knowing why or whither, it was called a pass of genius; and when any one undertook an aimless and useless absurdity, it was a stroke of genius. Young men, of vivacious and true talents, too often lost themselves in the limitless; and then older men of understanding, wanting perhaps in talent and in soul, found a most malicious gratification in exposing to the public gaze, their manifold and hideous miscarriages.

For my part, in the development and the expression of my own ideas, I perhaps experienced far more hindrance and checks from the false co-operation and interference of the like-minded, than by the opposition of those whose turn of mind was directly contrary to my own.

With a strange rapidity, words, epithets, and phrases, which have once been cleverly employed to disparage the highest intellectual gifts, spread by a sort of magical repetition among the multitude, and in a short time they are to be heard everywhere, even in common life, and in the mouths of the most uneducated: indeed before long they even creep into dictionaries. In this way the word genius had suffered so much from misrepresentation, that it was almost desired to banish it entirely from the German language.

And so the Germans, with whom the German word is more apt to prevail than with other nations, were, perhaps, have sacrificed the fairest flower of speech, the word genius, which, apparently foreign, really belongs to every German, and not the sense for what is highest and best in human life, happily restored and solidly established by a profounder philosophy.

In the preceding pages mention has been made, only and of the youthful times of two men, whose memory will never fade from the history of German literature. At this period, however, we came to know that they were misled by the errors into which they were necessarily drawn, and which prevailed among their youthful contemporaries. No

thing, therefore, can be more proper than with due appreciation and respect to paint their natural form, their peculiar individuality, just as it appeared at that time, and as their immediate presence exhibited itself to the penetrating eye of Lavater. Consequently, since the heavy and expensive volumes of the great work on *Physiog.* only are probably accessible to a few only of our readers, I have no scruple in inserting here the remarkable passages of that work, which refer to both the Stollbergs, in the second part and its thirtieth fragment, page 224 :

"The young men, whose portraits and profiles we have here before us, are the first men who ever sat and stood to me for physiognomical description, as another would sit to a painter for his portrait.

"I knew them before, the noble ones — and I made the first attempt, in accordance with nature — and with all my previous knowledge, to observe and to describe their character.

"Here is the description of the whole man. —

FIRST, OF THE YOUNGER.

"See the blooming youth of 25! the lightly floating, buoyant, elastic creature! it does not lie; it does not stand; it does not lean; it does not fly; it floats or whins. Too full of life, to rest; too supple to stand firm; too heavy and too weak, to fly.

"A floating thing, then, which does not touch the earth! In its whole contour not a single slack line; but, on the other hand, no straight one, no tense one, none firmly arched or stolidly curved; no sharp entering angles, no rock-like projection of the brow; no hardness; no stiffness; no defiant roughness; no threatening insolence; no iron will; — it is elastic, winning, but nothing iron; no steadfast and searching reality; no slow reflection, or prudent thoughtfulness; it wears the paragon with the scales held firmly in the one hand, and the sword in the other; and yet not the least formality in look or judgment! but still the most perfect simplicity of intellect, or rather the most immaculate sentiment of truth! Always the inward feeler, never the deep thinker; never the discoverer, the testing, the lover of truth so quickly seen, so quickly known, so quickly loved, and quickly grasped. — Perpetual soarer, a seer; idealizer; beautifier; — that gives a

shape and form to all his ideas! Ever the half-intoxicated poet, seeing only what he will see:—not the sorrowfully languishing; not the sternly crushing; but the lofty, noble, powerful! who with ‘thirst for the sun’ (*Sonnendurst*), hovers to and fro in the regions of air, strives aloft, and again—*sinks* not to earth! but throws himself headlong to earth, bather in the floods of the ‘Rock-stream’ (*Felsenstrom*), and cradles himself ‘in the thunder of the echoing rocks around’ (*Im Donner der hallenden Felsen umher*). His glance—not the fire-glance of the eagle! His brow and nose—not the courage of the lion! his breast—not the steadfastness of the steed that neighs for battle! In the whole, however, there is much of the tearing activity of the elephant

“The projecting upper lip slightly drawn up towards the over-hanging nose, which is neither sharply cut, nor angular, evinces, with such a closing of the mouth, much taste and sensibility; while the lower part of the face bespeaks much sensuality, indolence, and thoughtlessness. The whole outline of the profile shows openness, honesty, humanity, but at the same time a liability to be led astray, and a high degree of that good-hearted indiscretion, which injures no one but himself. The middle line of the mouth bespeaks in its repose, a downright, planless, weak, good-natured disposition; when in motion, a tender, finely-feeling, exceedingly susceptible, benevolent, noble man. In the arch of the eyelids, and in the glance of the eyes, there sits not Homer, but the deepest, most thorough, and most quick feeling, and comprehension of Homer; not the epic, but the lyric poet: genius, which fuses, moulds, creates, glorifies, hovers, transforms all into a heroic form—which defies all. The half-closed eyelids, from such an arch, indicate the keenly sensitive poet, rather than the slowly laboring artist, who creates after a plan; the whimsical rather than the severe. The full face of the youth is much more taking and attractive, than the somewhat too loose, too protracted half-face: the fore-part of the face in its slightest motion, tells of a highly sensitive, thoughtful, inventive, untought, inward goodness, of a softly tremulous, wrong-aborning love of liberty—an eager vivacity. It cannot conceal from the commonest observer the slightest impression which it receives for the moment, or adopts for ever. Every object, which nearly concerns or interests him, drives the

blood into the cheeks and nose; where honor is concerned, the most maidenly blush of shame spreads like lightning over the delicately sensitive skin.

“The complexion is not the pale one of all-creating, all-consuming genius; not the wildly glowing one of the contemptuous destroyer; not the milk-white one of the blond; not the olive one of the strong and lardy; not the brownish one of the slowly plodding peasant; but the white, the red, and the violet, running one into another, and so expressively, and so happily, blended together like the strength and weakness of the whole character. The soul of the whole and of each single feature is freedom, and elastic activity, which springs forth easily and is as easily repulsed. The whole fore-face and the way the head is carried, promise magnanimity and upright cheerfulness. Incorruptible sensibility, delicacy of taste, purity of mind, goodness and nobleness of soul, active power, a feeling of strength and of weakness, shine out so transparently through the whole face, that what were otherwise a lively self-complacency dissolves itself into a noble modesty, and most artlessly and unconstrainedly the natural pride and vanity of youth melt with the loveliness of twilight into the easy majesty of the whole man. The whitish hair, the length and awkwardness of form, the softness and lightness of step, the hesitating gait, the flatness of the breast, the fair unfurrowed brow, and various other features spread over the whole man a certain feminine air, by which the inward quickness of action is moderated, and every intentional offence and every meanness made for ever impossible to the heart; but at the same time clearly evincing that the spirited and fiery poet, with all his unaffected thirst for freedom and for emancipation, is neither destined to be a man of business, thoroughly persistent, who steadily and resolutely carries out his plans, or to become immortal in the bloody strife. And now, in conclusion, I remark, for the first time, that I have as yet said nothing of the most striking trait—the noble simplicity, free from all affectation! Nothing of his childlike openness of heart! Nothing of the entire unconsciousness of his outward nobility! Nothing of the inexpressible *bonhomme* with which he accepts and bears reproaches or warnings, nay, even accusations and wrongful charges.

“But who can find an end, who will undertake to tell all

that he sees or feels in a good man, in whom there is so much pure humanity?"

DESCRIPTION OF THE ELDER STOLBERG.

—What I have said of the younger brother—how much of it may be said also of the elder! The principal thing I have to say now is the following:—

enlivening wit, which does not gather from without, but brings forth from within. Above all in this character every trait more prominent, more angular, more aggressive, more storming! No passive dullness, no relaxation, except in the sunken eyes, whereas as well as in the brow and nose, pleasure evidently sits. In all besides—and even in this very brow, this concentration of all—in this look indeed—there is an unmistakable expression of natural, unacquired greatness; strength, impetuosity of manliness; constancy, simplicity, precision!”

After having in Darmstadt conceded to Merck the justice of his opinions and allowed him to triumph, in his having predicted my speedy separation from these gay companions, I found myself again in Frankfort, well received by every one, including my father, although the latter could not conceal his disappointment that I had not descended by the pass to Airola, and announced to him from Milan my arrival in Italy. All this was expressed by his silence rather than his words; but above all he did not show the slightest sympathy with those wild rocks, the echoes of lust, and the pens’ nests.

At last, however, by an accidental remark, by no means intended for a reproach, he gave me to understand how little all such sights were worth: he who has not seen Naples, he observed, has lived in vain.

On my return I did not, I could not, avoid seeing Illi: the position we maintained toward each other was tender and considerate. I was informed that she had happily recovered, but in my absence, that she must be “all” with her eyes on me, and that this was the more necessary and indeed impracticable, since by my former eyes, as she expressed it, I had given a sufficiently clear idea of the nature of my situation. Nevertheless, the same localities, the same country, the same friends, could not fully re-appear with all their past interest, so deeply was seen without creation by either of us—still, I for ever lovers, although drawn apart in a mysterious way. It was an accursed state, which, in a certain sense resembled Hades, or the meeting of the happy with the unhappy dead.

There were moments when departed days seemed to revive, but instantly vanished **again**, like ghosts.

Some kind people had told me in confidence, that Illi,

when all the obstacles to our union were laid before her, had declared that for my love she was ready to renounce all present ties and advantages, and to go with me to America. America was then perhaps, still more than now, the Eldorado of all who found themselves crossed in the wishes of the moment.

But the very thing which should have animated my hopes, only depressed them the more. My handsome paternal house, only a few hundred steps from hers, offered certainly a more tolerable and more attractive habitation than an uncertain and remote locality beyond the ocean: still I do not deny, that in her presence all hopes, all wishes sprang to life again, and irresolution was stirring within me.

True, the injunctions of my sister were very peremptory and precise: not only had she, with all the shrewd penetration of which she was mistress, explained the situation of things to me, but she had also, with painfully cogent letters, harped upon the same text still more powerfully. "It were very well," said she, "if you could not help it, then you would have to put up with it: such things one must *suffer* but not *desire*." Some months pass away in this most miserable of all conditions: every circum-stance had conspired against the object in her name I felt, I knew, lay the power which could have overcome every difficulty.

Both the lovers, conscious of their position, avoided all solitary interviews: but, in company, they could not help meeting in the usual formal way. It was now that the strongest test was to be gone through, as every noble and feeling soul will acknowledge, which I have explained myself more fully.

It is generally allowed, that in a new acquaintance, in the formation of a new attachment, the lover gladly draws a veil over the past. Growing affection troubles itself about no precedents, and as it springs up like genius with the rapidity of lightning, it knows nothing either of past or future. It is true, my closer intimacy with Lili had begun by her telling me the story of her early youth: how, from a child up, she had excited in many both a liking and devotion to herself, especially in strangers visiting her father's gay and lively house, and how she had derived her pleasure in all this, though I had been attended with no further consequences and had not to no permanent tie.

True, lovers consider all that they have felt before only as preparation for their present bliss, only as the foundation on which the structure of their future life is to be reared. Past attachments seem like spectres of the night, which glide away before the break of day.

But what occurred! The fair came on, and with it appeared the whole swarm of those spectres in their reality: all the mercantile friends of the eminent house came one by one, and it was soon manifest that not a man among them was willing or able wholly to give up a certain claim to the lovely daughter. The younger ones, without being intrusive, still seemed to claim the rights of familiar friends; the middle-aged, with a certain obliging dignity, like those who seek to make themselves beloved, and who in all probability might come forward with higher claims. There were fine men among them, with the additional recommendation of a substantial fortune.

The older gentlemen, with their *uncle's* ways and manners, were altogether intolerable: they could not bridle their hands, and in the midst of their disagreeable twaddle would demand a kiss, for which the cheek was not refused. It was so natural to her, gracefully to satisfy every one. The conversation, too, excited many a painful remembrance. Allusion was constantly made to pleasure parties by water and by land, to perils of all kinds with their happy escapes, to balls and evening promenades, to the amusement afforded by ridiculous wooers, and to whatever could excite an uncomfortable jealousy in the heart of an inconsolable lover, who had, as it were, for a long time drawn to himself the sum of so many years. But amid all this crowd and gaiety, she did not push aside her friend, and when she turned to him she contrived, in a few words, to express all the tenderness which seemed allowable to their present position.

But let us turn from this torture, of which the memory even is almost intolerable, to poesy, which afforded, at least, an intellectual and heartfelt alleviation of my sufferings.

"*Lili's Menagerie*" belongs somewhere to this period: I do not adduce the poem here, because it does not reveal the softer sentiment, but seeks only, with genial earnestness, to exaggerate the disagreeable, and by comical, and provoking images, to change renunciation into despair.

The following song expresses rather the sweeter side of that misery, and on that account is here inserted:

Sweetest roses, ye are drooping,
 By my love ye were not worn;
 Bloom for one, who past all hoping,
 Feels his soul by sorrow torn.

Oh, the days still live in thought, love,
 When to thee, my angel, bound;
 I my garden early sought, love,
 And for thee the young buds found.

All the flowers and fruits I bore thee,
 And I cast them at thy feet;
 As I proudly stood before thee,
 Then my heart with hope would beat!

Sweetest roses, ye are drooping,
 By my love ye were not worn;
 Bloom for one, who past all hoping,
 Feels his soul by sorrow torn.

The opera of "*Enza and Elcira*," was suggested by the pretty little romaunt or ballad introduced by Goldsmith in his "*Tear of Wingham*," which has given us so much pleasure in our happier days, when we never dreamed that a similar fate awaited us.

I have already introduced some of the poetical productions of this epoch, and I only wish they had all been preserved. A never failing excitement in the happy season of love, heightened by the beginning of care, gave birth to songs which throughout expressed no overstrained emotion, but always the sincere feeling of the moment. From social songs for festivals, down to the most trifling of presentation-verses—all was living and real, and went a rallied company had sympathized in; first glad, then sorrowful, till finally there was no height of bliss, no depth of woe, to which a strain was not devoted.

All these internal feelings and outward doings, so far as they were likely to vex and pain my father, were by my mother's bustling prudence skillfully kept from him. Although his hope of seeing me lead into his house, that first one, who

had so fully realised his ideas of a daughter-in-law) had died away, still this "state-lady," as he used to call her in his confidential conversations with his wife, would never suit him.

Nevertheless he let matters take their course, and diligently occupied himself with his little Chancery. The young juristic friend, as well as the dexterous amanuensis, gained continually more and more of influence under his firm. As the absentee was now no longer missed there, they let me take my own way, and sought to establish themselves firmly upon a ground on which I was not destined to thrive.

Fortunately my own tendencies corresponded with the sentiments and wishes of my father. He had so great an idea of my poetic talents, and felt so personal a pleasure in the applause which my earliest efforts had obtained, that he often talked to me on the subject of new and further attempts. On the other hand, I did not venture to communicate to him any of these social effusions and poems of passion.

As, in *Götz von Berlichingen*, I had in my own way portrayed forth the image of an important epoch of the world, I now again carefully looked round for another crisis in political history of similar interest. Accordingly the Revolt of the Netherlands attracted my attention. In *Götz*, I had depicted a man of parts and energy, sinking under the delusion that, in times of anarchy, ability and honesty of purpose must have their weight and influence. The design of *Egmont* was to shew that the most firmly established institutions cannot maintain themselves against a powerful and shrewdly calculating Despotism. I had talked so earnestly with my father about what the piece ought to be, and what I wanted to do, that it inspired him with an invincible desire to see the plan which I had already worked out in my head, fully set down on paper, in order to its being printed and admired.

In earlier times, while I still hoped to gain Lili's hand, I had applied myself with the utmost diligence to the study and practice of legal business, but now I sought to fill the fearful gulf which separated me from her, with occupations of more intellect and soul. I therefore set to work in earnest with the composition of *Egmont*. Unlike the first *Götz von Berlichingen*, however, it was not written in succession and in order; but immediately after the first introduction I went

at once to the main scenes without troubling myself about the various connecting links. I made rapid progress, because my father, knowing my fitful way of working, spurred me on (literally and without exaggeration) day and night, and seemed to believe that the plan, so easily conceived, might as easily be executed.

TWENTIETH BOOK.

AND so I got on rapidly with my "*Egmont*;" and while I found in this some alleviation of my wounded passion, the society of a clever artist also helped me through many wearisome hours. And thus, as had often before been the case, a vague desire of practical improvement brought me a secret peace of mind, at a time when it could scarcely be hoped for.

GEORGE MELCHIOR KRAUS, who had been born at Frankfurt, but educated in Paris, having just returned from a short tour to the north of Germany, paid me a visit, and I immediately felt an impulse and a need to attach myself to him. He was a cheerful merry fellow, whose light joyous disposition had found its right sphere in Paris.

At that time Paris promised a pleasant welcome for Germans; PHILIP HACKERT was residing there in credit and opulence; the true German style in which, both in oil and water-colors, he faithfully executed landscapes after nature, met with great favor, as contrasted with the formal mannerism into which the French had fallen. WILLE, in high esteem as a copperplate engraver, supported and made German excellence more widely known. GRIMM, already an artist of some influence, rejoiced to help his countrymen. Pleasant excursions, in order to take original sketches from nature were constantly undertaken, in which much of undoubted excellence was either executed or designed.

BOUCHER and WATTEAU, both of them artists born, whose works, though fluttering in the style and spirit of the time, were always highly respectable, were favorably inclined to the new school, and even took an active part in their excursions, though only for the sake of amusement and experiment. GREUZE, living quietly by himself in his family circle, and fond of representing such domestic scenes, seemed delighted with his own works, held an honored and easy pencil.

All these several styles our townsman KRAUS was able to take up and blend with his own particular talent; he formed himself in school after school, and was skilful in his portrait-

like delineations of family and friendly gatherings: equally happy was he in his landscape sketches, which cordially commended themselves to the eye by their clear outlines, massive shadows, and agreeable coloring. The inward soul was satisfied by a certain naive truth, while the admirer of artistic skill was especially pleased with the tact by which he arranged and grouped into a picture what he had copied singly from nature.

He was a most agreeable companion: a cheerful equanimity never failed him; obliging without obsequiousness, reserved without pride. He was everywhere at home, everywhere beloved, the most active and the most agreeable, the most manageable of all mortals. With such a circle of such a disposition, he soon won the favor of one higher circle: but he was especially well received at the castle of the Baron von Stein, at Nassau on the Lahn, whose accomplished and lovely daughter he assisted in her artistic studies, and in many ways enlivened the whole circle.

Upon the marriage of this excellent lady to the Count von Werther, the newly wedded couple took the artist with them to Thuringia, where the Count possessed a large estate, and thus he got to Weimar. His acquaintance was immediately sought, his talents were appreciated—and a wish expressed that he would fix his permanent abode there.

Obliging as it was to everybody, up to his time at this time to Frankfurt, Stein had by no means been contented with merely collecting, and to have written critical essays. The neighborhood of the castle is therefore said to be the Delitzsch, for the Count does all that is wanting in himself, supplying by the former: the wishes of the Count are fulfilled in the artist.

By a certain natural talent, assisted by practice, I succeeded pretty well in sculpture, and I could give the shape of all that I saw before me in nature: but I wanted the peculiar plastic power, the skilful industry, which lends a body to the outline by well graduated light and shade. My copies were rather mere suggestions of the real form, not my figures like those high and beings in Dante's *Paradise*, which, resting no more with ourselves, shed a light upon the shadows of actual bodies.

Lavater's fishing for physiognomical treasures—for so we

may well designate the importunate urgency with which he called upon all men, not only to observe physiognomies, but also, practically to make, be it artistic or most bungling attempts at copying faces, led me into the habit of taking the portraits of all my friends on grey paper, with black and white chalk. The likeness was not to be mistaken, but it required the hand of my artistic friend to make them stand out from the dark back-ground.

Returning over and looking through the rich portfolio of drawings which the good Kraus had taken during his travels, we had much pleasant talk together when he came to the sketches of scenes and persons in and about Weimar. On such paintings I, too, was glad to dwell, and you may imagine that it must have been flattering to the young man, to see in so many pictures only the text which was to lead to a circumstantially repeated exclamation: they would be glad to see *him* there. With much more heavenly culture, and different persons whose portraits I had taken, and long associate the greetings and invitations to the *him* there. One very successful oil-painting represented the musical director, Wolf, at the piano, with his wife seated beside him, preparing to sing; and this gave the artist opportunity to assure me in earnest terms, of the warm welcome this worthy pair would give me. Among his sketches were a number of the wood and mountain scenery around Bürgel. Here an honest forester, more perhaps to please his pretty daughters than himself, had by means of bridges, railings, and mossy paths, opened pleasant and sociable walks through the rough masses of rocks, thickets, and plantations. In one of these beautiful promenades he had painted the fair damsels in white dresses, and not without their attendant cavaliers. In one of these you immediately recognized Bertuch, whose serious designs upon the oldest daughter were openly avowed: and Kraus was not offended if you ventured to refer a second youth to himself, and guessed his growing attachment to the sister.

Bertuch, as the pupil of Wieland, had so distinguished himself in science and in business, that already appointed private secretary of the Duke, he had the best possible prospects before him. From him we passed to Wieland and talked at length of his rectitude, and cheerfulness, and kindly disposition; his fine literary and poetical designs were dwelt

upon, and allusions were made to the influence of the *Mercur* throughout Germany; many other names of literary, political, or social distinction were also mentioned, and among them, Musæus, Kirms, Berendis, and Ludecus. Of women, the wife of Wolf, and a widow Kotzebue, with a lovely daughter and a bright boy, were, among many others, characterized and extolled. Everything seemed to point to a fresh and active life of literature and art.

And so, by degrees, were exhibited all the various elements upon which the young Duke was, on his return, to work. His mother and guardian had prepared this state of things, while, as regarded the introduction of more important measures, all that, in accordance with the duty of such provisional governments, was left to the judgment and decision of the future sovereign. The sad ruin caused by the burning of the palace was already looked upon as furnishing occasion for new improvements. The mines at Ilmenau, which had stopped working, but which, it was asserted, might again be made profitable by going to the great expense of repairing the deep shaft;—the university at Jena, which was somewhat behind the spirit of the age, and was consequently threatened with the loss of some of its most able teachers, and many other matters, roused a noble common interest. Already were looks cast around for persons, who, in the upward struggle of Germany, might be qualified to further such various designs for good, and the prospect seemed as fresh as the vivacity and energy of youth could desire. And if it seemed sad to bring a young princess not to a home, of a suitable princely dignity, but to a very ordinary dwelling built for quite a different object; still such beautifully situated and well contrived country-houses as Eittenburg, Belvedere, and other delightful pleasure-seats, gave enjoyment for the present, and also a hope that the life of nature thus rendered necessary, might lead to profitable and agreeable occupations.

In the course of this biography, we have circumstantially exhibited the child, the boy, the youth, seeking by different ways to approach to the Suprasensible first, looking with strong inclination to a religion of nature; then, clinging with love to a positive one; and, finally, concentrating himself in the trial of his own powers, and joyfully giving himself up to

the general faith. Whilst he wandered to and fro, space which lay intermediate between the sensible and suprasensible regions, seeking and looking about him, much came in his way which did not appear to belong to either, and he seemed to see, more and more distinctly, that it is better to avoid all thought of the immense and incomprehensible.

He thought he could detect in nature—both animate and inanimate, with soul or without soul—something which manifests itself only in contradictions, and which, therefore, could not be comprehended under any idea, still less under one word. It was not godlike, for it seemed unreasonable; not human, for it had no understanding; nor devilish, for it was beneficent; nor angelic, for it often betrayed a malicious pleasure. It resembled chance, for it evolved no consequences; it was like Providence, for it hinted at connexion. All that limits us it seemed to penetrate; it seemed to sport at will with the necessary elements of our existence; it contracted time and expanded space. In the impossible alone did it appear to find pleasure, while it rejected the possible with contempt.

To this principle, which seemed to come in between all other principles to separate them, and yet to link them together, I gave the name of *Daemonic*, after the example of the ancients and of those who, at any rate, had perceptions of the same kind. I sought to screen myself from this fearful principle, by taking refuge, according to my usual habits, in an imaginary creation.

Among the parts of history which I had particularly studied with some care, were the events which have made the United Netherlands so famous. I had diligently examined the original sources, and had endeavoured, as far as possible, to get my facts at first hand, and to bring the whole period vividly before my mind's eye. The situations it presented appeared to me to be in the highest degree dramatic, while, for a principal figure, around whom the others might be grouped with the happiest effect, there was Count Egmont, whose greatness as a man and a hero was most captivating.

But for my purpose it was necessary to convert him into a character marked by such peculiarities as would grace a youth better than a man in years, and an unmarried man better than the father of a family; and one independent, rather than one,

who, however freely disposed, is nevertheless restrained by the various relations of life.

Having thus, in my conception of Element's character, made him youthful, and set him free from all domestic restraints, I ascribed to him unlimited self-reliance, and, following him then to himself, and consequently also often to the hearts of the people, and which, while it inspired a profound respect, fear, and a young child of nature with an awe, and a religious feeling, him the sympathy of a crowded island, and the warm admiration of the son of the great earth.

The personal courage which distinguishes him is the foundation upon which his whole character is based, and from which it springs. He is a man who is not only willingly is blind to the greatest wrongs, but who is surrounded by enemies, who have all the means to destroy him, through them; the meshes of the plot are made to close through him. The dramatic character of his life is on all sides, and in conflict with all the powers of the world, the hated tyrannies; and, above all, the conflict of his own wishes. This conflict will spring a fire from which will issue, to the wishes of all men, his policy, his mission, his death. The piece, not, indeed, intended to be a tragedy, but a tragedy, but long and at the end of the play, the hero enjoys. There, therefore, for the first time, I will indicate my life, and I shall see, have another opportunity, which, however, I did not have, subsequent to that of which I have just spoken.

But the most fearful manifestation of the Demonical, is when it is seen predominating in some individual character. During my life I have observed several instances of this, either more closely or remotely. Such persons are not always the most eminent men, either morally or intellectually, and it is seldom that they recommend themselves to our affections by goodness of heart: a tremendous energy seems to be seated in them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures, and even over the elements; and, indeed, who shall say how much farther such influence may extend? All the moral powers combined are of no avail against them: in vain does the more enlightened portion of mankind attempt to throw suspicion upon them, or to deceive if not deceivers—the mass is still drawn on by them. So long if ever do the great men of average faculties stand among their contemporaries, and they are to be separated by nothing but by their will, use itself; and this is the explanation of this fact that the strange, but most striking, power must have risen: *Nemine in ea Deum nisi Deum*.

From these lofty reflections I return to the littleness of my own life, for which strange events, clothed at least with a demonical appearance, were in store. From the summit of Mont Gotthard, I had turned my back upon Italy, and returned home, because I could not make up my mind to go to a distance of four miles. A collection, which is grounded on the hope of possessing for life one dearly beloved, in an intimate and cordial union, does not die away all at once: on the contrary, it is nourished by a consideration of the reasonable desires and hopes. Hope we are conscious of uttering.

It lies in the nature of the thing, that in such cases the majority should be considered before the youth. To these latter the character, as does that of Pandora, is granted the civil, social, to circumvent, and more thoroughly, true and of helping, as a young man, for the sake of making the admirers around them; and thus, like the Magician's Apprentice, they are not to be frightened by the power of their adorers. And then at last a choice must be made from among them all: one must be exclusively preferred: one must lead home the bride.

And how often does accident determine the choice and sway the mind of her who has to make the selection! I have re-

nounced Lili from conviction, but love made me suspect my own reason. Lili had taken leave of me with the same feelings, and I had set out on a beautiful tour in order to distract my mind, but it had produced the opposite effect.

As long as I was absent I believed in the separation, but did not believe in the renunciation. Recollections, hopes, and wishes, all had free play. Now I came back, and as the re-union of those whose happy love is unopposed, is a heaven, so the meeting again of two lovers who are kept apart by cold calculations of reason, is an intolerable purgatory, a forecourt of hell. When I again entered the circle in which Lili still moved, all the dissonances which tended to oppose our union, seemed to have gained double force; when I stood once more before her, the conviction that she was lost to me, fell heavy upon my heart.

Accordingly I resolved at once on flight, and under this impression there was nothing which I desired more, than that the young ducal pair of Weimar should come from Carlsruhe to Frankfort, in order that, complying with old and new invitations, I might follow them to Weimar. Their Highnesses had always maintained towards me a gracious and confidential manner, for which I on my part returned the warmest thanks. My attachment to the Duke from the first moment I saw him; my respect for the princess whom by reputation I had so long known; a desire to render personally some friendly service to Wieland, whose conduct had been so liberal, and to atone upon the spot for my half-wilful, half-unintentional improprieties, were motives enough to induce and even to force the assent of a youth, who now had no attachment to detain him. Moreover, from Lili I must fly, whether to the South, where my Father's enthusiasm was daily depicting to me a most glorious heaven of Art and Nature, or to the North, whither so distinguished a circle of eminent men invited me.

The young princely pair now reached Frankfort on their way home. The Duke of Meiningen's suite was there at the same time, and by him, as well as by the Privy Counsellor von Dürkheim, who accompanied the young prince, I was received in the most friendly manner possible. But now, to keep up the fashion of my youth, a strange incident was not wanting: a little misunderstanding arose to throw me into an incredible but rather laughable perplexity.

Their Highnesses of Weimar and Meiningen were living in the same hotel. I received one day an invitation to dinner. My mind was so preoccupied with the Court of Weimar, that I did not think it necessary more particularly to inform myself, especially as I had not the presumption to imagine that any notice would be taken of me by the Duke of Meiningen. Accordingly I go full dressed to the "Roman Emperors," and making my way to the apartments of the Weimar family find them empty; being informed that the Duke and his suite are with his Highness of Meiningen, I betake myself thither, and am kindly received. Supposing that this is only a morning visit, or that perhaps the two Dukes are to dine together, I await the issue. Suddenly, however, the Weimar suite sets itself in motion, and I of course follow; but instead of returning to their own apartments they go straight down stairs and into their chariots, and I am left alone in the street.

Now, instead of inquiring into the matter, and adroitly and prudently seeking some solution of it, I, with my usual precipitancy, went straight home, where I found my parents at supper. My father shook his head, while my mother made every possible excuse for me. In the evening she told me in confidence, that after I had left the table, my father had said, that he wondered very much how I, generally acute enough, could not see that in that quarter they only wished to make a fool of me and to laugh at me. But this did not move me: for meanwhile I had met with Herr von Dürkheim, who in his mild way brought me to book with sundry graceful and humorous reproaches. I was now awakened from my dream, and had an opportunity to express my most sincere thanks for the favor intended me contrary to my hope and expectation, and to ask forgiveness for my blunder.

After I had on good grounds determined to accept their friendly offers, the following arrangement was made. A gentleman of the Duke's suite who had stayed behind in Carlsruhe, to wait for a landau which was building in Strasburg, was to be by a certain day in Frankfort, and I was to hold myself in readiness to set off directly with him for Weimar. The hearty and gracious farewell with which the young sovereigns took their leave of me, the friendly behaviour of the courtiers, made me look forward most anxiously to this

journey, for which the road seemed so pleasantly to smoothe itself.

But here, too, accidents came in to complicate so simple an arrangement, which through my passionate impatience became still more confused, and was almost quite frustrated. Having announced the day of my departure, I had taken leave of everybody, and after packing up in haste my chattels, not forgetting my unprinted manuscripts, I waited anxiously for the hour which was to bring the aforesaid friend in the new landau, and to carry me into a new country, and into new circumstances. The hour passed, and the day also; and since, to avoid a second leave-taking and the being overrun with visits, I had given out that I was to depart early in the morning, I was obliged to keep close to the house, and to my own room, and had thus placed myself in a peculiar situation.

But since solitude and a narrow space were always taxable to me, and I was now compelled to find some employment for these hours, I set to work on my "Egmont," and brought it almost to a close. I read over what I wrote to my father, who had acquired a peculiar interest in this piece, and wished nothing more than to see it finished and in print, since he hoped that it would add to his son's reputation. He needed something of this sort to keep him quiet, and to make him contented; for he was inclined to make very grave comments on the non-arrival of the carriage. He maintained that the whole affair was a mere fiction, would not believe in any new link, and pronounced the gentleman who stayed behind to be a phantom of the air. It was, however, only indirectly that he gave me to understand all this; but he only tormented himself and my mother the more cruelly; insisting that the whole thing was a mere piece of court pleasantry, which they had practised upon me in consequence of my former escapades, and in order to sicken and to shame me, had put upon me a disgraceful mockery instead of the expected honor.

As to myself, I held fast to my first faith, and congratulated myself upon these solitary hours, disturbed by neither friends nor strangers, nor by any sort of social distraction. I therefore wrote on vigorously at "Egmont," though not without inward mortification. And this frame of mind perhaps suited well with the piece itself, which, agitated by so many pas-

sions, could not very well have been written by one entirely passionless.

Thus passed eight days, and I know not how many more, when such perfect imprisonment began to prove irksome. Accustomed for many years to live under the open sky, and to enter into society on the most frank and familiar terms, in the neighbourhood too of one dearly beloved, from whom indeed I had resolved to part, but from whom, so long as I was within the circle of her attraction, I found it difficult to absent myself—all this begun to make me so uneasy, that there was danger lest the interest of my tragedy should suffer, and my inventive powers be suspended through my impatience. Already for several evenings I had found it impossible to remain at home. Disguised in a large mantle, I crept round the city, passing the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and not forbearing to walk up to Lili's window. Her house was a corner one, and the room she usually spent her evenings in was on the ground floor; the green shades were down, but I could easily remark that the lights stood in their usual places. Soon I heard her singing at the piano; it was the song, *Ah! only resistless dost thou press me!* which I had written for her hardly a year before. She seemed to me to sing with more expression than ever; I could make out every word distinctly; for I had placed my ear as close as the convex lattice would permit. After she had sung it through, I saw by the shadow which fell upon the curtain that she got up and walked backwards and forwards, but I sought in vain to catch the outline of her lovely person through the thick curtains. Nothing but the firm resolve to tear myself away, and not to afflict her with my presence, but actually to renounce her, and the thought of the strange impression which would be made by my re-appearance, could have determined me to leave so dear a neighbourhood.

Several more days passed away, and my father's suggestion seemed daily to become more probable, since not even a letter arrived from Carlsruhe to explain the reasons of the delay. I was unable to go on with my poetic labors, and now, in the uneasiness with which I was internally distracted, my father had the game to himself. He represented to me, that it was now too late to change matters, that my trunk was packed, and he would give me money and credit to go to Italy; but I

must decide quickly. In such a weighty affair, I naturally doubted and hesitated. Finally, however, I agreed that if, by a certain hour, neither carriage nor message came, I would set off, directing my steps first of all to Heidelberg and from there over the Alps, not, however, going through Switzerland again, but rather taking the route through the Grisons, or the Tyrol.

Strange things indeed must happen, when a plausible youth who of himself is so easily misled, is also driven into a false step by a passionate error of age. But so it is both with youth and the whole of life. It is not till the campaign is over that we learn to see through its tactics. In the ordinary course of things such an accident were easy enough to be explained; but we are always too ready to conspire with error against what is naturally probable, just as we shuffle the cards before we deal them round, in order that chance may not be deprived of its full share in the game. It is precisely thus that the element arises in and upon which the Demonic also loves to work; and it even sports with us the more fearfully, the clearer are the inklings we have of its approach.

The last day for my waiting had arrived, and the next morning was fixed for my setting out on my travels; and now I felt extremely anxious to see my friend Passavant again, who had just returned from Switzerland, and who would really have had cause to be offended if, by keeping my plans entirely to myself I had violated the intimate confidence which subsisted between us. I therefore sent him an anonymous note, requesting a meeting by night at a certain spot, where I was the first to arrive enveloped in my mantle; but he was not long after me, and if he wondered at the appointment, he must have been still more surprised to meet the person he did. His joy, however, was equal to the astonishment; conversation and counsel were not to be thought of, he could only wish me well through my Italian journey, and so we parted. The next day I saw myself by good time advancing along the mountain road.

I had several reasons for going to Heidelberg; one was very sensible and prudent, for I had heard that my missing Weimar friend must pass through Heidelberg from Carlsruhe; and so, when we reached the post-house, I left a note which was to be handed to a cavalier who should pass through in

the carriage described; the second reason was one of passion, and had reference to my late attachment to Lili. In short, Mademoiselle Delf, who had been the confidante of our love, and indeed the mediator with our respective parents for their approval of our marriage, lived there; and I prized it as the greatest happiness to be able, before I left Germany, to talk over those happy times with a worthy, patient, and indulgent friend.

I was well received, and introduced into many families; among others, the family of the high warden of the forests, Von W——, particularly pleased me. The parents were dignified and easy in their manners, and one of the daughters resembled Frederica. It was just the time of vintage, the weather beautiful, and all my Alsatian feelings revived in the beautiful valley of the Rhine. At this time, however, my experience, both of myself and others seemed very strange; it was as yet quite vague and undigested in my mind, no deliberate judgment upon life had shaped itself before me, and whatever sense of the infinite had been awakened within me served only to confuse and perplex me the more. In society, nevertheless, I was as agreeable and entertaining as ever, and possibly even still more so. Here, under this free air of heaven, among joyous men, I sought again the old sports which never lose their novelty and charm for youth. With an earlier and not yet extinguished love in my heart, I excited sympathy without seeking it, even though it sought no utterance of itself, and thus I soon became at home in this circle, and indeed necessary to it, and I forgot that I had resolved, after talking away a couple of evenings, to continue my journey.

Mademoiselle Delf was one of those persons who, without exactly intriguing, always like to have some business in hand, and to keep others employed, and to carry through some object or other. She had conceived a sincere friendship for me; and prevailed the more easily on me to prolong my visit as I lived in her house, where she suggested all manner of inducements for my stay, and raised all manner of obstacles to my journey. When, however, I wanted to turn the conversation to Lili, she was not so well pleased or so sympathizing as I had hoped. On the contrary, she said that, under the circumstances, nothing could be wiser than our resolution to part, and main-

tained that one must submit to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life. Full of plans as she always was, she had not intended to leave this matter to accident, but had already formed a project for my future conduct, from which I clearly saw that her recent invitation to Heidelberg had not been so disinterested as it sounded.

She reminded me that the Electoral Prince, Charles Theodore, who had done so much for the arts and sciences, resided still at Mannheim, and that as the court was Roman Catholic while the country was Protestant the latter party was extremely anxious to strengthen itself by enlisting the services of able and hopeful men. I must now go, in God's name, to Italy, and there mature my views of Art; meanwhile they would work for me. It would, on my return, soon be seen, whether the budding affection of Fräulein von W——— had expanded or had been nipped, and whether it would be politic, through an alliance with a respectable family, to establish myself and my fortunes in a new home.

All these suggestions I did not, to be sure, reject; but my planless nature could not wholly harmonize with the scheming spirit of my friend: I was gratified, however, with the kind intentions of the moment, while Lili's image floated before me, waking and dreaming, and mingled with everything else which afforded me pleasure or distraction. But now I summoned before my soul the serious import of my great travelling plan, and I resolved to set myself free, gently and with propriety, and in a few days to make known to her my determination of taking leave of her, and to resume my route.

On the 11th Mademoiselle Delt had gone on, until her unfolding to me her plans, and all that concern parties were disposed to do for me, and I could not but feel grateful for such sentiments, although the scheme of strengthening a certain circle, through me and my possible influence at court, was manifest enough. It was about one o'clock when we separated. I soon fell into a sound sleep, but before very long I was awakened by the horn of a postilion who was stopping and blowing it before the house. Very soon Mademoiselle Delt appeared with a light, and a letter in her hands, and coming up to my bedside, she exclaimed, "Here's the letter; read and tell me what it says." Surely it comes from the Weimar

people. If it is an invitation do not follow it, but call to mind our conversation." I asked her to give me a light and leave me for a quarter of an hour to myself. She went away very reluctantly. I remained thinking for some time without opening the letter. The express then has come from Frankfort. I know both the seal and hand; the friend then has arrived there; he is still true to his invitation, and our own want of faith and incredulity had made us act prematurely. Why could one not wait, in a quiet civilized place, for a man who had been announced distinctly, but whose arrival might be delayed by so many accidents? The scales fell from my eyes. All the kindness, the graciousness, the confidence of the past came up livingly before me, and I was almost ashamed of the strange wilful step I had taken. I opened the letter, and found all that had happened explained naturally enough. My missing guide had waited for the new laudau which was to come from Strasburg, day after day, hour after hour, as we had waited for him; then for the sake of some business he had gone round by way of Manheim to Frankfort, and to his dismay had not found me there. He sent the hasty letter by express, proposing that now the mistake was explained I should instantly return, and save him the shame of going to Weimar without me.

Much as my understanding and my feeling inclined me to this side, there was still no lack of weighty arguments in favour of my new route. My father had laid out for me a fine plan of travel, and had given me a little library, which might prepare me for the scenes I was to visit, and also guide me on the spot. In my leisure hours I had had no other entertainment than to reflect on it, and, indeed, during my last short journey I had thought of nothing else in the coach. Those glorious objects which, from my youth up, I had become acquainted with, histories and all sorts of tales, gathered before my soul, and nothing seemed to me so desirable as to visit them, while I was parting from Lili for ever.

As these thoughts passed through my mind I had dressed myself and was walking up and down my chamber. My anxious hostess entered. "What am I to hope?" she cried. "Dearest madam," I answered: "say no more on the subject: I have made up my mind to return; the grounds of that conclusion I have well weighed, and to repeat them to you would

be wasting time. A resolution must be taken sooner or later, and who should take it but the person whom it most concerns?"

I was moved, and so was she; and we had an excited scene, which I cut short by ordering my servant to engage a post-coach. In vain I begged my hostess to calm herself, and to turn the mock-departure which I took of the company the evening before into a real one; to consider that it was only a temporary visit, a postponement for a short time; that my Italian journey was not given up, and my return that way was not precluded. She would listen to nothing, and she disquieted her friend, already deeply excited, still more. The coach was at the door; everything was packed, and the postilion gave the usual signs of impatience; I tore myself away; she would not let me go, and with so much art brought up all the arguments of the present, that finally, impassioned and inspired, I shouted out the words of Egmont:

"Child! child! no more! The coursers of time, lashed, as it were, by invisible spirits, hurry on the light car of our destiny, and all that we can do is in cool self-possession to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the left, now to the right, avoiding a stone here, or a precipice there. Whither it is hurrying who can tell? and who, indeed, can remember the point from which it started?"

END OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ANNALS
OR
DAY AND YEAR PAPERS
TRANSLATED BY
CHARLES NISBET.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

On the circumstances in which 'The Anecdotes' originated and assumed its final shape, Goethe gives the following account, under date 1823, in his '*Briefe, platische Einzelheiten*':—

"Cellini says, 'A man having reached his fortieth year, and convinced that he has accomplished something considerable, and lived an important life, should begin a biography of himself, faithfully writing down the eventful period of his youth, and the subsequent epochs as he advances in life.'

"Cellini is quite right, for undoubtedly the quick capacious memory requisite for the comprehension of those early times grows gradually dim, and the charm of earthly sense disappears, a charm not to be replaced by the clearness of a cultivated understanding.

"Another important circumstance, however, in the case well deserves consideration. It is necessary not to stand too far aloof from our errors and faults, but, on the contrary, to feel so nearly related to them as to exercise a certain tenderness for them, to recall vividly the situations in which they came to pass, and not to feel ashamed of depicting them to their full extent. In later years all this assumes a different complexion, and at last in reference to such things one falls almost into the attitude of that geometrician who, at the end of a play, called out, 'But what, then, does all this demonstrate?'

"And as activity alone saved every one from the egotistic and egotistic views, whether of his own faults or times, and he must exert all his powers to transplant himself again into sympathy with the past, to recover that position whence he

will look on a defect as a want he can afterwards supply, on errors as things to be avoided for the future, on his precipitancy as a rashness to be curbed, on neglected opportunities as resources he can yet overtake.

“What, with a view to the purpose above indicated, we have ourselves essayed and effected, what a junior pupil has accomplished in the same direction, is, more particularly, as follows:—

“More than once, in the course of my life, I set before me the thirty neat volumes of Lessing’s works, regretted the excellent man especially in that he had lived to see the publication of only the first volume, and rejoiced in the faithfully devoted brother who, being an active man of letters himself, could not better express his attachment to the departed than by unweariedly collecting and uninterruptedly expediting to press the works, writings, smaller productions, and whatever else had been left by the unique man which might serve to preserve his memory in its integrity.

“The man contemplating all this, and sensible of being in a somewhat similar predicament himself, will not be deemed presumptuous if he take himself to task and institute a comparison as to how far he has succeeded or failed; what has been done by and for him, and what in any case it is yet incumbent on him to do.

“And, accordingly, then, I have to rejoice in a special favour of the Guiding Spirit. I see twenty volumes of æsthetic works in regulated order before me, so many others attaching themselves immediately to these, next several to a certain degree out of harmony with my poetic activity, so that I must fear the reproach of scattered and disjointed labours. If indeed the man is to be blamed who, while obeying the native impulse of his mind, yet at the same time also urged by the demands of the world, has made endeavours now in this direction, now in that, and imposed manifold tasks on himself at a time usually allowed for repose.

“There has been, no doubt, this misfortune in such a case, that important plans were not so much as entered upon, and many a praiseworthy undertaking was left to perish in its inception. I refrained from executing a great deal

in the hope that with improved culture I should do it better at some future time; I did not make use of a great deal I had put together, because I wished to render it more complete; I drew no conclusions out of data I had amassed, from fear of a precipitate judgment.

Whenever, now, I surveyed, as I often did, the vast mass lying before me, whenever I observed the printed matter, in part arranged, in part not arranged, in part concluded, in part awaiting conclusion, or considered how it was impossible to resume in later years all the threads that had been dropped in earlier times, or even to contrive a re-attachment to pieces the ends of which had disappeared, I felt myself plunged in melancholy confusion, out of which I undertook to deliver myself in a summary manner, at the same time not abjuring special efforts directed towards the same purpose. The main business was a separation of all departments which in earlier or later times had more or less engaged my faculties, and which had been kept in tolerable order by me; a neat, methodic arrangement of all papers, especially such as referred to my literary life; neglecting nothing, depreciating nothing.

"This business is now finished. A young nimble man, expert in the management of libraries and archives, Library-Secretary Kräuter, has this summer so far accomplished the task, that not merely have printed and unprinted writings, collected and dispersed matter been gathered together and disposed in perfect order, but my diaries and all letters, both those sent by and those addressed to me, are locked up in a safe, while a list of those under general and particular headings, including references both alphabetic and numeral, lies completed in my hands. Every sort of labour in relation to the concatenation of my works has thus in the highest degree been lightened to me, while the friends who may be pleased to take on themselves the charge of my literary legacy will find things in the best order to their hands. The considerable work in this direction I was induced to undertake, immediately after the completion of the task above referred to, it is now the place to mention.

"So often as I determined, in compliance with the wishes of friends near and distant, to pave the way out of my

personal history to some of my poems, to give a satisfactory account of certain events of my life, I found it necessary to return to times which no longer lay clearly displayed before my mind, and I was therefore obliged to subject myself to many preparatory labours, which scarcely promised me the desired result. I nevertheless repeatedly returned to the task, and the fruit of my endeavours is not altogether disappointing.

"The same friendly demand still continues to be addressed me, while others kindly interested assure me it would be more to their satisfaction if I would, as formerly, present in a consecutive series both my works and the events of my life, and for the future communicate my faithful confessions, not, as I had hitherto sometimes done, in detached pieces. On this point a more particular explanation seems called for.

"As early as 1819, when I purposed to set forth synoptically the contents of my complete writings in order of time, I found myself incited to deeper and more searching study, and I then sketched a plan of the events of my life, and of the literary works down to the said year proceeding therefrom, a plan, be it said, it is true, yet still sufficient for the purpose, separating, next, all that referred to authorship. In this way was drawn up the chronological index at the end of the twenty-first volume.

"Since the above mentioned year, I have from time to time in quiet hours proceeded to cast back my memories into my past life, and in the same way as formerly to lay down a plan of the most recent epoch, a work for which more complete diaries seemed desirable. Now, not alone these but many other documents in perfect archive-like order lie arranged in the clearest manner before me, and I find myself stimulated to elaborate that epitome of the whole history of my life so as for the present to satisfy the desire of my friends, and to excite a lively wish for the further development of at least certain portions of it. These conditions, moreover, seem me to be a privilege that I am at liberty to take in hand any epoch which happens to be the most promising at any particular time, the reader always having one complete thread in his hand which will suffice to conduct him through any gaps.

"To justify such a partial mode of procedure, I need only appeal to every reader who will confess that in a survey of his own life certain events spring up in vital forms to his remembrance, but others both before and after shrink into the shade; that while the former press themselves on his attention, the latter are hardly with any exertion to be fished out of the floods of Lethe.

"First of all, then, it shall be my strenuous endeavour to continue such a task so far as it is begun, to invest the form with flesh and drapery so far as I find it skeleton-like, and to dispose of the whole matter in such a style that people may read the work not only for instruction but also for entertainment."

IN accordance with the above account we have as the basis of the 'Annals' a chronological list of the salient events in Goethe's life down to end of the year 1819, more particularly of all his literary productions down to the same date, with the circumstances, conditions and motives in and under which each particular production was conceived, developed, definitely shaped and happily matured; blighted immediately after its conception; jostled aside shortly after its inception; arrested in its development; resumed after a period, successively resumed after successive periods of abeyance; abortively given to the world; or too long carried and therefore heterogeneously constituted, bearing the impress of epochs distinct from each other and so far incongruous.

This bare chronological chart of Goethe's life and works was drawn up in 1819 and affixed to the twenty-volume edition of his collected writings.

But, as set forth in Goethe's account above quoted, he was induced at the entreaty of friends to set hand again to the chart with a view to elaborating certain parts of it at least into free, life-like, natural proportions, and in the execution of this task he selected on each occasion that epoch which was then freshest in his memory and in which he felt the most interest, omitting, of course, those

sections which had been treated at large in separate publications, such as the *Journey to Italy*, to Switzerland, etc. The more cultivated, blooming, diversified oases that the reader will thus gladly encounter in the course of a road otherwise rather flat and bare to the outward sense are :

- (1) Goethe's relations to Schiller (pp. 207-11, 216, 224-5, 229, 230, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 240, 241, 242, 259, 261-5, 278, 286, 301, 304-5, 306, 307-9, 310, 424).
- (2) His visit to Göttingen and Pyrmont (pp. 243-57).
- (3) Madame de Staël at Weimar (pp. 286-7, 291-7).
- (4) Herder's death (pp. 289-91).
- (5) Dr. Gall and Phrenology (pp. 276, 314-6).
- (6) Professor Wolf's visit to Weimar (pp. 309-13).
- (7) From Jena to Helmstädt and back (pp. 316-49).
- (8) Audience with Napoleon (pp. 382-6).
- (9) Rupture between Voss and Stolberg (pp. 260, 472-4).
- (10) Hafiz and the West-Eastern Divan (pp. 413, 416-8, 427, 439, 445-6, 471, 475, 476).

The 'Annals' in this final form was first published in 1830 in the thirty-first and thirty-second volumes of Goethe's collected works.

To the man, however, who looks below the surface, who casts a thoughtful comprehensive glance over the whole, the chief interest of this work will, probably, be, not the personal or sensational attraction, nowhere very strong, of particular passages, but the central position we everywhere here see Goethe holding in relation to the intellectual and artistic culture of Germany. He is here unegoistically, for the most part unconsciously, often with a truly winning modesty, represented as the origin and fruition of almost all the spiritual interests of his country and his time; as the heart which receives contributions from every collective

member of every kind of the national body, and in return, sends out the nourishment in improved condition to the remotest parts of the constitution. It may almost literally be said, there is not in Germany a lady distinguished for her beauty of person, her manners, her accomplishments, or her intellectual powers, not a gentleman of distinguished influence or character, not one effective head in any department of science or philosophy, not one poet of any excellence in any respect, not one artist or art-critic of any school, but she, but he, gravitates by a law of nature to Goethe, attaches herself, himself, to the axis of Germany. Almost every distinguished figure in Germany (and so many also outside of it during the period Germany most abounded in distinguished figures) will be found mapped in the 'Annals' in distinct relation to the central figure. The Count of Weimar, with all its social graces and accomplishments, Wieland's happy nature, Schiller's aspiration and philosophy, Voss's hexameters, Herder's acumen, Loder's anatomy, Wolf's classics, Batsch's natural science, the Humboldts' wide range of vision, Werner's and Müller's geology, young Mendelssohn's music, but above all and especially the artists and the students of art, Meyer, Bury, Tischbein and a hundred others—they all gyrate round, stream into, are summed up and represented in Goethe.

Practically, too, as Director of the Weimar Theatre and head of the scientific and artistic institutions of Jena, and, indeed, generally, as under Carl August the most influential man of the Duchy in all civic enterprises, he approves himself in the highest degree active, zealous, and efficient.

The picture the 'Annals' thus presents of Goethe's many- or universal-sidedness, his keen susceptibility and receptivity, his endless versatility, down into his green old age, must astonish every reader, if perhaps many a one is

not provoked to exclaim, "If the man runs into so many limbs and arms, can he really have any *body* left at all? If this German Proteus passes so freely and wholly into this, that, and a thousand other persons, is there a decided, central personality culminating above all that, ruling all that?" Goethe, indeed, streams out in full flood into every province and division of nature and human endeavour - is so far commensurate with nature and humanity. He reaches down into the foundations of the world, into the stone-structures of the earth; he attains with his brain to some co-terminability with the sky-shell of the universe, nor are his resplendent eyes wholly dislocated from the sockets of the upper luminaries; the infinity of animal and vegetable forms is not quite smothered from his intelligence and personality, but he largely re-attaches them both poetically and scientifically to man; he divines and explores the secret of colours, and diversifies his animal and vegetable structure with endless hues; creatures of the highest development, men and women, especially, however, engage his study. To comprehend, reproduce, develop, and embellish man and men, to follow man along the course of his brightest and noblest movements in architecture, art, and poetry, to delineate, stimulate, and edify men in reference to their present needs and social relations - that is the peculiar and chief study of Goethe's whole life.

There is thus no selfish or purely individual re-generation of man, which is wholly external to Goethe, which is not necessary or less in communication with the world. Here is no vein of nature, but nature; no faculty of man, but man. The individual is never cut off and cut intensively. Goethe's personality is so far the vehicle of his individuality, and yet so much as the mass is of the individual, is so far the individual of the mass. He is the centre of man, hence the centre of the world, and the world is his.

The most prominent aspect of him, however, displayed in the 'Annals' is, perhaps, the artistic. His whole life long he lives in the most vital sympathy, in the closest intimacy with perennial Greek and Roman art, with the art of all times and all schools, which he not only appreciates with his structural sense of beauty, but discriminates with his understanding as a highly cultivated and accomplished master in this domain; he lives in the most sympathetic relations with all the distinguished artists and art-critics of his time, and especially those of his own country—then among the most eminent in Europe—artists and art-critics who delight to submit their productions and valuations to a sure and friendly judgment, and find their own imaginations and equations ratified beyond further question. No man ever reproduced more accurately in his own consciousness the aim, the course, the achievement of every great work of art he studied, down to its most hidden detail. Day by day, generally, as the reader of the 'Annals' will find, in any case at no distant intervals, he was continually renewing his own integral life, restoring his own body, by resuscitating in himself those perfect figures he contemplated, re-created, appropriated into his inward life and transfused into the substance and style of his literature. It was so far a happiness for him that he was not an artist by profession and had not to spend in long laborious execution over one work, the time he summarily lived through so many works. Goethe *lived* art, daily and hourly elaborating the highest work of art, the work of primal and most imperative obligation on every artist, and so far on every literary man, that of sculpturing and painting his own presence and manners (which so far as they have any *personal* significance are the necessary mould and prototype of every artistic, and of every literary work to the extent it is artistic) into the adequate

representation of his symmetrical mind. The capital commandment Goethe constantly inculcates both by precept and practice is self-culture, self-union, "Be yourself a whole, a unity, and all your works will be wholes, unities." His frame itself Goethe kept from being marred or sullied, and even after death, Eckermann could not sufficiently admire the unblemished symmetry of the defunct body, the splendour of the complete limbs.

While these 'Annals' faithfully record the conditions and circumstances in which each particular poem and work of Goethe originated, so that the student may consult this work as a map assigning at least the exact latitude and longitude of each production, the reader need hardly expect a completely satisfactory account of the integrations of experience, of the transformation of outward circumstances, quite ordinary and prosaic to the dull eye, into vital, ideal poems. Only the man in feeling and thought up to the level of the poem can comprehend that otherwise miraculous transformation. The 'Annals,' moreover, it must be admitted, is written at by no means a high temperature, or a high elevation; and it is impossible for a man at an ordinary to give an adequate account of himself at an extraordinary temperature; impossible for the understanding to communicate the conceptions and achievements of genius. It would, indeed, appear, too, as though Goethe's habitual life were not very elevated. He is surprised at night by the vision, but after he has fixed it in black on white, and awaked he returns to genial intercourse with men—not indeed on a low vulgar level—never, never—but still not on a very high and sacred height. After a course, seemingly, of rather worldly life, but which Goethe must have lived, not as a worldling, but on the whole sincerely and heartily, he is caught up in his solitary walking, in his study, into a resplendent world, if not into the seventh heaven; but after the trance he descends to earth with

perfect good-will. The comparative absence in the 'Annals' of religious feeling, will perhaps strike a devout reader. The defect of Goethe's nature comes also strikingly to light on the domestic and political side. But the limits of this notice forbid entering on that interesting question.

It only remains to be said that the literary style of the 'Annals' is by no means excellent. The title itself balks all hope of a unity, an artistic whole. The work aims at little more than a correct presentation of events, and though the whole densely-crowded area is softened by the light of a steady, mild, equal amiability, by a eupepsia which makes everything so far comfortable, the structure into which such a multitude of persons and things are cramped, is in many places ill-shapen, slovenly, uneconomical, accommodating fewer persons with less comfort than with a little more care and contrivance might within the same compass have been achieved. There are, also, a number of laconic, indefinite passages, each capable of more than one interpretation.

One singular merit, however, belongs to the style, as to the substance—that of entire freedom from egoism. The style is never self-conscious, but is ever wholly subordinate to the substance. Goethe is a sincere man, much above rhetoric and eloquence. He speaks simply that he knows and testifies that he has seen. Never once does he rouge, never once does he stick on ornament. "There is no sin but show and empty words, no virtue but reality." Even grammatically, he seldom appears as "Ich" in the 'Annals' (though he must often be Englished "I"); generally "man," sometimes "wir."

The translator has, of course, omitted nothing, interpolated nothing, and in style, also, has striven to render the original as faithfully as possible, though, unlike the Chinese tailor, not deeming it incumbent on him to copy every patch or flaw.

ANNALS: OR, DAY AND YEAR PAPERS.

(AS SUPPLEMENT TO MY OTHER CONFESSIONS.)

FROM 1749 TO 1822.



1749 -1764.

TALENT early awakening, diverse impressions laboured, in the manner of children, after models to hand in poetry and prose, mostly in the way of imitation, on each occasion according to the model in the ascendant for the time being. Imagination becomes biased with cheerful pictures attaching themselves according to their own sweet fancies to particular persons and immediate situations. By means of occasional poems the mind drew nearer to actual, genuine nature, and so arose a certain conception of human relations, penetrating also into individual varieties, particular cases having to be contemplated and treated. A great deal of scribbling in several languages, favoured by early writing to dictation.

1764 -1769.

Stay in Leipzig. The necessity is felt of a restricted form in order the better to judge one's own productions. The Greek-French, especially in the case of dramas, being the recognised, nay, law-giving form, is adopted. More serious youthful feelings, innocent but painful, press one on the other, and become matter for reflection and expression. On the other hand, many crimes festering beneath

the varnished exterior of civil society do not escape the young man's notice. Of works of the first class there remain the 'Lover's Caprice' and some songs; of the second, the 'Fellow-Culprits,' in which, on close inspection, the evidence of diligent study of Molière's world will not be denied, to which source also is due that foreignness of manners which characterises the piece, and which long excluded it from the stage.

1769—1775.

Further views into life. Event, passion, pleasure, and pain. The necessity is felt of a freer form, and transition is made to the English side; hence arise 'Werther,' 'Götz von Berlichingen,' 'Egmont.' In the case of simpler subjects, there is a return to the more restricted style: 'Clavigo,' 'Stella,' 'Erwin and Elmire,' 'Claudine von Villa Bella,' the two latter a prose experiment interwoven with songs. To this category also belong the songs to Belinde and Lili, many of which, as also various occasional pieces, epistles, and other social pleasantries, have been lost.

Meanwhile bolder plunges are made into the depths of human nature: there springs up a passionate antagonism against misleading, straitened theories; the laudation of false models is opposed. All this and its corollaries were deeply and truly felt, though often one-sidedly and unfairly expressed. The following productions: 'Faust,' the 'Puppet-Shows,' 'Prologue to Bahrddt,' are to be judged in this sense; they are clear to every one. On the other hand, the fragments of the 'Wandering Jew,' and 'Hanswurst's (Jack Pudding's) Wedding,' were not ripe for publication. The latter piece, however, came off happily enough for the reason that the whole vocabulary of German nicknames was embodied in its characters. A good deal of this ruffian order has disappeared; 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland,' however, preserved.

The Reviews in the 'Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzeigen' of 1772 and 1773 give a complete picture of the then state of our society and leading personages. An absolute determination to break through all barriers is observable.

The first journey to Switzerland opened to me a manifold view into the world. The visit to Weimar encircled me with beautiful relations, and without any forethought on my part, constrained me into a new, happy course of life.

To 1780.

All the above unfinished works had to be suspended on my entrance into the Weimar sphere. Though, by a feeling of presentiment, the poet anticipates the world, yet when it actually storms in on him, he feels himself disturbed and incommoded. The actual world wishes to give the poet what he already has, but in another form, and he is under the necessity of appropriating it a second time.

On the occasion of an amateur theatre and festival days, there were poetised and performed 'Lila,' the 'Brothers and Sisters,' 'Iphigenia,' 'Proserpine,' the last wantonly and to the ruin of its effect intercalated into the 'Triumph of Sensibility;' the shallow sentimentality which was then in the ascendant provoking many reactions in the direction of hard realism. Many little poems, serious, burlesque, and satirical, on the occasion of festivals great and small, and having the closest reference to persons and immediate relations, were the common product of myself and others. Most of them have been lost; a part, however, 'Hans Sachs' for example, have been intercalated or otherwise disposed of. In connection with this period, too, will be noticed the beginnings of 'Wilhelm Meister,' though only in a cotyledonous state. Its further development and structure is a process lasting through many years.

On the other hand, much time and trouble was thrown away on the purpose of writing the life of 'Duke Bernhard.' After collecting manifold details and drawing up various plans, it became at last only too evident that the events in the life of this hero do not compose a picture. In the lamentable iliad of the 'Thirty Years' War he plays a worthy part, but is not to be detached from the company with which he is associated. A solution of the difficulty I nevertheless thought I had found. I would write the life

as a first volume imperatively demanding a second, indications of which in a preparatory manner would be given in the first; everywhere would appear gaps exciting regret that a too early death had prevented the architect from completing his design. As regards myself, my exertions in this matter were not altogether lost. In the same way that my preparatory studies for writing 'Berlichingen' and 'Egmont' procured me a deeper insight into the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, my studies in connection with 'Bernhard' made me conversant, better perhaps than I should otherwise have been, with the confusion of the seventeenth.

Into the end of 1779 falls the second journey to Switzerland. Attention to external objects, together with the arrangement and conduct of our social errantry, was not favourable to production. As memorial of this journey there remains the 'Rambles from Geneva to Gotthard.'

Our journey homewards, after we had again reached the lower levels of Switzerland, suggested to me 'Jeri and Bätely.' I at once set-to, wrote out the conception, and completely finished the poem before I re-entered Germany. The mountain air which blows through the piece, I am still keenly sensible of every time its figures disport before me on the stage between linen and pasteboard rocks.

To 1786.

The beginnings of 'Wilhelm Meister' had long been kept in abeyance. The idea originated in a dim presentiment of the great truth that man is often disposed to attempt a task nature has denied him the talent to accomplish, disposed to undertake and diligently labour at a work it is not in him to mature. An inward feeling admonishes him to desist, but incapable of clearly appreciating the situation he goes on, in spite of obscure misgivings, impelled to prosecute his mistaken course in pursuit of a mistaken goal. This description comprises all that is covered by the terms, "mistaken tendency," "dilettanteism," etc. If from time to time the situation is half-disclosed to him, there

starts up in him a feeling bordering on despair; yet suppressing his painful apprehensions he soon forces himself forward on the road he has so long trodden. In this way very many squander away the fairest part of their life, sinking at last into stupefying melancholy. And yet is it possible that all such false steps may at last conduct to an invaluable good; a presentiment which in 'Wilhelm Meister' ever more and more unfolds itself into distinct shape and conviction, till at last it finds clear expression in the words, "You seem to me like Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom."

Who, reflectively, reads the little opera, 'Jest, Cunning and Revenge,' will discover more in the piece than it can properly carry. It occupied me a long time. The dimness of my conception of the interlude and at the same time a desire, by dint of economy and parsimony, to accomplish much within narrow limits, led me astray. The musical pieces accumulated to such an extent as to be beyond the compass of three persons to overtake. Then the shameless trick employed to mystify an avaricious pedant has no charm for the true-hearted German, though it might be enjoyable enough to Italians and Frenchmen. With us no consideration of art can cover the want of honest-hearted feeling. Another fundamental mistake in the piece is that three persons caged up, as it were, without the possibility of a chorus, afford the composer no proper opportunity of displaying his art and delighting his audience. Nevertheless, my countryman Kayser, staying in Zurich, by his composition of the opera, procured me much pleasure and gave me much matter for reflection, besides continuing to me in all its warmth a happy relationship formed between us in youth and afterwards renewed in Rome.

Here, also, may be mentioned the 'Birds' and other festal plays for Ettersburg, which have been lost. The two acts of 'Elpenor' were written in 1786. At the end of this period the resolution was formed to have a collection of all my works published by Göschen. The editing of the first four volumes was completed Michaelmas 1786.

1787—1788.

The four last volumes were to contain works for the most part only planned and left unfinished. Under Herder's incitement, however, their further prosecution was undertaken. As to the particular execution much will be found in the 'Journey to Italy.' 'Iphigenia' was concluded before the Silician trip. While labouring at 'Egmont,' on my return to Rome, it surprised me to have to read in the newspapers how the scenes in Brussels I had described in that work, were almost literally repeated, another evidence of poetical anticipation. During my stay in the land of music, I had thoroughly indoctrinated and manipulated myself into the proper form of the Italian opera, and all its advantages. With pleasure, therefore, I undertook a metrical version of 'Claudine von Villa Bella,' as also of 'Erwin and Elmire,' handing them over to the composer to run them into his happy musical moulds. Only after my return from Italy in 1788, was 'Tasso' concluded, though Gösschen's edition was by this time in its entirety in the hands of the public.

1789.

Hardly had I settled myself anew into the Weimar existence, and its conditions in respect of business, studies and literary labours, when the French Revolution ushered itself into the light of day, drawing to itself the attention of the whole world. As early as 1785 the history of the 'Necklace' had made an unspeakable impression on me. Out of the bottomless abyss, here disclosed, of city, court, and State immorality, there emerged, spectre-like, before my senses, the most horrible apparitions. These long continuing to haunt my visions, so affected my behaviour that the friends with whom I was living in the country at the time the news of the affair arrived, confessed to me long after, when the Revolution had now run a considerable course, that I then appeared to them like one demented. The development of the world-event I followed with great

attention, and when in Sicily took pains to procure information respecting it from Cagliostro and his family. At last, in my usual way, in order to get rid of all considerations regarding it, I transformed the whole event, under the title 'The Grand Kophtha,' into an opera, for which, perhaps, the subject was better adapted than for a play. Orchestra-leader Reichardt at once set to work, and composed a good many single pieces, such as the bass air, '*Let learned men dispute and fight,*' &c., '*Go, attend to my suggestions,*' &c.

This pure opera form, perhaps the most favourable of all dramatic forms, had become so natural and easy to me, that I applied it to many a theme. An opera, 'The Dissimilar Housemates,' enjoyed a very fair success. The seven persons represented in it, who from family circumstances, choice, accident, and habit, lived together in a castle, or from time to time assembled there, contributed much to the effect, forming, as they did, the most diverse characters, completely opposed to each other as they were, in respect of will and ability, of acting and refraining from acting, and yet incapable of living separately from each other. Its arias, songs, and pieces for several voices I afterwards distributed among my lyric collections, rendering all resumption of the work impossible.

Immediately after my return from Italy, another work afforded me much pleasure. Since Sterne's inimitable 'Sentimental Journey' gave the tone to such productions and called forth imitators, descriptions of travel had become almost entirely taken up with the feelings and views of the traveller. The maxim I, on the other hand, had adopted in works of travel, was to *deny* myself as much as possible, leaving the object to imprint itself as purely and integrally as could be on my mind. This principle I followed faithfully when present at the Roman Carnival. A full plan of all the events was presented, while artists politely prepared for me characteristic drawings of the masks. On this basis I founded my representation of the 'Roman Carnival,' which being well received, induced ingenious men in their travels to represent also in a pure objective manner the most characteristic features of peoples and their interior relations. I will call to mind

only the talented and early deceased Friedrich Schütz and his description of a Polish Reichstag.

1790.

My former connection with the University of Jena, which had served to stimulate and favour my scientific studies, I hastened to renew. The augmentation, arrangement and maintenance of the museums there, under the co-operation of excellent experts, was, furthermore, an employment agreeable as it was instructive for me; and in the observation of nature, and the study of a wide-sweeping science, I felt myself so far compensated for the disadvantages under which I laboured in respect of art studies. In writing the 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' I experienced a veritable lightening of the heart. By having it printed, I hoped to lay down to the instructed a specimen *pro loco*. A botanical garden was prepared.

Painting was at the same time a principal study, and in going back to the elements of this science, I discovered to my great astonishment that Newton's hypothesis was false and untenable. Closer investigation only confirmed my conviction, and so anew I became smitten with a development-mania destined to exercise the greatest influence on my life and labours.

Pleasant domestic-social relations inspire in me spirits and inclination to complete the 'Roman Elegies,' immediately after which the 'Venetian Epigrams' was taken up. A lengthy stay in the wondrous island town, first while awaiting the return of the Princess Analia from Rome, and second in the suite of that Princess during her lengthy residence there, a princess who was the life of everything around her, abroad as at home, proved of the greatest advantage to me. A historical survey of the invaluable Venetian school was imprinted on my mind, while, first alone, and then in the company of my Roman friends, Heinrich Meyer and Benj., with the very valuable work, 'Della Pittura Veneziana, 1771,' for guide, I became completely conversant at once with its art-treasures, which so far as time had spared them,

had up to that date been left undisturbed, and with the means by which it was sought to preserve and restore them.

The revered princess, with her whole suite, visited Mantua, feasting on the superabundance of art treasures there. Meyer returned to his native country, Switzerland, Bury to Rome; the farther journey of the princess afforded pleasure and insight.

Hardly had I returned home when I was summoned to Silesia, where the armed encampment of two great powers favoured the Congress of Reichenbach. The quartering in cantonnments gave rise to some epigrams, which here and there have been intercalated. In Breslau, on the other hand, where shone a military court and the nobility of one of the first provinces of the kingdom, where uninterruptedly the finest regiments were to be seen marching and manœuvring, there, however strange it may sound, I was unceasingly engaged in the study of *Comparative Anatomy*, living, in the midst of a most tumultuous world, like a hermit shut up in his own thoughts. The study of this branch of natural science had been generated in me in a strange way. In the course of my frequent walks along the shores of the Lido which divide the Venetian lagoons from the Adriatic sea, I found a sheep's skull, so happily burst open, as not only anew to demonstrate to me the great truth I had formerly recognised, that the skull-bones have all originated in transformed vertebrae, but plainly established the fact of the conversion of inwardly unformed organic masses, through elaboration outwards in progressive advancement towards the highest structure and development into the noblest organs of sense; reviving, at the same time, my old faith, already strengthened by experience, that nature has no secret she will not somewhere disclose to the attentive observer.

Now that in the midst of the utmost tumult of life my mind had reverted to osteology, the studies I had years before directed to the subject of the *intermaxillary* bone must of necessity resuscitate. Loder, whose indefatigable participation and influence I have constantly to celebrate, takes notice of the subject in his anatomical manual of 1788. The little treatise in German and Latin in reference to this matter being, however, still among my papers, I

mention briefly only so much: I was fully convinced that a universal type ascending by metamorphosis pervades the whole organic creation, is quite distinctly observable in all its parts in certain middle stages, and cannot be overlooked even when, on the highest stage of humanity, it modestly retires into concealment. On this head were all my labours, including those in Breslau, directed. The problem, however, was so great as not to be solved in a life of scattered activities.

A pleasure trip to the salt-mines of Wieliczka, and an important ride through mountainous and level country by Adersbach, Glatz, &c., increased the sum of my experience and ideas. There are some writings on the subject.

1791.

A quiet year spent within the bounds of house and town. A dwelling having the freest situation, and in which a roomy dark chamber was to be fitted up, together with the adjacent gardens, where in the open air experiments of all kinds could be made, induced me to devote myself earnestly to chromatic investigations. I laboured especially at the prismatic phenomena, and endlessly diversifying what was subjective in them, was able to publish the first piece of '*Optic Contributions*,' which the School, with little thanks and empty words, summarily thrust aside.

Not, however, to lose ground too much on the poetical and aesthetic side, I gladly undertook the conduct of the Court Theatre. Occasion was given for a new direction by the retirement of Bellomo's company, which, since 1784, had played in Weimar, and given agreeable entertainment. They had come from Upper Germany, and for the sake of their good singing people had put up with their dialect. The theatres of the whole of Germany being now open to our choice, the places of the retiring actors were the more easily supplied. Breslau and Hanover, Prague and Berlin, sent us able members, who in a short time were related to each other in their playing and speech, and from the very beginning gave

much satisfaction. Of the retiring company, too, some meritorious persons remained, of whom I will mention only the unforgettable MALKOLM. Shortly before the change, died a very estimable player, NEUMANN, leaving behind him a daughter fourteen years of age, of a most charming natural talent, who entreated me to take charge of the completion of her culture.

As a beginning, only a few plays were given in Weimar. To their great advantage, the company acted throughout the summer in Lauchstädt. There we had to satisfy the demands of a new public, consisting of strangers, the cultivated portion of the neighbourhood, the scholarly members of a university close by, and passionately importunate youths. No new pieces were learned, but the old ones thoroughly conned, and in fresh spirits the company returned in October to Weimar. With the utmost care pieces of every kind were now taken in hand, the new company having to learn everything anew.

Very opportune was that bias of mine towards operatic poetry. An indefatigable concert-master, KRANZ, and an ever-active theatrical poet, VULPIUS, joined in heartily with me. To no end of Italian and French operas we hastened to give a German text, moulding also many a text already in use into better musical adaptation. The scores found acceptance throughout the whole of Germany. The diligence and zeal expended on this matter, however vanished may be the public remembrance of the fact, contributed no small part to the improvement of German opera-texts.

These labours were shared by my friend, VON EINSIDLE, who had returned from Italy with a bias as strong as my own in favour of the operas. On this side, therefore, we felt ourselves for many years safe and well provided, and the opera being always the surest and most convenient means of attracting and gratifying a public, we could, with a feeling of security on the operatic side, devote our attention the more undividedly to the reciting plays. Nothing prevented our taking this in hand in a worthy manner and vitalizing it from the very foundation.

Bellomo's repertory was itself important. A manager tries all manner of pieces—what turns out a failure has

at least filled out its night; what retains its hold on the public is carefully turned to account. Dittersdorf's operas and plays belonging to Inland's best time we found ready to hand and utilised. The 'Theatrical Adventures,' an opera always delightful, with Cimarosi's and Mozart's music, was performed before the end of the year. Shakspeare's 'King John' was, however, our greatest achievement. CHRISTIANA NEUMANN as Arthur, a part to which I trained her, had a wonderful effect, and it was my endeavour to bring up all the others into harmony with her. From the very beginning I made it a practice to single out the most excellent actor in each piece, and to try and educate the others up to his mark.

1792.

So passed away the winter, and the theatre had already acquired some degree of cohesion. Repetition of former pieces, valuable and popular, and the trial of all kinds of new, gave entertainment to as well as exercised the critical faculties of the public, who now for the first time made the pleasurable acquaintance of fresh plays, dating from Inland's most flourishing epoch. Kotzebue's productions were also carefully performed, and as far as possible kept in the repertory. Dittersdorf's operas, easy for the singer and graceful to the public, were attractively given; Hegemann's and Hagenbach's pieces seldom though they brought exciting momentary sympathy and affording momentary entertainment, were not despised. An important event, however, it was, when, at the beginning of the year, Mozart's 'Don Juan,' and, shortly after, Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' came to be performed. The accession of our theatre of young Vols was of vital advantage. He was highly favoured by nature, and now properly for the first time was distinguished as an important actor.

The spring infused fresh vigour into my dramatic labours; I composed the second piece of the 'Opfer und Ehre,' and published it, accompanied with a preface. In the middle of summer I was again called into the field, this time to more serious service. I met, and by way

of Frankfort, Mainz, Trier and Luxemburg to Longwy, which on the 28th August I found already taken: thence I followed in the train to Valmy and back to Trier; then, to avoid the endless confusion of the highway, down the Moselle to Coblenz. To the attentive observer, many experiences connected with nature interlaced the noisy events of the war. Some parts of GEHLER's physical dictionary I carried about with me. By my continued chromatic labours I beguiled the *canini* of many otherwise stagnant days, provoked to work by the fairest experiences in the open world, such as no dark chamber, no shop-crevice, can afford. Papers, documents and drawings on the subject accumulated.

During my visit to Mainz, Düsseldorf and Münster, I could notice that my old friends were not minded to recognize me frankly, a fact indicated in HUBER's writings, and the psychological explanation of which should not at the present time be difficult.

1793.

The cross-grained humour in me to hoot everything sentimental, and half-despairingly to cleave to inevitable reality, found in 'Reineke Fuchs' a most congenial subject for treating, half in the way of translation and half of recastment. The labour I devoted to this 'Unholy World-Bible' rebounded both at home and abroad to my consolation and joy. I took it with me to the blockade of Mainz, where I stayed till the end of the siege; nor must I omit observing that my principal motive in undertaking the work was for the sake of practice in hexameters, which then, to be sure, we Germans formed only to the ear. Voss, who understood the matter, would not, from a feeling of piety, so long as Klopstock lived, tell the good old gentleman to his face that his hexameters were bad—a fault we juniors had to pay the penalty of—we who had lulled ourselves into that rhythm. Voss disavowed his translation of the 'Odyssey,' which we revered, picked faults in his 'Louise,' which we took for our model, and so were we at a loss what saint to dedicate ourselves to.

The theory of colours again accompanied me to the

Rhine, and in the open air, under a cheerful sky, I gained ever freer views into the manifold conditions under which colour appears. The multiplicity involved in this subject, when contrasted with my limited capacity of observing, apprehending, arranging and combining, seemed to me to prove the necessity of an *association*. Such a body with all its limbs I excogitated in my mind, and fixed in black and white, assigning to each member his particular function; in conclusion, pointing out how, by working in co-operation, the object aimed at would soonest be attained. This essay I submitted to my brother-in-law, Schlosser, whom I met after the surrender of Mainz, following in the train of the victorious army, at Heidelberg. But how disagreeably surprised was I, when this old expert made merry with my plan, and assured me that in the world at large, but especially in the dear German Fatherland, all disinterested co-operation in a scientific work was out of the question. I, on the other hand, though no longer a stripling, opposed him like an ingenuous believer; whereupon he predicted to me circumstantially a great deal which I at the time laughed to scorn, but which in the sequel I found more than fairly realised.

And so, as far as concerned myself at least, I held ever fast to these studies, as to a plank in a shipwreck, having now for two years immediately and personally experienced the dreadful disruption of all ties. One day in the headquarters at Hans, and one day in the re-conquered Mainz, were symbols of the contemporaneous history of the world such as will still revive in the mind of any one who endeavours synchronally to call those days to remembrance.

An active productive mind, a truly patriotic man cultivating the literature of his country, will be excused should he feel alarmed at the overthrow of everything established, and discover in himself not the least presentiment of anything better, or even anything different, to take the place of what has been destroyed. Sympathy will not be denied him, even if he feel chagrined that influences of the kind above referred to should extend to Germany, and that crazy, nay, ignoble persons should seize the helm of affairs. In this sense was planned the

‘Civilian-General,’ and at the same time ‘The Alarmed’; next the ‘Entertainments of the Emigrants’—all productions which for the most part owe their origin, nay, even their execution, to this and the following year.

The ‘Civilian-General’ was performed in Weimar towards the end of the year 1793. A player, Beck, highly expert in the “Schmups”-parts, had just entered our theatre, and it was properly in reliance on his talent and humour that I wrote the part. He and the actor Malkolmi played their parts most excellently, and the piece was repeated. The prototypes, however, of the images in the play were too dreadful for the reflection of them not of itself to excite anxiety.

The actors Graff and Haide joined our company with a certain amount of preparatory training; the married couple Porth brought us an amiable daughter, who in brisk parts played with genuine gaiety, and now under the name of Vohs is still esteemed and beloved by all lovers of the theatre.

1794.

Of this year I presumed to hope it would, in compensation for past years wherein I had borne many privations and sufferings, divert my thoughts by manifold activity and quicken me by many congenial experiences—a compensation of which I stood very much in need. For, to have been a personal witness of revolutions of the highest moment and threatening the peace of the world, to have seen with my own eyes the greatest misfortune that can befall citizens, peasants and soldiers, nay, to have borne a part in such disasters, clouded my mind with the utmost sadness.

Yet how was a feeling of relief possible while every day the monstrous tumults within the borders of France alarmed and menaced us! The preceding year we lamented the death of the King and Queen; this year, a like fate overtaking the Princess Elisabeth. Robespierre’s deeds of horror had terrified the world, and all sense of joy had been so utterly extinguished that no one presumed to rejoice over Robespierre’s destruction; least of

all while the horrors of war carried on outside the confines of the country by a nation agitated to its innermost centre were still being incessantly pushed forward, shaking the world all around and menacing everything stable with revolution, if not with perdition.

Nevertheless people lived in a dream-like timid security in the North, lulled the feeling of fear by a half-founded hope in Prussia's good relation to the French.

On the occasion of great events, nay, even in the greatest extremity, men cannot refrain from fighting with the weapons of the tongue and the pen. Accordingly, a German pamphlet, 'Appeal to all the Nations of Europe,' made a great noise. It gave expression to the seething hatred against the French at the moment when the unbridled enemy were powerfully pressing towards our borders. To raise to the highest pitch the conflict of opinions, French revolutionary songs were sent floating about in secret. They reached me also by the hands of persons whom one would not have suspected capable of such conduct.

The dissensions among the Germans in the cause of defending their country and counteracting the designs of the enemy came openly to light in the direction of the political institutions. Prussia, without more distinctly explaining its intentions, demanded maintenance for its troops: a summons to this effect was issued, but nobody would either make contributions or duty for himself and take other precautions. In Ratisbon a union of the Princes against Prussia was spoken of, and even urged by that party which suspected intentions of a demoralization in the one-sided negotiations for peace. Minister von Hardenberg, on the other hand, endeavoured to arouse the estates of the Empire in favour of his king, and people rallied, in the hope of winning over to this side also a declared friend of the French. But whoever brought home to himself the actual situation of affairs would have inevitably confessed that in an element of fear and despair, besides people were only trying to realize their wishes with idle hopes.

The Austrians marched hither across the Rhine, the English into the Netherlands; the enemy spread them-

selves out over wider ground, taking possession of richer resources. The news of fugitives from all quarters swelled; there was no family, no circle of friends, which had not suffered in its members. From South and West Germany there were sent me treasure-chests, spare money, valuables of all kinds, committed to my custody, gladdening as testimonies of confidence, but saddening as proofs of a nation's anxiety.

And so, also, on the side of my connection with Frankfurt, solicitudes pressed ever nearer and nearer on me. The fair burgess possession which since my father's death had become the fond home of my mother, was now, since the first outbreak of hostilities, grown burdensome to her, though she would not trust herself to confess it. During my visit last year I had opened up to her the situation, and urged her to deliver herself from such a burden: but now at this particular time it was unadvisable to do what, nevertheless, might be deemed a necessity.

A house of burger-like accommodation and respectable appearance, built up anew in our lifetime, a well-furnished cellar, furniture of all kinds and of good taste in accordance with the time, collections of books, pictures, copperplates and maps, antiquities, small works of art and curiosities, really a great deal that was remarkable, and which my father, from a disposition that way and of good judgment in the matter, had gathered about him as occasion offered—it all stood there and then together, each part in its particular place fitting comfortably and usefully into the other, and had in truth only as a whole its human traditional value. The very thought of its being divided and scattered, involved the fear of its being dissipated and lost. It was, too, soon found, after taking counsel with friends and dealing with brokers, that at the present time any sort of sale, however disadvantageous, would have to be postponed. Still, the resolution once taken, the prospect of a life-long tenancy in a house having a handsome situation, though yet unbuilt, stimulated my good mother's imagination to a cheerful temper, which helped to tide her over what in the present that was far from agreeable.

Fluctuating reports of the arrival and invasion of the enemy diffused a feeling of dreadful insecurity. Moments of

transported their goods, several people their movables of value--proceedings which urged on many persons the necessity of thinking of their personal safety. The inconvenience of emigration and change of place contended with the fear of bad treatment at the hands of the enemy. My brother-in-law, Schlosser, was carried away in the general distraction. Several times I offered my mother a quiet residence with me, but for herself she had no fear. She strengthened herself in her Old Testament faith, and finding favourable passages in the Psalms and Prophets, held fast in her attachment to her native city, with which she had grown up, and become almost incorporated. Not one visit would she undertake to me.

Her determination to remain she had already expressed, when Frau von La Roche called at Wieland's, and with this intelligence put him in the greatest perplexity. It was now in our power to render him and ourselves a friendly service. Care and anxiety we had already had our fill of; to stand, over and above, the wail of lamentation seemed beyond the limits of endurance. With her peculiar tact in these matters, my mother, though herself suffering so much, knew how to comfort her friend, and thereby earn for herself our warmest thanks.

SÖMMERING, with his excellent spouse, held out in Frankfort during the never-ceasing commotions. Jacobi had fled from Pempelfort to Wandsbeck, his people having betaken themselves to other places of safety. Max Jacobi was in my neighbourhood, cultivating medicine in Jena.

The theatre, if not an unmixed pleasure to me, served at least to keep me in constant employment; I regarded it as a cheerful school of art, nay, as a symbol of the life of the world and of business, where everything does not proceed smoothly, and so endured in it what was not to be cured.

At the beginning of the year the 'Magic Flute' (*Zauberflöte*) was given, and, shortly after, 'Richard Lion-heart.' This, at that time, in the circumstances then prevailing, will mean something considerable. Next came some important Italian plays, our company getting ever better and better into the way of these representations. The repertory was already respectable; then smaller pieces,

even if they did not retain their hold, could always now and again pass as a novelty. The actress Beck, who joined us this year, played to perfection the important parts in Iffland's and Kotzebue's pieces, of indulgent and froward mothers, sisters, aunts, and catresses. Vohs had married the extremely graceful Porth, fashioned by nature for Gurli, and in this middle region there was little to be desired wanting. The company played some months during the summer in Lauchstädt, thus reaping the advantage of further practising old pieces without tiring the patience of the Weimar public.

And now, turning my attention to Jena and its chairs, I mention the following :

After REINHOLD'S departure, justly regarded as a great loss for the Academy, with boldness, nay, temerity, Fichte was called as his successor. In his writings Fichte had expressed himself with greatness, but not perhaps with perfect propriety, on the most important subjects connected with morals and the State. He was one of the ablest characters that have ever appeared, and in his motives irreproachable on a high standard ; but what moral possibility was there of his keeping even pace with the world which he regarded as a possession of his own creation ?

The week-day hours he wanted to devote to public lectures having been otherwise appropriated, he undertook the lectures on Sundays, the introduction of which was attended with difficulties. Hardly had opposition more or less violent connected with this matter been hushed up, not without inconvenience to the higher authorities, when his utterances on God and divine things, on which, of course, it is better to observe a profound silence, provoked disturbances outside, which caused us new troubles. In the Saxon Electorate people were not disposed to put the best meaning on certain passages in Fichte's periodical ; and certainly it cost no little pains to interpret by other words in a tolerable sense, or to tone down what had been somewhat strongly expressed, and where the passage could not be made passable to render it at least pardonable.

Professor GÖTTLING, who, after a free-thinking culture acquired in scientific travels, is to be ranked among the very first who adopted the indisputably high conception

of the modern French chemistry, came forward with the discovery that phosphor burns also in nitrogen. The repeated experiments this called forth employed us a long time.

Privy-Councillor VOIGT, a faithful fellow-labourer in the mineralogical field, likewise returned from Carlsbad, bringing with him very beautiful tungsten, some in large masses, others distinctly crystallized; with which, later on, when such things became rarer, we could gratify many a one whose mind had a turn that way.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, long expected from Bayreuth, impelled us into the more universal aspects of natural science. His elder brother, likewise present in Jena, interesting himself clearly in all directions of enquiry, shared our aims, investigations and instruction.

It must not be omitted that Hofrath Loder was at this time lecturing on the science of ligaments—a highly important part of anatomy; for what interlinks muscles and bones, if not the ligaments? Nevertheless, from a strange perversity on the part of the medical youth, this was just the part neglected. We above named, with friend Meyer, made our way in the morning through the deepest snow to an anatomical auditorium almost quite empty, to see this important juncture in the body set forth in the clearest manner, after the most exact preparations.

The excellent ever-active Batsch, who was not above appreciating even the smallest assistance in the way of his pursuits, was this year settled on a small part of the upper Prince's Garden at Jena. The Court garden, however, whose views were all directed towards utility, being placed there in the principal possession, many unpleasant things occurred, to obviate which all that at present could be done was to make plans for the future. This year, too, as if for a good omen, the neglected hedges of the garden referred to was rendered more cheerful and congenial. A part of the town wall having fallen in, to avoid the cost of restoration it was determined to fill up the crevasse at this place, the same operation gradually extending all round.

In view of the great, ever-increasing herds of cineraries, I became more and more sensible of my in-

adequacy. I therefore intermitted not soliciting friends likeminded with myself. With Schlosser I did not succeed: even in the most favourable times this study would not have engaged his attention. The moral part of man it was which was the subject of his thoughts, and the transition from the inner to the outer world is more difficult than is supposed. Sömmering, on the other hand, shared my studies through all the fatal embroilments. Ingenious was his mode of handling the matter, provocative his very negative, and when I paid good heed to his communications I was ever rewarded with wider views.

Of all the havoc of this year, Nature in her usual way took not the slightest notice. All crops of the field throve splendidly, ripening a month in advance; all fruits matured to perfection; apricots, peaches, melons, chestnuts offered themselves ripe and tempting to the palate: 1794 takes its rank in the series of excellent vintage years.

As to literary matters, the *Reineke Fuchs* was now printed; but the mishaps always cleaving to the transmission of copies did not fail on this occasion also. In this way an accident spoiled for me the fresh sympathy of my Gotha patrons and friends. Duke Ernst had in the most friendly manner lent me various physical instruments; in returning which I packed along with them copies of the burlesque poem, without mentioning the circumstance in my letter—whether from haste or with the intention of surprising my friends I know not; suffice it, the person entrusted by the Prince with such business was absent, and the chest was kept long unopened. I, however, waiting in vain for several weeks on some sympathetic response, conjured up all sorts of crazy fancies; till at last, after the chest had been opened, repeated excuses, complaints, regrets, instead of happy recognition, became my sorrowful portion.

From the critical side, moreover, Voss's remarks on the rhythm were not consoling, and instead of having my former good relationship to my friends quickened and improved, I had fain to content myself with not losing ground with them. Yet soon everything again came all right. Prince August continued his literary pleasantries; Duke Ernst showed no break in the well-established cordial neo-

he reposed in me, while I directed to the gratification of his art-tastes many an agreeable possession. Voss, too, had reason to be satisfied with me, who for the future showed what respectful heed I had paid to his observations.

The printing of the first volume of 'Wilhelm Meister' was begun. The resolution to declare as finished a work in which I had yet so many things to bear in mind was at last taken, and I was glad to wash my hands of the beginning, though the continuation and the conclusion ahead pressed on me with no little anxiety. Necessity, however, is the best counsellor.

In England appeared a translation of 'Iphigenia.' Unger reprinted the work; but no impression either of the original or of the copy has remained to me.

With the mine at Ilmenau we had now been harassing ourselves for several years. To venture single-handed on so important an undertaking was excusable only to youthful arrogance eager for any kind of activity. With a large established mining-system at hand the scheme might have proved more successful; but with limited means, with foreign though very able functionaries summoned to the place from time to time, though it was clear enough *how* things should be carried on, the prosecution of the task was neither sufficiently circumspect nor energetic, and the work, especially when a quite unexpected natural structure came to light, was more than once on the point of coming to a standstill.

A meeting of the shareholders having been called, it was not without apprehension and misgiving that I and my colleague, the Privy-Councillor Voigt, a man more expert in business than myself, attended it; but help reached us from a quarter whence we had never expected it. The Times-spirit, of whom so much good and so much ill is spoken, showed himself on this occasion our ally. Some of the deputies found it opportune to build a kind of convent and take on themselves the management of the affair. Instead, therefore, of we commissioners having humbly on our knees to recount a litany of evils, a penance for which we had prepared ourselves, it was at once determined that the representatives themselves

should repair to the spot and without prejudice instruct themselves thoroughly as to the facts of the case. We willingly receded into the background; the other party proved themselves above expectation forbearing with the faults they discovered, and confident in the resources they had in prospect. A decision was therefore adopted, such as thoroughly satisfied us; the necessary means being found to carry their plans into execution, the matter was happily concluded.

A remarkable man reduced to poverty by a complication of misfortunes, though not without his own blame, and who under an assumed name stayed at my expense in Ilmenau, was of great service to me. From immediate observation having become, though a hypochondriac, an expert in matters of mining and taxes, he communicated to me much I could not myself have learned to the same degree.

By my journey the year before to the Lower Rhine I had drawn closer my relationship to Fritz Jacobi and the Princess Gallitzin. The connection, however, still remained a remarkable one, difficult to describe, and only to be comprehended under the conception of the whole class of cultivated Germans, or rather of Germans now for the first time promoting their mutual cultivation.

On the best part of the nation a light had arisen which promised to lead them out of the desolate, vacant waste of plodding dependent pedantry. Very many people were seized at the same time by the same spirit; they recognized each others' services, respected one another, felt the need of association, sought, loved each other, and yet could no true union be formed. The fact is, the general interest in respect of habits and morals was vague and indefinite; in the whole body as in each individual there was a want of determination towards special activities. The whole invisible circle, therefore, resolved itself into smaller, mostly local, circles, which fashioned and produced much that was praiseworthy; but in reality the important heads isolated themselves ever more and more. We have here, indeed, only another example of the history which, in the revival of inert, stagnant institutions, has often been enacted; and the phasis in question may be

regarded as a literary illustration of what we have seen so often repeated in political and ecclesiastical history.

The principal figures worked absolutely according to their own genius, sense, and capacity. To those attached themselves others, who, though conscious of powers of their own, were not disinclined to work socially and in a subordinate way.

Let KLOPSTOCK be first mentioned. Intellectually, many turned towards his genius; but his chaste, measured personality, always commanding reverence from those about him, was not calculated to invite approach. Wieland, likewise, was no personal centre for a large circle, though the literary confidence reposed in him was boundless. South Germany, and in particular Vienna, owe to him their culture in poetry and prose. Things sent him which it was impossible for him not to notice, often brought him to a happy despair.

HERDER's influence was later. His attractive character gathered properly no crowd around him, but particular persons shaped themselves by and about him, holding fast to him, and, to their greatest profit, giving themselves entirely to him. Thus were formed little world systems. Gleim, too, was a centre for many talents. To my share, also, fell many fermenting heads, heads which would almost have degraded to a nickname the honoured name of Genius.

The strange thing, however, with all this, was that not only each chieftain, but each of his peers, maintained his independence, endeavouring also to draw others to him and after him into his own ways of thinking; whereby the strangest effects and counter-effects came to light.

While LAVATER demanded of everyone that, following his example, he should become transubstantiated with Christ, JACOB required men to adopt his mode of thinking—a mode individual, recalcitrant, difficult to define. The Princess had in the Catholic conception of things, and within the rites of the Church, found the possibility of living and acting in accordance with her own noble passions. These two truly loved me, and for the present allowed me my own way, though with a silent, not entirely concealed, hope of winning me entirely over to

their sentiments. They, therefore, tolerated many of my wilfulnesses, which from a feeling of impatience, and to assert my liberty in opposition to them, I purposely practised.

On the whole, however, the then state of things was an aristocratic anarchy, somewhat like the conflict in the middle ages between powers either in possession of, or endeavouring to conquer independence. Like the middle ages, too, it preceded a higher culture, as is now apparent when different views have been opened into the situation of that time—a situation indescribable, and for posterity perhaps incomprehensible. On this point Hamann's letters form invaluable archives, to the general comprehension of which a key may be found, but perhaps no one will ever be discovered for particular secret compartments in them.

For house mate I now had my oldest Roman friend, HEINRICH MEYER. The remembrance and advancement of our Italian studies remained our daily entertainment. During our last stay in Venice we had come to a thorough mutual understanding, and thereby only the more firmly tightened the bonds of our union. As is, however, usually the case, so in the present instance also, the endeavour to comprehend a subject at a distance from the subject itself, or the anxious effort to attain to clearness of perception in regard to it, only made us sensible of the inadequacy of memory, and incited us to return to the source of artistic forms, to immediate contemplation. And who that has lived in Italy, even though with a less earnest purpose than ours, but ever longs to return thither!

Not that the schism which my scientific studies had produced in my existence was at all healed; for the manner in which I treated experiences in nature seemed to demand all the remaining powers of my soul.

Amidst this sharp conflict between my powers, the relationship to SCHILLER, which all at once developed itself, gave satisfaction to my nature beyond all my wishes and hopes—a relationship which I may rank among the highest that in later years fortune prepared for me. And this happy event I, indeed, owed to my studies in connection with the 'Metamorphosis of Plants'; studies whereby a

circumstance was brought about which cleared away all the misunderstandings that had long kept me at a distance from him.

After my return from Italy, where I had sought to cultivate myself to greater precision and purity in all branches of art, without any care as to all that meanwhile was going on in Germany, I found poetical works more or less recent in great repute and exercising extended influence, works such as, alas! were extremely repugnant to me: I mention only Heinse's 'Ardinghella' and Schiller's 'Robbers.' The former author was hateful to me because he sought to enoble and support sensuousness and abstruse modes of thought by the aid of plastic art: the latter because an energetic but immature talent had poured over the country in full torrent just those ethic and theatrical paradoxes from which I was endeavouring to clear myself.

Not that I blamed either of those talented men for what they had undertaken and achieved. Man cannot deny himself the inclination to work in his own way; he makes trials at first unconsciously, crudely, then at each successive stage of culture with ever more consciousness. In this way so much that is excellent and absurd is dispersed over the world, and confusion emerges out of confusion.

The noise, however, excited in the country, the applause universally bestowed on those extravagant abortions, by wild students as by the cultivated court lady, fell like a shock on me. All the pains I had taken with myself seemed to me entirely lost. The subjects in which, the ways and means by which, I had cultivated myself, appeared to me all thrust aside and trampled under foot. And what most pained me, all the friends conjoined with me—Heinrich Meyer and Moritz, as also the artists Tischbein and Bory, directing the minds of men in their province in a kindred spirit with my own—these seemed likewise endangered. I was stung to the quick. The study of plastic art, the practice of poetry, I should willingly have renounced *in toto*, had that been possible; for what prospect was there of excelling these productions distinguished by genius and wild form? Conceive my situa-

tion! The purest perceptions it was I aspired to appropriate and communicate, and here was I hemmed in between *Ardinghello* and *Franz Moor*!

Moritz who likewise returned from Italy and stayed some time with me, confirmed himself passionately with me in these views; I avoided Schiller, who was staying in my neighbourhood in Weimar. Nor was the appearance of 'Don Carlos' calculated to bring me nearer to him; all attempts in this direction on the part of persons standing equally near to him and me I turned aside, and in this fashion we lived some time close to each other.

His essay on 'Grace and Dignity' was just as little fitted to reconcile me. The Kantian philosophy, so highly exalting the subject while appearing to set limits to it, he had joyfully adopted: it developed the extraordinary nature had planted in his character, and in the sublime feeling of freedom and self-determination he was ungrateful to the great mother, who certainly did not treat him like a stepmother. Instead of regarding her as self-existent, alive, bringing forth her births, from the lowest to the highest, according to fixed laws, nature was to him the product of certain empiric forms innate in man. Some hard passages, setting my confession of faith in a false light, I could even directly refer to myself, and if they were written without allusion to me, the matter appeared in my eyes all the worse, disclosing, as it would, only the more unmistakably, the immeasurable abyss sundering our modes of thought.

Union was not to be thought of. Even the mild intreaties of a Dalberg, who appreciated Schiller according to his merit, had no effect; the arguments I opposed to any union were indeed difficult to refute. It was not to be denied that two intellectual antipodes were further removed from each other than by one diameter of the earth, and so being, as it were, opposite poles, they could never be brought into one. That, nevertheless, there *was* some point of affinity between them will appear from the following.

Schiller removed to Jena, where likewise I did not see him. At this time, by incredible pains, Batsch had started a natural research association, having as a basis of

study handsome collections and considerable apparatus. Their formal sittings I usually attended, and once I found Schiller there. As we happened to leave at the same time, a conversation struck up between us. He appeared to interest himself in the lecture we had heard, but with sharp understanding and insight, and to my great pleasure observed, how such a dismembered way of treating nature was not calculated to engage the outsider who would willingly take part in such studies.

To this I replied, that perhaps even to the initiated it was not attractive, and that undoubtedly there was another way of going to work, presenting nature not sundered and detached, but operative and alive, striving with sure determination out of a whole into parts. He desired further light on this subject, but did not conceal his doubts; he could not admit that such a view of nature was, as I maintained, the presentation of experience.

We reached his house, the conversation allured me in; I set forth in a lively manner the metamorphosis of plants, and with many characteristic strokes of the pen caused a symbolic plant to arise before his eyes. He perceived and observed it all with great interest, with a decided power of comprehension; but when I finished he shook his head and said, "That is no observation, that is an idea." I was startled, chagrined in a certain measure; for the line dividing us was by this expression most palpably indicated. An assertion in 'Grace and Dignity' recurred to my mind: the old grudge was like to revive in me. I mastered myself, however, and answered, "It can be anything but disagreeable to me to have ideas without knowing it, and even to see them with my eyes."

Schiller, who possessed much more tact and practical prudence than I, and on account also of the 'Horen,' was disposed to attract rather than repel me, answered like an accomplished Kantian; and my obstinate realism giving rise to a lively debate, a lengthy battle was fought, and then an armistice declared; neither of us could boast himself the victor, each deemed himself invincible. Sentences like the following made me quite unhappy: "How can ever experience commensurate with an idea be given?" For just then consists the peculiarity of the latter, that

experience can never come up to it." If what to him was an idea was to me experience, there must after all be something intermediary, something relational between the two. The first step was, however, taken. Schiller's power of attraction was great, he held fast all who approached him. I took part in his plans, and promised to forward him, for his 'Horen,' a great deal that was lying hidden by me. His spouse, whom from her childhood I was wont to love and appreciate, contributed her part towards a lasting relationship. Our common friends were all glad, and so, by means of a dispute between object and subject, the most fundamental of all disputes—one, indeed, perhaps never to be wholly composed—we sealed an alliance, which has lasted without interruption, and been, both for ourselves and others, the instrument of much good.

For me, in particular, it was a new spring, in which everything secreted in my nature burst into joyous life, in happy fellowship, all seeds opening, and tender growths shooting up with increased vitality. Our reciprocal letters give the most immediate, the purest, the completest testimony to this fact.

1795.

The 'Horen' was published; 'Epistles, Elegies, Conversations of the Emigrants' contributed by me. We, moreover, considered and held counsel together as to the whole contents of this periodical, the relations of the contributors, and everything else connected with such an undertaking. In this way I got to know contemporaries, and made the acquaintance of authors and productions I should otherwise have never taken the least notice of. Schiller was in general less exclusive than I, and, as editor, was obliged to be indulgent.

With all this I could not refrain from setting off, the beginning of July, to Carlsbad, and staying there over four weeks. In younger years a man gets impatient with the slightest ailments, and Carlsbad had already often proved beneficial to me. To no purpose, however, did I take a lot of work along with me. The crowds of people

coming in contact with me in so many different ways distracted me, and prevented all labour; though, to be sure, it also afforded me many a new view of the world and of persons.

Hardly had I returned when news arrived from Ilmenau that a serious crash had put the finishing stroke to the mines there. I hastened thither and saw, not without sad reflections, a work on which so much time, energy and money had been expended, buried in its own ruins.

Gladdening to me, on the other hand, was the company of my son, five years old, who with his fresh, childlike sense took up for me anew a district on which for twenty years now I had looked and cogitated myself tired, who with new zest apprehended all manner of subjects, relations and activities, and much more decidedly than could have been done by word, expressed by deed, that man dying has yet a living successor, and that man's interest in this earth can never be extinguished,

Thence I was called to Eisenach, where the Court was staying with several strangers, particularly emigrants. Serious war tumults warned everyone to be on his guard. The Austrians, to the number of 60,000 men, had crossed the Main, and events threatened to become lively in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. A commission which would have brought me near the place of encampment, I contrived to decline. I was too well acquainted with the manoeuvres of war to seek to visit them.

Here a case occurred to me, on which I have frequently in life had occasion to reflect. Count Dumanoir—unquestionably the most highly cultured among all the emigrants, of able character, and clear common sense, whose judgment I had found the least prejudiced met me in a happy humour in the street in Eisenach, and told me that in the 'Frankfort Newspaper' something was related favourable to the interests of the emigrants. Having a pretty clear conception of the course of the affairs of the world I was taken aback at this news; it seemed to me incomprehensible how such a thing should happen. I hastened to procure the paper, in which on reading and again reading, I failed to find anything to the effect required me, till at last I noticed a passage which might

certainly be referred to the affairs of the emigrants, but in a sense quite the opposite of that given by the Count.

I had already before met with a stronger instance of a similar kind, in which to be sure an emigrant was also concerned. The French had been slaughtering each other in all ways over the upper plain of their country: *assignats* had been changed into *mandats*, and these latter had shrunk to the value of nothing. As to all this, people conversed minutely and very regretfully, when a Marquis with a degree of composure replied that no doubt it was a great misfortune; he was only afraid a civil war would break out and the bankruptcy of the State be inevitable.

Whoever has met with criticisms of this kind in connection with the immediate relations of life, will not be surprised if in religion, philosophy and science, where man's isolated, inward self is called to pronounce sentence, an equal blindness of judgment and opinion should be manifested.

In the same year my friend Meyer returned to Italy: for though the war was already violently carried on in Lombardy, the rest of the country was still left untouched: and we lived in the fond illusion of repeating the years '87 and '88. His absence robbed me of all conversation on plastic art, and even my preparations for following him conducted me on other ways.

I was, indeed, quite diverted from art and directed back to the study of nature, when towards the end of the year the two brothers VON HUABOLDT appeared in Jena. At this moment they both took great interest in the natural sciences, and I could not but impart to them in conversation my ideas on comparative anatomy, and its methodic treatment. My presentation of the matter being demanded by them, congruous and pretty complete, I was pressing urged to transfer it to paper; an advice which I at once followed, dictating to Max Jacobi the ground-plan of a comparative osteology as it then pictured itself in my mind. I thus both satisfied my friends and gained for myself a basis from which I could prosecute my further studies.

ALEXANDER VON HUABOLDT'S influence in these matters demands special recital. His presence in Jena furthers comparative anatomy; he and his elder brother induce

me to dictate the general plan, still extant. During his residence in Bayreuth my correspondence with him is very interesting.

In conjunction with him, PROFESSOR WOLF, of another side, yet sympathising with our general tendencies, entered our circle at the same time with him.

The circulation of free copies of the first part of 'Wilhelm Meister' employed me for some time. The answers were only in part gladdening, and on the whole by no means calculated to further me. Still the letters, both in reference to the time they reached me and to the present date, are important and instructive. Duke and Prince of Gotha, Frau von Frankenberg there, von Thümmel, my mother, Sömmering, Schlosser, Von Humboldt, Von Dalberg in Mannheim, Voss—the most, if you look closely into it, *se defendendo*, drawing themselves up in haughty opposition against the secret power of the work. But, most of all, an ingenious, dear lady friend, by her divination of many a secret, her search for hidden meanings, and her intricate decipherings, drove me to despair. What I had desired was that people would take the matter as they found it and understand things in their palpable sense.

While Unger was busy with the continuation and doing all he could to accelerate the second volume, an unpleasant relation arose with a leader of the orchestra, Reichardt. Out of respect to his considerable talent, people had kept on good terms with him, in spite of his forward and importunate nature. He was the first who by his musical composition earnestly and steadily spread abroad my lyric works. It was besides my way, out of common kindness, to endure disagreeable people so long as they did not carry their petulance to a too high pitch; but when that limit was transgressed to break off, generally with vehemence, all connection with them. Now Reichardt had with fury and fanaticism thrown himself on the side of the Revolution. I, on the other hand, who with my own eyes observed the ghastly, ungovernable consequences of the violent dissolution of all bonds, and who clearly perceived a similar secret agitation in my native country, held once for all fast to established things; for the improve-

ment, vitalisation, and direction of which towards a sensible and intelligent organisation I had my life long consciously and unconsciously laboured; and this my principle, I neither could nor would dissemble.

Reichardt had also begun the happy composition of the songs in 'Wilhelm Meister;' his melody to 'Know'st thou the land,' being still ever admired as excellent. Unger communicated to him the songs of the following volumes, and so on the musical side he continued our friend, but an antagonist on the political. The cleft in the latter respect secretly widened, till at last there was no ignoring it.

In my relation to Jacobi I have next an improvement to report, though the relation still rested on no sure foundation. Love and toleration on one side, and on the other hope of accomplishing my conversion; that will be the briefest statement of the matter. Wandering away from the Rhine he had repaired to Holstein, and at Eimkendorf was received in the most friendly manner by the family of Count Reventlow. He painted to me in the most charming colours his satisfaction with the situation there, describing gracefully and circumstantially different family festivals in honour of his birthday and that of the Count, and adding a repeated urgent invitation to me to come.

Such mummeries within a simple family circle were ever repugnant to me, and in the present case the prospect was by no means alluring. Another deterrent element was the feeling that they meditated setting limits to my freedom as a man and a poet, by imposing on me certain conventional moralities. So firm was my resolution in this respect that I would not yield even to a pressing claim to accompany thither a son who had studied and taken his degree in the neighbourhood, but stubbornly persisted in my refusal.

Jacobi's letters, too, on 'Wilhelm Meister' were not inviting. To my friend himself, as also to his distinguished circle, the realism, and that, moreover, of a low class of people, did not seem edifying; the ladies had a great many objections to the morality, and only one person, a man of the world, able and far-seeing, Count

Bernstorff took sides with the hard-bested book. The author felt therefore all the less inclination to hear such lectures personally and allow himself to be cramped up between the horns of a dilemma—a well-meaning, amiable pedantry on one hand and the tea-talk on the other.

From the *PRINCESS GALLITZIN* I don't remember to have heard anything on 'Wilhelm Meister,' but in this year was cleared up between us a misunderstanding for which Jacobi was to blame, whether from levity or intention I know not. In any case it was not to his credit, and had the Princess not been of such a pure nature an unpleasant estrangement would sooner or later have occurred. She too had fled from Münster before the French. Her high character, strengthened by religion, supported her, and a tranquil activity everywhere accompanying her, she remained in benevolent communication with me; and I was glad in those confused times, in accordance with her recommendations, to establish much that was beneficial.

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT's sympathy was, however, more fruitful. His letters show a clear insight into the motives and achievements, so that genuine furtherance was necessarily imparted by them.

Schiller's appreciation I mention last; it was the most cordial and the highest. As, however, his letters on the subject are still extant, I need say no more than that their circulation might be one of the handsomest gifts to an enlightened public.

The theatre was thrown wholly on me, what I supervised and directed was executed by Kirns. Volpini, who was not wanting in talent in this business, joined in with judicious activity. What in the course of this year was performed is about the following.

The 'Magic Flute' continued to exercise its former influence, the operas proving more attractive than all the rest: 'Don Juan,' 'Doctor and Apothecary,' 'Così fan tutti,' 'The Sun-burst of the Brannins,' satisfied the rabble. Lessing's works emerged from time to time, but Schiller's, Herbel's and Kotzebue's pieces were the regular representations. Hagedorn and Gressmann were as usual well prized. 'Abellino' was ranked almost equal to Schiller's pieces. Our endeavour to exclude nothing was

however, conspicuously manifested in our undertaking the performance of a piece by Meyer, 'The Storm of Boxberg;' with little success, it must be allowed; still the public had thereby seen a piece, of so remarkable character, and felt if not appreciated its presence.

The fact that our actors had a joyous reception in Lauchstädt, Erfurt, and Rudolstadt, at the hands of the most diverse public, that they were animated by enthusiasm, and had their mutual respect raised by the good treatment they received, was of no little advantage to our stage, and to the maintenance in all its freshness of an activity which, when the players see always the same public before them, whose ways and opinions they are familiar with, is soon apt to slacken.

In passing from these small matters to the immeasurably higher concern of world-history, I am reminded of the peasant I saw at the siege of Mainz, within range of the guns, absorbed wholly in the work assigned him behind a gabion trundled forward on wheels. The individual limited to his own part is heedless of the great whole.

There now transpired the Basel peace preliminaries, and a gleam of hope lighted on Northern Germany. Prussia made peace, Austria continued the war, and we felt ourselves seized by new apprehension; for the Elector of Saxony refused joining in a special peace. Our officials and diplomatists set off for Dresden, and our most gracious master, himself active above all others, and a centre of activity all round, repaired to Dessau. Meanwhile tumults were heard of among the Swiss country people, especially in the district of the Upper Zurich lake. A process at law arising from these disturbances, tended to increase the exasperation. Soon, however, our interest was attracted nearer home. The right bank of the Main again appeared in danger; our neighbourhood itself was thought to be threatened; a line of demarcation was spoken of; doubt and apprehension greatly increased.

Clerfayt appears on the scene; we attach ourselves to the Elector of Saxony. Preparations and definite arrangements are called for, and war-taxes having to be imposed, the lucky thought is at last hit on of bringing the intellect also

under contribution, though all that was asked in this direction was a *don gratuit*.

In the course of these years my mother had sold her well-furnished wine-cellar: the library, in many departments well supplied; a collection of pictures, including the best works of artists of that time, and what not all besides; and while she was glad to get rid of what was only a burden, I saw the world my father had earnestly gathered around him disrupted and scattered. This was done at my urgent representation: at that time nobody could advise or help another. The house still remained, but was at last also sold; and the furniture my mother could not take with her was in the end auctioneered away. The prospect of new lively quarters at the Main guard-house was realised, and this change afforded her at the time, new apprehensions having again chased away transient hopes of peace, some distraction for her thoughts.

I have also to remark as a family event, fraught with important consequences, the marriage of my niece, the daughter of Schlosser and my sister, with Nicolovits, resident at Eutin.

Besides the above-mentioned havocs, the attempt to bring pronounced idealists into harmony with the extremely real academic relations, was a source of never-ending vexation. Fichte, who had resolved to lecture on Sundays, and to free himself from the impediments placed from various quarters in his way, could not but feel keenly the opposition of his colleagues. A knot of students at last gathered in front of his house and smashed in his windows—a most disagreeable way of convincing him of the existence of a *Net-I*.

But not only his character, that of another man also provided the lower and higher authorities in employment. A young thoughtful man, by name Weissbach, Fichte had called to Jena to act as his assistant and colleague. He, however, in some things, which for a philosopher means all things, deviated from Fichte, and peaceful co-operation was very soon disturbed, though we did not on that account reject the young man's contributions to the 'Horen.' A resolute man, but still more incapable

than Fichte of adjusting himself to external things, he had to endure the most disagreeable personal quarrels with pro-rector and courts; the bitterness intensified at last into accusations of insult, to appease which the proper worldly wisdom from upper quarters had to be brought into operation.

If now the philosophers from time to time resuscitated for our entertainment quarrels which scarcely any amount of tact could compose, we, on the other hand, took every opportunity to further the interests of those devoted to the study of nature. The situation of Batsch, a man intellectually aspiring, unrestingly pressing forward, required improvement; he felt the difficulties of his position, knew the means we had at our disposal, and adjusted himself to small things. It was therefore a pleasure to obtain for him a firmer footing in the Prince's garden: a glass-house, sufficient as a beginning, was set up according to his direction, opening up a prospect of further favours.

For a portion of the citizens of Jena an important business was also just at this time concluded. To dry the old arm of the Saale above the turf-mill (*Rasenmühle*), which making several windings transformed the fairest meadows of the right bank into gravel-beds of the left, it had been determined to dig a trench and divert the stream into a right line. The work lasted several years, resulting at last in success. The neighbouring citizens, for a small outlay, had thereby their lost grounds restored to them, and the old Saale, together with the gravel-beds, which had meanwhile become overgrown with useful willows, handed back to them; a satisfaction surpassing their expectations, and causing them to accord a special vote of thanks to the superintendents of the undertaking.

Not but that there were some grumblers on this occasion. People interested in the matter, but who, sceptical as to the success of the enterprise, had refused the little contributions asked for the work, now came forward claiming a share in the recovered territory, if not as a right then as a favour. This claim, however, could not be conceded, the master's considerable expenditure on this enterprise requiring some indemnity in the reclaimed soil.

Three works of very different character, but which this

year caused a great sensation, require notice at my hands. DEMOURIEZ's 'Life' afforded us a deeper insight into the special events, with the general nature of which we were, to our misfortune, sufficiently familiar; many characters were disclosed to us, and the man who had ever commanded much of our sympathy here appeared more distinctly before us and in a favourable light. Intellectual ladies, who, as everybody knows, have always favours they must dispose of somewhere or other, and, as is proper, bestow their friendliest regards on the hero of the day, found zest and edification in this work, which I carefully studied in order thoroughly to master, down to the smallest secret detail, the epoch of Dumouriez's great deeds, of which I had myself been a personal witness. It was also a pleasure to me to find that his presentation entirely harmonised with my own experiences and observations.

The second work pressing on universal attention was BALDE's 'Poems,' which appeared according to Herder's translation, but with concealment of the proper author, and rejoiced in the happiest influence. Richly embodying the time to which they belong, and of pronounced German sentiments, they would at any period have been welcome. Warlike confused times, however, alike in all centuries, were imaged back in this poetical mirror, and people felt, as if it were only yesterday, what had distressed and agonised our early ancestors.

The third work drew around it quite a different circle. LICHTENBERG's 'Hogarth,' and the interest in it was, properly, fictitious: for how could the German, in whose simple unsophisticated state such eccentric caricatures of life very seldom occur, have found true pleasure in such things? The tradition, however, of a name highly celebrated by his own nation finding acceptance also on the Continent, the rarity of possessing completely his whimsical representations, the convenience of needing neither a knowledge of art nor any higher sense for the appreciation and admiration of his works, but only a capacity of malice and contempt of mankind, and still more the fact that Hogarth's wit and Lichtenberg's witlisters had paved the way to its acceptance: these were the causes which facilitated its circulation in this country.

Young men who from their childhood, and throughout a course of nearly twenty years, had grown up by my side, were now looking about them in the world, and the news I received from them could not but give me pleasure, showing me, as it did, how they were intelligently and actively pursuing their aims. FRIEDRICH VON STEIN was staying in England, where he found many advantages for his sense in technics. AUGUST VON HERBER wrote from Neufchatel, where he thought of preparing himself for his remaining purposes in life.

A number of emigrants were well received at the court and in society; but not all of them rested content with these social advantages. Many of them, here as elsewhere, desired to earn their living by some creditable employment. A worthy man, already advanced in years, by name Von Wendel, brought to our attention a Smithy Company in Ilmenau, in which the ducal exchequer had some shares. This establishment was certainly conducted in a peculiar manner. The masters of the forge worked only in turn, each by himself with his best ability, and after short labour handing over the work to his successor. Such an establishment is conceivable only in an old-fashioned state of things, and a man of higher views and accustomed to freer activity could not succeed in it, though he had the Duke's shares at a moderate rent, which, moreover, would perhaps never have been demanded. His love of order and his interest in the whole concern, Von Wendel sought to satisfy by extended plans; now a number of shares were to be taken, now the whole was to be acquired, either of which proposals was impracticable, the spare existence of certain families depending on this business.

Another enterprise he now took in hand; a reverberatory was built for the smelting of old iron, and with a view to establishing a foundry. Great things were expected from the heat being concentrated upwards, and indeed the fulfilment exceeded expectation; the whole iron apparatus melted into a stream. Many other things were tried, but without success. The good man at last, sensible of the entirely foreign element into which he had plunged, and overwhelmed with despair, took an over-

dose of opium, which, if not immediately, yet in its consequences proved fatal. So great was his unhappiness, that neither the sympathy of the Prince, nor the well-meaning efforts of the counsellors charged to undertake the task, were able to bring him round. Far from his native land, in a still corner of the Thuringian forest, he, too, fell a sacrifice to the boundless revolution.

Of persons, their fortunes and relations, I remark the following:—

Schlosser wanders from home and repairs to Anspach, where he intends settling, every asylum not being quite desperate.

Herder is painfully sensible of an estrangement which becomes more and more evident, without there being any power of overcoming it. His disaffection with the Kantian philosophy, and therefore with the University of Jena as well, had always increased, whereas, through my relation to Schiller, I had grown ever more into sympathy with both. Every attempt, therefore, to re-establish the old relation was in vain, the more that Wieland cursed the new doctrine, even in the person of his son-in-law, and as latitudinarian keenly resented a conception of things which threatened to fix Duty and Right by strict Reason, as the phrase went, and make an end of all humorous-poetical free-and-easy notions.

Herder was by nature soft and tender, his tendency great and powerful. Let him work for or against, it was ever with a certain impetuosity and impatience; his was more a dialectic than a constructive mind. He was ever ready with his *heteros logos* against every proposition. Nay, he would inveigh with bitter irony against the expression of a conviction he himself shortly before had taught and communicated as his own opinion.

Saddening, indeed, was a letter I received from KARL VON MÜLLER, a man of the highest mark. I had formerly seen him on the pinnacle of ministerial power, when he was called to Carlsbad to draw up the contract between our dear princely married couple. In these times he had paid me under many an obligation to him, had even by his force and influence rescued a friend from perdition. For twenty years now his fortunes had been gradually de-

clining, till at length he was reduced to a pitiful existence in his mountain-castle of Zwingenberg. He now wanted, furthermore, to part with a fine collection of pictures he had in more prosperous times tastefully gathered about him; he desired my co-operation in this transaction; and, alas! I could reply to his tender urgent request only by a friendly polite letter. His answer to this, the answer of a man of intellect, hard-bested and yet resigned, was of such a nature that even now it affects me as it then affected me, it being quite out of my power to help him in his straits.

Anatomy and physiology were this year almost never out of my view. HOFRATH LODER demonstrated to a small circle of friends the system of the human brain, in the traditional way, in layers from the top to the interior, with that clearness which distinguishes him. Camper's works were in company with him perused and studied.

Sömmering's attempt to trace more closely the proper seat of the soul gave rise to no little observation, reflection, and examination.

BRANDIS, in Brunswick, showed himself in the observation of nature a man of talent and stimulating character; like us, he tried the most difficult problems.

Since the time people in Germany began to complain of the abuse of reason, extraordinary cases of crazed brains every now and again came to view. Their exertions revolving in a dark, dismal element, but yet inspiring the hope that by their continued struggles they might at last attain to some degree of sense, we did not refuse such people our sympathy, till in the end they either themselves fell away in despair, or we in despair had to give them up.

A man of this stamp was Von Sonnenberg, calling himself the Cimbric; physically of fiery nature, not without a certain portion of imagination, which, however, exalted in purely empty regions. Klopstock's patriotism and Messianism had quite taken possession of the man, filling his head with forms and ideas which drove him into wild enthusiastic extravagances. His grand task was a poem on the Judgment Day, in whose apocalyptic inflated visions, it will readily be conceived, I could find little

good taste. I tried to draw him away from all this nonsense, but in vain: no power could induce him to quit his eccentric courses. In this way he went on for a long time in Jena, to the distress of good, sensible associates and well-wishing patrons, till at last, growing ever crazier, he flung himself out of the window and put an end to his ill-starred life.

An event in the civil courts next arrested attention. A young man had inconsiderately reposed trust in a man unworthy of his confidence. The case being tried in the public courts, able men conducted the trial to an issue favourable to the latter. Friends of the former, otherwise sensible people and members of our circle, felt aggrieved at this decision, seeing injustice and harshness where we saw only the inevitable course of law. The most touching protests on the part of these friends did not, of course, in any way affect the verdict, but the difference of views on the case between us and those friends greatly disturbed the harmony of our circle, almost provoking a rupture.

1796.

The Weimar theatre had now such a company of actors, and was so well established, as this year to need no new players. To its greatest profit, *Hilari* played much fourteen times in March and April. Besides the advantage of his instructive, all-captivating, invaluable example, these representations became the basis of a *basin* in territory, and a spur towards higher acquisitions. With this view Schiller, who always held fast by the extant, prepared 'Egmont,' which was given at the close of the *Hilari* representations, in much the same form as it is now represented on the German stage.

Altogether, in relation to the German theatre, you find one of the most remarkable events in that inception. Schiller, who already in his 'Charles' observed a certain moderation, and by recasting this piece for the theatre, calculated him to a more restricted form, concerned the subject of 'Wallenstein' only, and of the boundless material in the history of the 'Thirty Years'

War as to feel himself fairly master of the mass. By reason, however, of this very vastness, the stricter treatment became painful, as I myself could witness. Schiller being disposed to talk over and consider backwards and forwards with others all his poetical plans and projects. With the constant agitation of matters in which we were interested, with the earnest desire in me to see the theatre attain a robust vitality, I was incited to take 'Faust' in hand again; but do what I could I estranged him from the theatre rather than approximated him to it.

The 'Horen,' meanwhile, continued in its course, my share in it the same; but Schiller's limitless activity seized the idea of a 'Muses' Almanac,' a poetical magazine, to take the place of companion to the earlier-born periodical, mostly of a prose character. Here, too, the confidence cherished in him by his countrymen was in his favour. The good, aspiring heads ranged themselves on his side. He was, moreover, capitally fitted for an editor of this kind. At one glance he comprehended the intrinsic value of a poem; and if the writer was too diffuse and knew not where to end, Schiller with a stroke of his pen would cancel you out all that was superfluous. I once saw him reduce a poem to a third of its original verses, making it not only available but valuable.

I myself owed much to his encouragement, as the 'Horen' and 'Almanac' fully testify. 'Alexis and Dora,' the 'Bride of Corinth,' 'God and Bayadere,' were here either executed or planned. The 'Xenien,' which from innocent, nay, indifferent beginnings, gradually intensified into the utmost sharpness and astringency, kept us going many months, and this very year, when the 'Almanac' appeared, created in the German literature the greatest commotion and upheaval. They were damned by the public as the grossest abuse of freedom of the press. Their effect, however, remains incalculable.

A very dear and precious, but also heavy burden I dropped from my shoulders towards the end of August. The fair copy of the last book of 'Wilhelm Meister' was at last sent to press. For six years it had been my earnest task to mature this early conception, dispose it aright, and gradually hand it over to the printer. It remains, there-

fore, be it viewed either as a whole or in detail, one of the most incalculable productions. I myself almost want the standard for its valuation.

Scarcely, however, had I gained my freedom by the successive publication of this work, when I imposed a new burden on me; a burden, however, lighter to bear, or rather no burden at all, giving me, as it did, the means of expressing certain ideas, feelings and conceptions of the time. ‘Hermann and Dorothea,’ in its plan and development, kept pace, step for step, with the events of the day. Its execution was begun and ended in September, ready for the hands of friends. With a sense of ease and inward comfort this poem was written, and it communicated a like feeling. The subject and execution had so penetrated me, that I could never read the poem without being greatly affected, an influence it still exerts after so many years.

Friend Meyer kept diligently writing valuable papers from Italy. My preparations for following him impelled me to manifold studies, the records of which are still very useful to me. While I was working my way into the art-history of Florence, ‘Cellini’ proved very important, and I formed the resolution, in order to make myself thoroughly at home in that business, to translate his ‘Autobiography,’ especially as it appeared to Schiller available for the ‘Horen.’

Nor were the natural sciences neglected. Throughout the summer I found the finest opportunity of rearing plants under coloured glasses, and in total darkness, as also to prosecute the metamorphosis of insects into its details.

Galvanism and chemistry also pressed on my attention. Chromatics was, amid everything else, diligently studied, and to afford me the great advantage of exact presentation, I found a noble company disposed to hear some lectures on the subjects.

As to things abroad, the Saxon Electorate persists in its attachment to the Emperor and Empire, and will in this summer send its contingent to march. Our men also don their armour; the expenses of this step create much anxiety.

In regard to the great world, the surviving daughter of Louis XVI., Princess Maria Theresa Charlotte, hitherto

in the hands of the Republicans, is exchanged for captive French generals, while the Pope pays dear for an armistice.

The Austrians retire across the Lahn, and on the approach of the French keep possession of Frankfurt. The town is bombarded, the Judengasse in part burnt, otherwise little is injured, whereupon follows the surrender. My good mother, in her fine new quarters at the chief guard-house, looking up the row, sees before her eyes the threatened and injured parts of the town. Stowing away her goods into the fire-proof cellar, she escapes over the open bridge of the Main to Offenbach. Her letter deserves being appended.

The Elector of Mainz goes to Heiligenstadt; the landgrave's residence continues for some time unharmed. The people of Frankfurt flee, my mother remains. We live in a kind of superstitious timidity. In the Rhine and Moselle districts constant disturbances and flight. France, Condenhoven carries in Eisenach, and so what with fugitives, letters, messengers, couriers, the alarm of war is once and again as far as to our midst; yet the alarm gradually gathers confirmation, that for the moment we have nothing to fear, and we think ourselves safe.

The King of Prussia, on some occasion, writes from Pymont to the Duke, preparing, with diplomatic tact, the accession to neutrality, and facilitating the step. Then apprehension, confusion knows no pause. At last the Elector of Saxony proclaims neutrality, at first provisionally, then decidedly. The negotiations, therefore, with Prussia become known to us as well.

Yet we hardly seem quieted by such a step of security when the Austrians again gain the ascendancy. Moreau retires, and all royally-minded persons regret the precipitation with which people had let themselves be hurried away: reports increase to the prejudice of the Emperor. Moreau, in his turn, is pursued and watched; it is even reported, shut in. Jourdan, too, retires, and people are in desperation at having saved themselves all too prematurely.

A company of men of high culture meeting at my house every Friday took firmer and firmer footing. I read a

book of Voss's 'Iliad,' acquiring for myself applause, for the poem high interest, for the translator laudatory recognition. Each man, but communicated, according to his own good pleasure, his employments, works, amateur pursuits, all which was received with frank interest. Dr. Buchholz continued ably and happily to supply us with the latest physico-chemical achievements. No topic was excluded, and the feeling of the company, a feeling which communicated itself even to strangers, of itself precluded everything at all calculated to bore members. Academic instructors attached themselves to us, and of what great benefit this society grew to be, even for the University, is sufficiently indicated by the fact alone that the Duke, on hearing, at one of our sittings, a paper read by Dr. Christian Wilhelm Hüllmann, at once gave him a professorship in Jena, where by his manifold activity he gained for himself an ever-increasing circle of influence. The society was so managed that no absence caused no break in its meetings. Privy Councilor Voigt undertaking their conduct in secret, and for many years we had occasion to discuss our common regulated labours.

We include our pleasure of seeing our excellent Batsch this year in happy activity. The noble, disinterested man, working spare time, was, indeed, no more than a vigorous plant, large extent of soil and copious watering; he could draw the richest nourishment from the atmosphere.

Of this beautiful, still old man, his writings and reports yet give testimony, and how, contented with his small glass house, and enjoying the regard and confidence of contemporary naturalists, he saw the respect for his society increase, and the circle of its influence extend; how he commanded his purposes to his friends, and with modest confidence spoke of his hopes.

1757.

At the close of last year I accompanied my most gracious master on a tour by the Leipzig, attending a grand ball room, where Herr Polke entertained, and where else had gathered numbers of persons, and by the 'Xenion,' cycled us

askance as if we were the Evil Principle. In Dessau we enjoyed the remembrance of former times: the family of VON LOHN showed us the open confidence of friends, and we could together call to mind the earliest Frankfurt days and hours.

In the first months of this year the theatre received a new ornament in the accession to it of CAROLINE JAGHMANN. 'Oberon' was given, soon after 'Telemaque,' and many parts could be filled up with better's lecture. Outwardly, in the immediate future, the stage continued in its usual course, but inwardly much of importance was in preparation. Schiller, who now had a theatre at hand and under his immediate observation, was bending his mind earnestly to the task of better adapting his plays for the stage, and the vast scope over which 'Wallenstein' extended in his mind proving unmanageable in one piece, he determined on breaking it up into several parts. This, in the absence of the company, richly supplied us for the whole summer with matter for instruction and conversation. The 'Prologue' was already written, and 'Wallenstein's Lager' in visible growth.

I, for my part, too, was in the full swing of activity. 'Hermann and Dorothea' appeared in pocket-book form, and a new epic romantic poem, hardly less the reafter, was conceived. The plan was thought out in all its parts, and in an unhappy moment I imparted the argument to my friends. They, however, dissuaded me from the project, and even yet it vexes me to think that myself be led away by them. The poet alone knows the value of any particular subject, and what charm and grace he can elicit from it. I wrote the 'New Phœnix' and 'Die Metamorphosis of Plants' in dedication to our Schiller, with this 'Divine' came into competition with me. In point of fact, we rested neither day nor night. Not that our souls were weary did Schiller give himself to sleep. All the passions were in tumult; the 'Neben' had thrown all Germany into agitation, everyone was moved to anger to indignation and to laughter. The wounded tried all the powers of annoyance on us, and all we opposed to them was the undesisting continuation of our efforts.

The University of Jena was now at its full bloom. Tho

* A German version of *Telemaque*.

co-operation there of talented men and favourable circumstances would deserve the most faithful and brilliant description. Fichte, in the 'Philosophical Journal,' gave a new view of the doctrine of science. WOLTMANN had become a subject of interest, justifying the fairest hopes. The Brothers Humboldt were settled there, and everything connected with nature was philosophically and scientifically discussed. My 'Osteological Type' of 1795 gave rise to a more rational study and use of the public collection, as also of my own. I drew up a plan of the 'Metamorphosis of Insects,' a subject which for several years had been my constant attention. KRAUSE's drawings of the Harz rocks impelled to geological studies. Galvanic experiments were made by Humboldt. SCHERER excited the best hopes in the department of chemistry. I commenced arranging the colour-tables. For Schiller I continued my translation of 'Cellini,' and resuming my Biblical studies, with a view to finding subjects for poetical treatment, I let myself be seduced into a critical examination of the Journey of the Children of Israel through the Wilderness. The Essay, with affixed map, was intended to recast into an enterprise, if not sensible, yet comprehensible, that wonderful forty years' wandering.

An irresistible passion for country and garden life had at that time taken possession of people. Schiller purchased a garden at Jena, and removed thither; Wieland had settled in Ossmannstadt. Three miles from there, on the right bank of the Ilm, a small property in Oberrossla was for sale; I had some thoughts of buying it.

A visit from Lese and Hirt gladdened us. The strange traveller, Lord Bristol, prompted me to an adventurous experience. I make preparations for a journey to Switzerland to meet my friend Heinrich Meyer returning from Italy. The building of Weimar Castle forces us to look about for an able architect and expert workmen. The drawing school also receives fresh impulse.

Before my departure, out of decided aversion from the profligation of the correspondence of friends, I burn all the letters sent to me since 1772. Schiller again visits me in Weimar, and I set out on the 30th of July. An expert secretary accompanying me, everything striking and im-

portant occurring during the journey was carefully preserved. By due editing, a quite interesting little volume having been compiled from this, only the most general summary of the journey need here be given.

On the way a minute survey of the districts engaged me, my attention being directed to geognosy and culture based thereon. In Frankfort, Sömmering contributes to my instruction by his conversation, experiments, and drawings. I make the acquaintance of many persons public and private; I pay attention to the theatre, and carry on a lively correspondence with Schiller and other friends. The antithesis of the Austrian garrison and captive Frenchmen: the former, imperturbable seriousness; the latter, gay buffoonery. French satyric copperplates.

25th.—Leave Frankfort. Going by way of Heidelberg, Heilbronn, Ludwigsburg, I arrive on the 29th at Stuttgart. Merchant Rapp, Dannecker, Scheffauer are visited. Acquaintanceship with Professor Thouriet, with skilled workers in ornaments, stucco-work, quadrants, dating back to the tumultuous time of Duke Karl. Negotiations with them with a view to engaging them for the building of Weimar Castle.

The 'Bachelor and the Mühlbach' (millstream) dates from the beginning of September, and is at once composed by Zumbsteeg; then the 'Young Men and the Gipsy.' 9th of September in Tübingen, the guest of Cotta; conversed with the most distinguished men there. Natural museum of Professor Storr inspected; formerly belonging to Pasquay in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and removed with the utmost care to Tübingen. Leave there on 16th of September. Schaffhausen, Rheinfall, Zürich. 21st in Stafa. Meeting with Meyer. 28th, travel with him by way of Maria Einsiedeln as far as the Gotthard. 8th of October we returned. For the third time I visited the little cantons, and the epic form being just in the ascendant with me, I meditated a 'Tell' in the immediate presence of the classic locality. I needed such a diversion and distraction for my thoughts, the saddest news having reached me in the midst of the mountains. Christiana Neumann, by marriage Becker, had departed from among us. I devoted to her memory the elegy, 'Euphrosyne.' Remembrance, full of love and honour is all we can give to the dead.

On the Gotthard I had acquired beautiful minerals: the highest acquisition, however, was conversation with my friend Meyer. Italy, in all its fullness of life, he brought back to me—a land which, alas! war junctures now closed against us. As consolation, we prepared ourselves for the ‘Propylæen.’ The doctrine of the subjects, and what art assigns as proper for representation, principally engaged our attention. The minute and technical description of art-subjects of ancient and modern times we reserved as a treasure for the future. A description of Stafa having been attempted by me, the journals revised and copied out fair, we left there on the 21st of October. 26th of October, leaving Zürich, we arrived on the 6th of November at Nürnberg. In the friendly circle of the district officials we lived some happy days. Leave there on the 15th of November.

In Weimar the arrival of several emigrants of importance widened our circle, and added to our entertainment there.

To supply omissions, Oberappellationsrath (member of Supreme Court of Appeal) Körner, and his dear and respectful family, delighted us the summer of this year with their presence. There still remain important events this year unmentioned.

MULLIN’S antiquarian activity began to unfold itself. The greatest influence, however, was exercised by Wolf’s ‘Prolegomena.’

In the theatre I felt acutely the great gap: Christiana Neumann was not there, and yet there was the place where she had inspired me with so much interest. Still it was who had accustomed me to the boards, and so now I directed to the whole the attention I had formerly bestowed exclusively on her.

Her place was filled up with at least a pleasing actress. Caroline Jagemann, too, meanwhile trained herself ever more perfectly, and in the drama also acquired unqualified applause. The theatre had such a good company, that all current pieces could be played with satisfaction and without rivalry.

What, however, related to our great and singular advantage, was that the most eminent works of Hübner and Körner had been already appropriated by our theatre,

and on the new paths they had struck out for themselves, paths hitherto untraced in Germany, had obtained great applause. Both authors were still in their bloom: the former as actor stood in the epoch of highest art-culture.

It was also of the greatest advantage to us that we had to play only before a small public, just sufficiently cultivated, a public whose taste we could satisfy, while at the same time maintaining our independence; nay, we dared attempt a great deal with a view to our own higher culture and that of the spectators.

Here it was that Schiller proved eminently helpful to us. He was now enabled to have done with the *Raw, Extravagant, Gigantic*: his culture already reached the measure of the truly great and its natural expression. We passed no day in the same quarter without and, no week in the neighbourhood of each other without epistolary, intercommunication.

1798.

So we laboured indolently in anticipation of a visit from Wilhelm, who in April, by eight of his representations, was to breathe his own fresh life. Great was the influence of his presence: for each actor it was to measure himself in rivalry with him. The immediate effect was that our company proceeded to Lauchstädt, on this occasion also, in a very respectable state of readiness.

They had scarcely left when the old wish revived to have a better building for the Weimarer Theatre. Actors and public alike thought themselves entitled to a more becoming structure. The necessity of such a change was indeed recognised, though very soon it needed but a spirited impulse to determine and speed the execution of the project. And here a Thourer was called from Stuttgart for the further prosecution of the building of the Castle as a lateral concern he drew upon happy plan for a new construction of the existing theatre, a plan at once received with applause showing his skill in the greatest skill in recommending itself to the exact public. And so, on this occasion also, was verified the old remark, that the presence of an architect excites architectural inclinations. The work

was prosecuted diligently and speedily, so that by the 12th of October, Court and public could be invited to the opening of the new house. A 'Prologue' by Schiller, and 'Wallenstein's Lager' gave substance and dignity to this solemnity.

The whole summer there had been no want of preparatory labours in anticipation of this event. The great Wallenstein Cycle, at first only announced, kept us busy all through that period, though not exclusively.

My own poetical and literary activity was so extensive, that the 'Prophecies of Bakis' engaged me only a little time. 'Achilleis' I had thoroughly conceived, and one evening communicated the plan in full to Schiller. He reproached me for not embodying so ripe a conception in words and verse. Thus spurred and exhorted to diligence, I wrote the first book; drawing up also the plan, aided by an extract from the Iliad.

From such labours, however, I was drawn away by my bias towards plastic art, a bias which Meyer's return from Italy called into prominence. We were principally employed in the further execution of the first piece of the 'Propylæen,' which was in part projected, in part written. I continued 'Cellini's Life' as a basis for the history of the sixteenth century. 'Diderot on Colours' was accompanied with notes more of a humorous than artistic character; and, while Meyer was studiously engaged with the subjects in the main point of all plastic art, I wrote the 'Collector,' introducing into the free, cheerful world much matter for reflection and consideration.

Natural science, too, engaged much of my thought, observation and activity. Schelling's 'On the World-soul' exercised our highest faculties. In the everlasting metamorphosis of the External World we now saw the World-soul anew embodied. Every living thing around us connected with natural history I studied with great attention. Remarkable foreign animals, in particular a young elephant, contributed to our instruction.

I must not omit here an essay I wrote on 'Pathologic Ivory.' For several years I had collected pieces of shot and re-loaded elephant's tusks—a phenomenon extremely hateful to ivory-makers when they saw, often unexpectedly,

grates against such a structure—accumulating more than twenty specimens which demonstrated to admiration how an iron ball penetrating the tooth has power, no doubt, to disturb, but not to destroy its organic life, which here, in a peculiar way, defends and recovers itself. It was a pleasure to me, as an expression of thanks, to incorporate this collection, described and explained, into the cabinet of my friend Loder, to whom I owed so much instruction.

In what order and division the history of the theory of colours was to be set forth, was thought out in its different epochs, the various writers being studied, and the doctrine itself carefully pondered and made the subject of conversation with Schiller. He it was who solved the question which long detained me: what the proper grounds are of that strange phenomenon of the confusion of colours in the case of certain people—a phenomenon which led to the conjecture that those persons see some colours, but fail to see others. The conclusion Schiller at last came to was that such people lacked the *knowledge* of blue. A young man at the head of a guild, and at that time studying in Jena, was in this predicament, and obligingly offered himself for repeated experiments, which at last established the above conclusion.

Further, to represent visually the mental states, we drew up, in common, various symbolic charts. For example, we constructed a Temperament-card, in the style of a compass-card, and planned a tabular representation of the advantages and disadvantages to each art of Dilettanteism.

A great deal of furtherance in the natural sciences we owed to a visit of Herr von Marum.

Not, however, to lose ground on the side of immediate, common nature, I followed the then prevailing fancy for the country. The possession of the freehold in Rossla necessarily brought me into closer intimacy with the land and soil, country ways, and village relations; imparting to me very many views and sympathies that would otherwise have remained foreign to me. Thus arose, too, for me a neighbourly relation with Wieland, who no doubt had gone farther in this direction, he having completely abandoned Weimar and taken up his residence in

Ossmannstätt. He did not consider, what should have first occurred to him, that for the intercourse of life he had grown completely indispensable to our Duchess Anna, and she to him. This separation caused a most wonderful despatch hither and thither of messengers on horseback and on foot, and a certain unrest hardly to be assuaged.

An odd visit this summer was paid us in the person of Frau von Laroche, with whom Wieland had never properly agreed, but to whom he was now in direct opposition. No doubt, a good-natured sentimentality, which thirty years before, in a time of mutual forbearance, had perhaps been tolerable, was now quite out of fashion and insufferable to a man like Wieland. Her granddaughter, Sophia Brentano, accompanied her, and played a part quite the reverse of that of the grandmother, but equally whimsical.

1799.

The 36th of January, representation of the 'Piccolomini'; 29th of April, of 'Wallenstein.' Meanwhile, Schiller was in constant activity. 'Mary Stuart' and the 'Hostile Brothers' became the subject of conversation. We consider the idea of printing a collection of German dramatic pieces which had maintained their hold on the public, keeping some in their entirety, but altering and abridging others so as to bring them more into conformity with the modern time and taste. The same with foreign pieces, but doing as little violence to their original form as possible. The object aimed at by such work is plain, that of laying the foundation of a substantial repertory for the German theatre, and our zeal to accomplish this testifies to our conviction of the necessity and importance of such an undertaking.

We had by this time become accustomed to work in concert, and our mode of co-operation is fully explained in the essay 'On the German Theatre.' To this year belong the editing of 'Macbeth' and the translation of 'Mahomet.'

The memoirs of Stephanie de Bourbon Conti began in

me the conception of the 'Natural Daughter.' Into the plan of this work, as into a vessel, I desired, with an earnestness worthy of the theme, to deposit many a year's writings and thoughts on the French Revolution and its consequences. In co-operation with Schiller I drew up designs of smaller pieces, some of which, in Schiller's handwriting, still remain.

The 'Propylæen' was continued. In September we held the first exhibition of prize pictures. The subject was 'Paris and Helena.' Hartmann in Stuttgart gained the prize.

If in this way the Weimar lovers of art acquired some measure of confidence from the outside world, Schiller was also thereby incited, in company with me, to the unintermittent observation of nature, art, and manners. Here we became ever more sensible of the necessity of tabular and symbolic treatment. We re-drew together the Temperament-card above referred to. We also further elaborated the favourable and prejudicial influences of Dilettanteism on all the arts; the papers on which, in both our handwritings, are still extant. In general, such methodic charts, prompted by Schiller's philosophic, systematic mind, and to which, in a symbolic fashion, I adapted myself, formed the most agreeable employment. From time to time we took them up anew, testing them, transposing them. In this way was the plan of the 'Theory of Colours' repeatedly laboured.

Thus in those branches of science and art which we had marked out as our domain we saw no termini before us. Schelling courteously communicated to us the introduction to his 'Plan of Natural Philosophy,' and talked over with pleasure many physical topics. I composed a general scheme of Nature and Art.

In August and September I lived in my garden on the Stern, to observe, with the help of a good telescope, a whole lunation, making at last, in this way, a nearer acquaintance with a neighbour of mine so long beloved and admired. All this, however, kept in abeyance a large poem of nature which flitted before my mind.

During my garden-residence, in order to familiarise myself with the most multifarious situations and modes of

thought and poetic art, I read Herder's 'Fragments,' Winckelmann's 'Letters and Early Writings,' as also Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Returned to the town I studied, with the above-mentioned theatrical purposes, the older English pieces, particularly those of Ben Jonson, besides others ascribed to Shakspeare. On good advice, I interested myself in the 'Sisters of Lesbos,' the authoress of which had formerly attracted me as a very beautiful child, and then as a person of high talent. Tieck read to me his 'Genoveva,' the truly poetic treatment of which gave me great pleasure, and gained the heartiest applause. The presence of WILHELM AUGUST SCHLEGEL was also profitable to me. No moment was passed in idleness, and for many years in the future we looked forward to an intellectual social activity.

1800.

This year I spent half in Weimar, half in Jena. 36th of January, 'Mahomet' was represented, greatly to the advantage of our players. They were thereby forced out of the natural domain they were accustomed to into a more restricted field, the artificial arrangements of which, however, could easily be transformed into natural. It prepared us in every sense for the more difficult and richer pieces shortly to follow. Of operas I will mention only 'Tannu.'

Subsequently, on the 24th of October, as on the Duchess Amelia's birthday, 'Palæophron and Neoterpe' was given in a more select circle. The representation of the little piece by young lovers of art deserves being called exemplary. Five figures played in masques. The Lady alone was allowed to delight us by the peculiar grace of her own personal features. This representation prepared the way for masque-comedies, which for years to come furnished us with quite a new entertainment.

The composition of different pieces, in common with Schiller, was continued. The 'Mother's Secret,' by Horace Walpole, was studied and taken in hand, but on closer inspection dropped. The more modern small poems were handed over to Unger; the 'Good Women,' a social pleasantry, written. At the end of the year, 'Tannu' was to

be translated for the next 30th of January, a day always celebrated. This was done accordingly, notwithstanding an unhealthy feeling of discomfort announcing itself.

In preparing in August this year the second exhibition, we found ourselves favoured by contributions from many sides. The subjects, the 'Death of Rhesus' and 'Hector's Parting from Andromache,' had attracted many able artists. The first prize was obtained by HORMANN at Cologne, the second by NAUL at Cassel. The third and last volume of the 'Propyläen' was, after increased efforts, published. The way in which envious people opposed this undertaking deserves on fitting occasion to be more fully described, as a consolation to our grandchildren, who, too, will meet with no better treatment.

Natural philosophy pursued its quiet course. A six-foot Herschel telescope was procured for our scientific institutions. I now observed by myself several changes of the moon, and made myself acquainted with the most important light boundaries, thereby obtaining a good idea of the relief of the moon's surface. For the first time, too, the principal division of the 'Theory of Colours' into the three great parts, didactic, polemic, and historic, had become quite clear and determinate in my mind.

In Botany, for the sake of a sensible view of Jussieu's system, I arranged in that order the whole of the prints of several botanical octavos, thereby obtaining an insight into the individual form and a survey of the whole such as was not otherwise to be had.

1801.

At the beginning of the year I was overtaken with a severe illness, the cause of which was the following. Since the representation of 'Mahomet,' I had begun and prosecuted a translation of Voltaire's 'Tancred.' Towards the end of the year, however, it being necessary to set more earnestly to work, I repaired in the middle of December to Jena, where, in the large rooms of the ducal castle, I was at once able to conjure up the spirit of old-fashioned times. The conditions of the place, too, were favourable to my work; but the assiduity with which I laboured made me on

this, as on many earlier occasions, oblivious of the evil influence of the locality. The building lies in the lowest level of the town, close on the Mill Dam; the stairs and staircase are of gypsum, a very old and dampest one, which, when a thaw sets in, is apt to contract moisture. Altogether the residence, especially in winter, is of a very doubtful character. But who, busy with any undertaking, thinks of the place where he is working? In short, a violent catarrh laid hold on me, without, however, hindering me from my task.

At that time the Brown dogma commenced the illigiance of doctors young and old. A young friend, a convert of this doctrine, knew by experience that, in the worst cases of chest-affection, Peruvian balsam mixed with opium and myrrh produces an instant arrest of the trouble, and a counteraction to its dangerous course. He advised me to this recipe, and instantly cough, spitting, everything was gone. In happy spirits I returned, in the company of Professor Schelling, to Weimar, when, immediately, at the beginning of the year, the catarrh returned with increased violence, and I fell into a state which deprived me of my senses. My friends were in alarm, the doctors in perplexity. The Duke, my most gracious master, appearing no longer at once interfered, and sent a courier to demand Hufnath Stark. Some days passed before I returned to complete consciousness, and when, by the help of nature and the doctors, I again became sensible, I found my right eye swollen, my sight impaired, and myself in a critical plight. The Prince did not give over his careful attentions, the experienced doctor, a sure hand in practice, did his best, and so with sleep and perspiration I gradually came round again.

Inwardly, meanwhile, I had got into such form, that on the 19th of January the crisis of the situation demanded some moderate activity, and I turned to the translation of Theophrast's little book 'On Colours,' which had long been in my head. My nearest friends, Schiller, Herder, Voigt, Einsiedel and Loder were ready to help me over further bad hours. On the 22nd a concert was arranged by me, and on the 24th, when his Highness the Duke set out for Berlin, I was able in little spirits to thank him for

the unceasing care about me he had shown to the end: for on that day my eye again opened, inspiring the hope of a free and full prospect once more of the world. Next, with a recovering sight, I could with reverence greet the presence of the most Serene Duchess Amalia and her friendly intellectual circle.

On the 29th I went through the part of Aménide with Mademoiselle Caspers, a rising actress. Friend Schiller conducted the rehearsals, and on the evening of the 30th, after the representation, he reported to me the success of the affair. I went, further, through the same part with Mademoiselle Jagemann, whose *naturel* and merit as an actress and singer at that time deserved an immediate description at the hands of an enthusiastic admirer. Available and agreeable in many parts was EULERS as actor and singer, and, especially in the latter capacity, extremely welcome at a social party. In his quite incomparable rendering of ballads and other such songs in accompaniment to the guitar, he produced the words of the text with the most exact precision. He was indefatigable in the study of proper expression, which consists in the singer's bringing out to one melody the most various meanings of the single verses, and so filling the place at once of the lyric and epic poet. Perfectly appreciating this property, he was well pleased on my encouraging him at several evenings, nay, till late into the night, to repeat the same song with all its different shades in the most careful manner. By successful practice he convinced himself how despicable is all so-called "Durchcomposition" of songs, by which the general lyric character is quite effaced, and a false sympathy in details furthered and excited.

By the 7th of February my productive impatience was astir; I took up 'Faust' again, and executed piecemeal what had long been sketched and designed in my mind.

When at the end of last year I was working in Jena at 'Tancred,' my accomplished friends there loudly reproached me that I was taking myself up assiduously with French pieces, which Germany in its present temper could not regard with favour, and was producing nothing of my own, though I had given to the world so much in that way. I, therefore, called up before my mind the 'Natural Daughter,

the complete plan of which had for years been lying among my papers. As opportunity offered I thought out the subject further, but from a superstition, based on experience, that an undertaking to be successful must not be spoken of, I concealed this work even from Schiller, to whom, therefore, I appeared unsympathetic, trustless, and actionless. At the end of December, as I find remarked, the first act of the 'Natural Daughter' was completed.

There was no want, however, of deviations, especially in the way of natural science, philosophy, and literature. RITTER visited me often, and though I could not at once get into his way of treating subjects, I yet readily apprehended what he set forth in the way of experiences, and what in accordance with his aspirations he was impelled to cultivate himself to as a whole. Towards Schelling and Schlegel my relation continued active and communicative. Tieck stayed a considerable time in Weimar; his presence was always gracefully furthersome. With PAULUS my alliance likewise continued ever the same; all these relationships being maintained in their vitality through the proximity to each other of Weimar and Jena, and still further strengthened by my residence in the latter place.

Natural history did not concern me much. A crooked elephant's tusk was found after a heavy rain-fall in the Gelmeröder defile. It lay higher than all the remains hitherto found of these earlier animals which had been unearthed in the tufa quarries, and found embedded in the stone, a few feet above the Ilm. This specimen, on the other hand, was discovered immediately on the chalk stratum, under the flooded earth, among boulders, about 200 feet above the Ilm. It was found at a time when, estranged from such subjects, I took little interest in them. The finders took the material for meerschäum, and sent the pieces to Eisenach; only a few fragments reached me, which I left to themselves. Councillor of Mines Werner, however, on a second instructive visit, at once settled the matter, and we were delighted by the solution of a master in his department.

The relations into which my possession of the Rossla freehold brought me demanded much attention for some time, and the days which thus seemed plundered from me

were yet turned to useful account in many ways. The first tenant was to be sued at law, a new tenant to be installed, and the experience gradually acquired in such foreign affairs could not go for nought.

By the end of March there was already sufficient feeling of recreation in a country residence. Business was given over to agriculturists and lawyers, and in the meantime it was a pleasure to expatiate in the open air. *Ergo bibamus*, too, being a fit conclusion to all premises, many a customary and extemporised feast was celebrated. There was no want of visitors, and the costs of a well-furnished table increased the deficit the old tenant had left behind him.

The new one was passionately fond of tree-nurseries, and a pleasant slip of valley of the most fruitful soil gave scope for the gratification of his tastes in this direction. The bushy side of the declivity, graced with a bubbling spring, called forth, on the other hand, my old park-fancies for winding-paths and social spaces. In short, all that was wanting was the element of profit to make this little possession highly desirable. The neighbourhood, too, of an important little town and smaller communities, made social by sensible functionaries and able farmers, gave a particular charm to the residence. The roadway towards Eckartsberg, now determined on, and marked off immediately behind the house-garden, already suggested thoughts and plans of a pleasure-house, with the enlivening sight of animate market vehicles rumbling past. Thus, on the soil one should have looked to for profit, there were only comfortable preparations made for increased expenses and ruinous distractions.

One pious, life-important solemnity, however, occurred these days in the interior of the house. The confirmation of my son, solemnised by Herder in his noble way, did not pass without an affecting remembrance of past relationships, nor without hope of future friendly connections.

Amid these and other events a good deal of time had passed away. Physicians, as well as friends, solicited me to go to a watering-place, and, in conformity with the convalescent system then prevailing, I decided on Pymont, all the more that I had now long yearned after a stay in Gottingen.

The 5th of June I departed for Weimar, and the very first stages of the road yielded me the highest refreshment. I could again look abroad sympathetically on the world, and though unmixed by any æsthetic feeling, the journey inspired an inward sense of comfort. I liked to view the succession of landscapes, to mark the changes in the nature of the country, to think of the character of the towns, their remote origin, restoration, police, habits and perversities. The human form, and its highly remarkable varieties, also attracted my attention. I again belonged to the world.

Arrived at Göttingen, and entering the "Crown," I observed, while twilight was thickening over the place, some commotion in the street. Students were coming and going, disappeared in side lanes, and reappeared in lively groups. At last, all at once, there resounded a hearty cheering, but in a moment all again was still. I heard that such testimonies of applause were formally repudiated, and it gave me all the greater pleasure that they had vented spontaneously to greet me in passing. Immediately thereafter I received a note, signed Schumacher from Holstein, intimating in a becomingly confiding way a purpose on the part of a company of young men had cherished to visit me in Weimar at Michaelmas, and expressing the hope to have their wishes gratified on the spot. I spoke to them with interest and pleasure. Such a friendly reception would have been grateful to a sound man, and was doubly so to a weak one.

Herrn BLUMENBACH received me in his usual way. Always surrounded by the most recent and remarkable things, his presence is at any time instructive. In his house I saw the first aerolite, a product of nature we had only a short time previously come to a sensible belief in. A young Kestner and Von Arnim, formerly known, and of kindred tastes, called on me and accompanied me to the riding-school, where I saluted the celebrated riding-master Von Arnim, and his pupils. There is always something interesting in a well-equipped riding-school. The horse holds a high rank among animals, yet his considerable faculties of intelligence is in a wonderful way restricted by his outward expression. A creature of such respectable, though good qualities—capable of utterance only by walking,

running, and racing, is a strange subject for contemplation. One almost comes to the conviction that he was created only to be an organ of man, in order through association with higher sense and aims to accomplish almost impossible feats of strength and grace.

The reason why a riding-school has such a beneficial influence on the intelligent man is that here, perhaps alone in the world, is seen with the eye and comprehended with the mind, the judicious restriction of action, the expulsion of all arbitrariness, nay, of accident itself. Man and animal here so mingle into one, that it cannot be said which properly educates the other. Such considerations attained their climax when the two pairs of so-called white-born horses appeared, which Prince Sanguszko purchased in Hanover for a large sum.

Passing to the stillest and least obvious form of activity, I now had a survey of the library, in which one feels as in the presence of a great capital noiselessly yielding incalculable interest.

Hofrath Heine showed me Tischbein's heads of the Homeric heroes, executed on a large scale. I recognised the hand of my old friend, and rejoiced in his continued efforts, through study of the ancients, to attain an insight into the method by which the plastic artist is to compete with the poet. How much progress has been made since, twenty years ago, the excellent Lessing, with a presentiment of the truth, found it necessary to warn people against the errors of Count Caylus, and in opposition to Klotz and Riegel, defend his conviction that mythologico-epic subjects are to be treated not *according to* Homer, but *as* Homer himself did, in a sensuous-artistic way!

New and renewed acquaintanceships were gratefully formed. Under conduct of Blumenbach I again viewed the *mus. univ.* and in the geological department found hitherto unknown extra-European specimens. And as my place attracts a stranger hither and thither, calling into exercise every moment the capacity in man of rapidly changing his interest with the subject, I justly prized Professor OSLANDER's pains to show me the important institution of the new and strangely built Lying-in House, as also its mode of operation.

The enticements with which Blumenbach attracts youth and instructs them in an entertaining way captivated, too, my son of eleven years old. The boy hearing that Hainberg was as if composed of many-shaped petrifications, urged me to pay a visit to this height, where the usual forms lay exposed to view, while the rarer yielded themselves only to a longer and diligent search.

And so on the 12th of June I left this uniquely important place, in the grateful hope of again spending a longer period there by way of completing my recovery.

The way to Pymont offered me new subjects for contemplation. The valley of the Leine, with its mild character, appeared friendly and cosy. The town of Einbeck, with its high-aspiring roofs, slated with sandstone, made a curious impression. Passing through it and its immediate neighbourhood, I thought I could perceive that twenty or thirty years previously it must have had an excellent mayor. This conclusion I drew from the fact of there being important plantations there of about that age.

In Pymont I took handsome lodgings in the house of the treasurer of the Spa, the house having a quiet situation at the end of the town. No better luck could have befallen me than that the GRIESBACHS had taken rooms in the same house, arriving shortly after me. Quiet neighbours, tried friends, people of culture and liberal dispositions, they furnished me with the most excellent entertainment. Pastor SCHÜTZ, from Bückeburg, most welcome to this family as a brother and brother-in-law, and to me as a likeness of his brothers and sisters, my old acquaintances, took likewise warm interest in all that was worthy and elevated. Hofrath RUMER, from Göttingen, in the company of Prince Languszek, who was labouring under an eye-ailment, ever displayed most amiable properties: drily cheerful, rallying and being rallied, now ironical and paradoxical, now grave and open.

With such persons from the very beginning I felt myself at home. I could think of no Spa-period I had passed in better company. Our acquaintanceship of years' standing beget a mutual tolerant confidence. Here, too, I made the acquaintance of Frau von WERNER, the former wife of Conrad von Bauer, Madame SCHOLZ and RALLER,

the relative of Madame Sandor in Berlin. Graceful and amiable friends, they added much to the pleasure of our circle.

Unfortunately, stormy rainy weather hindered frequent walks in the open air. I devoted myself at home to the translation of 'Theophrast,' and to further labour on the ever-enlarging 'Theory of Colours.'

The remarkable vapour-cavity in the neighbourhood of the place, where nitrogen-gas mixed with water is powerfully beneficial to the human body, but by itself an invisible deadly air, gave rise to a number of entertaining experiments. After a diligent examination of the place, and of the level of that stratum of air, I could more boldly institute striking and enlivening experiments. The soap-bubbles dancing merrily on the invisible element, the sudden extinction of a flickering wisp of straw, the instantaneous relighting, and such like appearances, gave stunning gratification to such persons as knew nothing at all of the phenomenon, and excited admiration in those who had not yet seen it produced on a large scale and in the open air. This secret agent being taken home by me in Pyrmont bottles, and the miracle repeated of the wax-taper becoming extinguished in each apparently empty glass, the company was completely satisfied as to the experiments, and the incredulous Spa-master so convinced in the matter, that he readily packed up for me some water-empty alongside of some water-filled bottles. These I took with me to Weimar, where it was shown that their contents had lost none of their efficacy.

We often walked to Lügde along the path leading thither between enclosed meadow spaces. In the hamlet which had been several times burnt down, our attention was arrested by a desperate inscription on a house:

"God grant this house His grace!
Twice I've run out apace;
For twice it has been burnt to the ground,
If a third time I'm running out found,
God bless my flight and what's to follow,
For ne'er again I'll raise its fellow."

The Franciscan cloister was visited and some milk there offered us tasted. A primitive church outside the place

gave us the first innocent conception of such a house of God in early times with nave and cross passages under one roof, with perfectly smooth, unadorned front-gable. It was ascribed to the times of Charlemagne; in any case it is to be accounted primitive, whether in respect to the actual time of its erection or as answering to the primitive wants of that district.

I and especially my son enjoyed a most agreeable surprise through an offer of Rector WERNER to guide us to the so-called crystal mountain behind Lügde, where, under clear sunshine, the fields are seen shimmering with thousands and thousands of small mountain crystals. These have their origin in the little holes of a marl stone, and are in every way remarkable, as a more recent product, in which a minimum of the silica contained in the limestone, probably escaping in the form of vapour, passes pure and clear as water into crystals.

We further visited a hardware factory behind the Königsberg established and carried on by Quakers, and were also induced to attend several times their religious services held close by Pymont. The rhetoric which there flowed forth after a long pause of expectation, and which was to be regarded as improvised, would hardly be taken by any person the first time, let alone after repeated hearings, for inspired. It is sad that a pure worship once pinned down to a particular place and losing its true relation to the present through the lapse of time can never quite escape a touch of hypocrisy.

The Queen of France, the Consort of Louis XVIII., under the name of the Countess Lille, appeared also at the Spa, in a small but reserved circle.

I have yet important men to name; Councillor of Consistory HESING and Hofrath MARCARR, the latter a friend and follower of Zimmermann.

The continuance of bad weather drove society frequently to the theatre. I paid more attention to the actors than the pieces. Among my papers I find a list of actors' names and the parts they played; but the place reserved for the criticism is not filled up. Hiland and Kotzebue, here, too, did their best, and Enlalia, if one understood little of the parts she played, produced by her

soft sentimental-toned delivery the greatest effect; my lady-neighbours dissolved into tears.

What, however, winds through and apprehensively agitates all Pymont society, like an evil serpent, is the passion for gambling and the interest in it affecting every one even against his will. Enter the salons to escape wind and weather, or in favourable hours walk up and down the alleys, everywhere among the ranks of men you hear the same monster hissing. Now you witness a wife anxiously beseeching a husband to gamble no more, now you meet a young man in despair over his losses neglecting his lady-love, forgetting his bride. Then, again, all at once resounds a cry of unbounded admiration "The bank is closed for the day!" This time it happened indeed in *Rouge et Noir*. The prudent winner immediately got into a post-chaise to secure his unexpectedly acquired treasure in the hands of near friends and relatives. He returned, as appeared, with a moderately filled purse, and continued to live quietly, as if nothing had happened.

It is, however, impossible to reside in this district without being reminded of those early histories of which the Roman writers hand down to us such honourable records. Here is still to be seen the circumvallation of a mountain, *that* series of hills and valleys was probably the scene of certain marches and battles. The name of *that* mountain, of *that* place, is full of suggestions. Traditional customs themselves point back to the earliest times of rude celebrations. Let one resist the influence never so much, let one be never so averse from speculations leading from uncertain to still more uncertain ground; one is here caught in a magic circle, is constrained to identify the past with the present, to localise the most general space to a spot close by. At last one enjoys the greatest comfort in fancying for a moment that he has rendered the vaguest of traditions a subject of immediate observation.

By conversations of this kind, together with reading of many papers, books, and tracts, all more or less pertaining to the history of Pymont and its neighbourhood, the thought of a certain definite picture became alive in me, for which, in my customary way, I at once sketched out a plan.

In the year 1582, all at once streams of travellers began to pour in a lively manner from all parts of the world towards Pymont, a well at that time known, indeed, but not yet highly celebrated—a marvel that nobody could explain. Incited by the news of this event, a brave German knight in his best years commands his squire to make all equipment, and on the journey keep an exact diary; for the squire having as a boy been destined for a monk was expert enough with the pen. The diary accordingly begins from the moment of the command, with the preparations for departure, and the care of the knight's household in his absence; whereby we obtain a clear view of the situation.

They put themselves on the road and find innumerable way-farers streaming hither from all sides. The knight and his squire are ready with their aid and take the direction and conduct of the crowd. This gives occasion for a description of the state of those times. At last the knight arrives in Pymont at the head of a large caravan. Here, as already on the way, all attention is given to local aspects. Of primitive times there was, indeed, yet much remaining to remind one of Hermann and his associates. The church at Lügde here proves of the greatest service. The tumult and throng are brought prominently into view. Of the endless diseases the repulsive are in few words dismissed; the mental, however, as being wonderful and not disgusting, are treated at large, the persons so affected being also described. Ties of affection and manifold relations develop themselves, and the Unsearchable, the Holy, forms a desirable contrast to the sensationally splendid. Kindred spirits draw together, characters seek their like, and so in the midst of the world-commotion there arises a City of God, round whose invisible walls the rabble lashes and rages according to its fashion. For here, too, gathered vulgarity of every kind: charlatans who found special entrance; gamblers, sharpers, who threatened every one, except the united circle of the good; gipsies, who by their strange behaviour and their knowledge of the future, inspired confidence and reverence; not to forget the multitude of hacksters whose linen, cloths, and hides were at once taken possession of

by the knight and thereby a place of residence, though a thronged one, provided for the orderly people.

The dealers finding such speedy and advantageous market for their wares, some of them made haste to return with similar goods; others speculated how to set up with them for themselves and others shelter and protection against wind and weather. In short, a far extended store was soon formed, whereby, under steady sale, the ever-new arrivals found satisfaction for the primary necessities of lodging.

The knight had surrounded the quarter of the noble company with palisades and so secured it against every physical attack. There was no want of spiteful, secretly opposing, violently defiant adversaries, who, however, were incapable of inflicting any injury. The virtuous circle already counted within it several knights, old and young, who at once institute watch and police; nor did it lack for earnest clerical men who practise right and justice.

All this was represented in the style of that time as the subject of immediate observation, and daily written down by the squire, with such short natural reflections as would occur to a good opening mind.

Then, however, appeared, causing a sensation, three worthy men, dressed in long-folded, glitteringly white robes, and whose ages formed an ascending series, a youth, a middle-aged man, and an old man, and stepped unexpectedly into the midst of the well-minded company. Themselves full of mystery, they revealed the mystery of their meeting, opening clear vistas into the future greatness of Pymont.

This thought occupied me the whole time of my stay in Pymont, as also on my return journey. A great deal of study, however, being requisite to give body to this work, and render it instructive, as also to weave the fragmentary material into a whole worthy of the respectful perusal, not only of the Spa-residents, but also of all Germans, particularly Low-Germans, the conception was in danger of remaining a mere plan or fancy, especially as I had destined my stay in Göttingen to the study of the history of the theory of colours.

The last days of my stay in Pymont, during very

broken weather, were not spent in the most agreeable manner, and I began to fear my visit there would not prove beneficial to my health. After a disease attended by such high inflammation, to subject me again, according to the Brown method, to a bath of so decidedly exciting properties, was perhaps an indication of no great judiciousness on the part of the doctors. To such a degree of excitability had I attained that by night I could not sleep for the violent pulsation of my blood, while by day the most indifferent event would throw me out of my equilibrium.

The Duke, my most gracious master, arrived in Pyrmont on the 9th of July. From him I learnt what had been recently going on in Weimar and what was in inception there; but my nervous condition prevented my enjoying a presence so much desired. The continual rainy weather, too, precluded all social pleasure in the open air. I left the place on the 17th of July, little edified by the results of my stay.

By the motion and dissipation of the journey, as also by the disuse of the exciting mineral water, I reached Göttingen in happy spirits. I there took pleasant lodgings on the first-floor of the house of Krämer, the instrument maker, in the Alley. The special purpose I had in view in a lengthy stay there was exclusively to fill up the many gaps still sensible in the historic part of the theory of colours. I brought with me a list of all the books and writings I had hitherto been unable to procure. This list I handed to Professor REUSS, from whom, as also from all others in office, I received the greatest assistance. Not only was I supplied with all I asked for; but much yet unknown to me was offered to my attention. I was allowed to spend a large part of the day in the library, many works were sent to my house, and so I passed the time with the greatest profit. PÜRCH's *History of the Learned at Göttingen* I studied on the spot itself with greatest attention and warmest interest, also carefully perusing the catalogues from the foundation of the university, and thereby acquiring a very fair idea of the history of the sciences of modern times. I next studied all the physical compendiums and the successive editions, concentrating my attention particularly on the chapters on light and colours.

The remaining hours passed very cheerfully. I should have to mention the whole of living Göttingen if I were to cite in particular the friendly parties, the dinners and suppers, the walks and excursions that were apportioned me. I name only one pleasant excursion with Professor BOTTERWEK to upper-bailiff Westfeld's at Weende, and another set on foot by Hofrath MEINERS, in which quite a bright day, first at the paper-mill, then in Pöppelshausen, next on the Plesse, where a sumptuous refection was provided, was spent in the company of Professor FIORILLE, the evening being closed by confidential talk on the Mariaspring.

The indefatigable efficient instruction of Hofrath Blumenbach, which imparted to me so much new knowledge and insight, aroused the passion of my son for the fossils of Hainberg. Very many walks were taken thither, the numerous specimens there collected, the rarer ones searched for. On this occasion it was curious to observe the difference between two characters and tendencies. While my son with the passion of a collector amassed every species of stone, Eduard, the son of Blumenbach, a born soldier, stuck exclusively by the belemnites, gathering them in order to surround a heap of sand which he regarded as a fort with palisades.

Very often I visited Professor HOFFMANN, making a nearer acquaintance with the cryptogams, a province hitherto always inaccessible to me. At his place I saw with admiration the production of colossal ferns which disclosed to ordinary view by day what otherwise is visible only by the microscope. A violent flood of rain inundated the lower garden, and some streets of Göttingen lay under water. An odd embarrassment was occasioned by this event. We were to be conveyed in sedan-chairs to a splendid banquet provided by Hofrath MARTENS. I got through all right, but my friend who had my son seated along with him proving too heavy for the carriers, they dropped them, as though it had been on the dry pavement, to the no small admiration of the dressed sitters who felt the water streaming into them.

Professor SEYFFER, too, politely and minutely showed me the instruments of the observatory. Several important

strangers, such as one is accustomed to find as unattached visitors at frequented universities, I made the acquaintance of, and every day saw my conquests increase above all expectation. Nor must I omit mention of Professor SARTORIUS, who on all and every occasion of need, such as one is liable to in foreign places, was ever ready, both with word and deed, and by his uninterrupted sociability composed all the events of my stay in Göttingen into a useful and gladdening whole.

He, too, in company with Professor HUGO, had the kindness to request of me a lecture explaining the proper object of my theory of colours. This challenge I could not but half-earnestly, half-jestingly, accept, for the sake of thereby obtaining a better comprehension of my materials and facility in their use. Yet, for want of a thorough mastery of the subject, the experiment did not turn out either to my own or my friends' satisfaction.

So passed the time as pleasantly as profitably, though I was at last made sensible how dangerous it is to approach a great mass of learning; for while for the sake of a few dissertations bearing on my business, I piled whole volumes of academic writings before me, I found everywhere so many lateral solicitations, that, with my keen susceptibility and previous knowledge in many departments, I was distracted hither and thither, and my collections ran the risk of assuming a piebald appearance. I soon again, however, constrained myself into limits, and was able at the right time to draw to a conclusion.

While, therefore, I spent a series of days with rare profit and pleasure, I suffered on the other hand by night many disturbances highly disagreeable at the time, though appearing ridiculous afterwards.

My beautiful and talented friend, Mademoiselle Jagemann, had shortly before my arrival enraptured the public to a high degree. Husbands thought of her accomplishments with more enthusiasm than their wives cared about, while excitable youth was perfectly carried away. Her superiority in gifts both of nature and art occasioned me a serious annoyance. The daughter of my landlord, Mademoiselle Kramer, had naturally a very fine voice, which she had happily cultivated, but she looked to it

for the shake, of the grace of which in its highest perfection she was now made sensible in a foreign artist. She now, therefore, appeared to neglect everything else, and to give all her strength to the acquisition of this new ornament in song. How she practised during the day I know not, but at night, just when we were thinking of bed, her zeal reached its climax. Till midnight she went on repeating certain cadenzal passages, whose conclusion should have been adorned with a shake, but was mostly spoiled, or at least rendered without significance.

Another impulse to despair came from a very different quarter. A pack of dogs gathered round the corner-house, where they kept barking in intolerable fashion. To disperse them you seized the first missile you could lay hands on, and so flew many of the Heinberg ammonites my son had patiently collected, but generally to no purpose. For no sooner did we think them scared away than the barking revived in full force, till at last we discovered that a big house-dog at the window over our heads was always recalling them with his voice.

But this was not enough. The monstrous sound of a horn startled me out of deep sleep, as though it were blowing into me between my bed-curtains. A night-watchman performed his functions under my window and, to my double and treble misery, all his companions in office at all corners of the streets leading to the Alley replied to his call, demonstrating in dreadful tones the solicitude with which they watched over the security of our rest. My morbid irritability now revived, and there was no other course open than to enter into negotiations with the police, who had the particular politeness to bring to silence first one and then another of these horns for the sake of the odd stranger, about to play the part of the uncle in 'Humphrey Clinker,' whose irritability was by a pair of bugle-horns exasperated into positive madness.

Instructed, happy and thankful I quitted Göttingen on the 14th of August, and visited the basalt bridge of Dransfeld, whose problematic appearance was then attracting the attention of natural philosophers. I climbed the high Hahn, on whose top, by the fairest weather, I enjoyed

an extended view, and obtained a better conception of the landscape as far as the Harz. I next repaired to Hanoverian Minden, whose remarkable situation on a tongue of earth, formed by the junction of the Werra and Fulda, offered a joyous picture. Thence to Cassel, where I met my friends, with Professor Meyer. Under conduct of the brave Nahl, whose presence made us think of our former Roman residence, we took a view of Wilhelmshöhe on the day when the fountain glorified the manifold park-and-garden landscape. We paid careful attention to the costly collection of the picture gallery and the castle, took a walk through the museum, and visited the theatre. Gladdening was our meeting with a sympathetic friend, Major von TRUCHSESS, who, in former years, by his upright manliness, had deserved enrolment in the rank of Götz von Berlichingens.

The 21st of August we went by way of Hoheneichen to Kreuzburg, the following day, after visiting the salt-pits, we reached Eisenach, saluting the Wartburg and the Mädelstein alive with so many remembrances of the past twenty years. The pleasure-grounds of the merchant RÖSE had meanwhile grown to a subject of new, unexpected interest.

I next reached Gotha, where Prince August received me hospitably, according to old friendly relations, in his pleasant summer-house, and the whole time of my stay kept a select table, where the Duke and the dear Von Frankenberg consorts never failed.

Herr von GRIMM, who, fleeing from the great revolutionary disorders, escaped from Paris shortly before Louis XVI. and more happily than he, had found a sure asylum with the Court which had shown its friendship for him in olden times. Tried man of the world and pleasant guest though he was, he could not yet suppress an inward bitterness at the heavy loss he had sustained. Let the following account serve as an example of how all property at that time melted into nothing. On his flight, Grimm had left behind in the hands of his man of business some hundred thousand francs in assignats. These were reduced by mandats to less value, and every man of sagacity, apprehending the reduction to zero of the latter papers as well, endeavoured to change them into some species or other of indestructible goods, storing up eagerly such things

as rice, wax candles, and whatever of that kind was offered for sale. Grimm's man of business, feeling the responsibility, hesitated how to act, till at last in despair, and with the thought of saving something, he expended the whole sum on a stock of Brussels cuffs and frills. Grimm readily showed them to the company, humorously boasting the advantage of having costly state-ornaments such as no one else could show.

The remembrance of former gatherings at Gotha in the '80's, when the interest turned on poetical projects and on æsthetic literary communications, formed, of course, a striking contrast to the present moment, when one hope after another had vanished, and when people scarcely felt secure under the shelter of high patrons and friends, just as in the case of a deluge people are filled with dread, though perched on mountain-tops. Still there was no want of cheerful entertainments. They were minded with gracious attention to celebrate my birthday at a select banquet. In the usual courses themselves a difference was observable. At the dessert, however, the whole livery of the Prince entered in stately procession, the house-steward at the head. The latter bore a large cake, flaming with parti-coloured wax-candles, which, amounting in number to some half-a-hundred, threatened to melt and consume each other, whereas, at children's festivals of this kind, space enough is left for succeeding life-tapers.

This may also serve as an example with what becoming naïveté we had now for so many years rejoiced in our mutual affection, in which pleasantry and respectful attention, good humour and politeness, contended how in common, by the exercise of mind and heart, to adorn the whole course of life.

In the best spirits I returned on the 30th August to Weimar, and, amid the new engagements pressing on me, forgot any weakness that might have lingered about me as a consequence of my illness and the venturous cure to which I had subjected myself. The competition pieces sent in for the ensuing third exhibition claimed my attention. This exhibition was carefully arranged, visited by friends, neighbours and strangers, and gave occasion to manifold entertainment and to a more intimate acquaint-

ance with living artists. At its close, Nahl, trained in the Roman antique school to beautiful form and the purest execution, received half of the prize for 'Achilles on Skynos,' while Hoffman, from Cologne, bred in the colour-loving and life-loving Netherland school, received the other half for 'Achilles in battle with the Rivers.' The two drawings received the further honour of being reserved for the ornamentation of the rooms of the Castle.

And here is the proper place to mention a capital thought which the provident prince gave for the consideration and execution of the Weimar lovers of art.

The rooms of the Castle, which were being renovated, were to be furnished not only with becoming princely splendour, but were also to be devoted as a monument of the talents of contemporary artists. Most purely and completely was this thought carried out in the corner room, occupied by the most serene Duchess, where several competitive and other pieces of contemporary German artists, mostly in sepia, were placed under glass and in frames on a simple background. In the other rooms, too, pictures by Hoffman from Cologne, and Nahl from Cassel, by Heinrich Meyer from Straßa, and Hummel from Naples, statues and busts by Tieck, ideal work and relief by Cappel, were disposed in a still harmonious order. That the first plan was not, however, more thoroughly carried into execution is a fault of the usual course of the world, in which a misadventure of this kind is incurred more by the disservice of those taking part in it than by external impediments.

My bust, executed with great care by Tieck, I may here mention in the way of parenthesis.

As to the course of the building of the Castle in the modern one could regard this business with the common comparison of a number of men, like Goetz and Roderich, to work on it with full and clear views. Their trustworthiness precluded all doubts even under conditions which of course would have excited a certain anxiety, for in fact the state of matters was unusual. The walls of the old castle were left standing; some recent constructions resolved on without sufficient circumspection appeared as an impediment in the way of more mature

plans, and the old as well as the new were an obstruction to higher and freer undertakings. With all these cross purposes the Castle building sometimes looked like a mountain, out of which, in Indian fashion, the architecture was to be hewn. And therefore on this occasion the business was committed to a couple of men who appeared on the scene as talented architects with new views, and from whom were not to be expected alterations requiring alteration, but conclusive steady progress.

I now return to theatrical affairs. On the 24th of October, the anniversary of the first masque play, 'Palæophron and Neoterpe,' 'The Brothers,' elaborated in the style of Terence by Einsiedel, was given, introducing a new series of theatrical peculiarities which found acceptance for some time, brought multiplicity into the representations, and served by way of practice in certain accomplishments.

Schiller worked at Lessing's 'Nathan.' I was not idle in reference to this work. On the 25th of November it was performed for the first time, not without perceptible influence on the German stage.

Schiller had this year begun and ended the 'Maid of Orleans.' Many doubts arose in regard to its representation, doubts which robbed us of the pleasure of seeing so important a work at once on the boards. To the activity of Ifland, and the rich resources at his disposal, it was reserved by a brilliant performance of this masterpiece to acquire for himself an enduring name in theatrical annals.

No small influence on our representations of this year was exercised by MADAME UNZELMANN, who appeared on our boards in principal parts at the end of September. A great deal of inconvenience, nay of positively prejudicial influence, attends the appearance of guests at theatres. We as far as possible declined their services, unless they offered occasion of stimulus and improvement to our stock company, an advantage possible only in the case of excellent artists. Madame Unzelmann gave eight successive important representations, in which the whole company appeared in important parts, and both on their own account and in relation also to the new guest were summoned to the exercise of their utmost powers. This

proved an incalculable incitement. Nothing is more pitiful than the mechanical dragging performance into which a member, nay, the whole body, of an institution will contentedly sink; but in the case of the theatre such execution is extremely offensive, instantaneous effect being here demanded, and no distant cumulative success having to be expected. An actor who neglects himself is to me the most despicable creature in the world; mostly he is incorrigible. A new public and new rivals are therefore indispensable spurs. The former puts a check on his faults, the latter challenge him to due exertion. May then the insuppressible system of guest-playing in the German theatre produce the best effects throughout the country generally!

Stollberg's public transition to the Catholic faith rent asunder the fairest ties formerly formed. I lost nothing by this event, for my closer relation to him had long ago deliquesced into general good wishes. I early felt a true affection for him as for a worthy, amiable, loving man, but I had soon to observe that he would never stand on his own feet, and I therefore regarded him in the light of one who seeks his salvation and composure outside the domain of my endeavours. Nor did this event in any way surprise me. I long held him for a Catholic, for such he was in his views, course, and surroundings. I could therefore witness without disturbance the tumult which was found at last to arise out of a late manifestation of secretly false relations.

1802.

Actors and spectators had now both attained a high degree of cultivation. Successful above all expectation were the representations of 'Ion' (4th of January), 'Tamar' (13th of January), 'Iphigenia' (15th of May), 'Alceus' (29th of May). They were most carefully and excellently given, though the last failed to acquire any favour. By these representations we testified our earnest purpose to submit everything worthy of attention to a free unprejudiced judgment. This time, however, we had to contend with a narrow exclusive party-spirit.

The great dissension which came to light in German literature operated, especially on account of the proximity of Jena, on our theatrical circle. I ranked myself with Schiller on one side. We confessed ourselves of the party of the new struggling philosophy, and a system of aesthetics derivable from it, without paying much attention to persons who, by the way, played a particularly wanton and insolent game.

Now the brothers Schlegel had most deeply offended the opposite party, and therefore, on the eve of the representation of 'Ion,' the author of which was no secret, an attempt at opposition unreservedly raised its head. Between the acts people whispered all manner of censure, for which, to be sure, the somewhat dubious passage of the mother afforded wished-for occasion. An article attacking the author, as also the direction, was projected for the *Mode-Journal*, but earnestly and emphatically refused; for it was not yet a principle that in the same State, in the same town, any member might destroy what others had shortly before taken pains to establish.

Once for all we were determined on keeping our stage clean from the personalities of the day, while the other party was bent on degrading it into an arena for detraction. There was, therefore, no little sensation when I struck out of the 'Small-town Bodies' (Kleinstädtern) everything directed against the persons who, in the main, were in harmony with me, though I could not approve their every procedure nor recognise all their productions for praiseworthy. The opposite party bestirred itself powerfully, asserting that when the author was present, it was proper to take counsel with him. Such a course was observed in the case of Schiller, and another had a right to equal courtesy. Such a strange inference could not, however, find acceptance with me. Schiller brought to the stage only matter of noble stimulus, of high tendency; they, on the other hand, matter of detraction, caricaturing and frustrating the problematic good; and it is the trick of such fellows, mis-appreciating every true pure relationship, to smuggle their baseness into the easy indulgence of social conventions. In short, the passages referred to were kept out, and I took the trouble of filling up the gaps thereby

occasioned with general pleasantry, which succeeded in exciting the laughter of the audience.

These, however, were but trifles compared with the decided schism which disclosed itself in Weimar society on the occasion of a festival to be celebrated on the 5th of March. Things had necessarily to come to such a head sooner or later: why particularly *that* day was chosen I do not remember. Enough, a great display of representations referring to him and his works was to be given in honour of Schiller in the large town-hall, newly decorated by the community. The intention was plain, that of raising a sensation, entertaining society, flattering friends, setting up opposition to the theatre, establishing it private to the prejudice of the public stage, cajoling Schiller's favour, winning me over by means of him, or, if that attempt should fail, detaching him from me.

Schiller had no liking for the business. The part assigned to him was compromising, intolerable to a man of his style, as to every right-thinking man—to stand there in his own person before a large assemblage, a target for flaring flattering reverences. He had a mind to resign himself, if not well, but more affable than I, and I yet younger and less fully thus more involved in society, he was obliged to drink the bitter cup. We assumed the affair would come off, and many an evening only I, and him in anticipation of it, though he would have fared ill too, up the ridge.

As far as we could hear, many figures in Schiller's piece were to be presented. A *Mid of Orleans* was to be. Helmet and banner carried complacently thence, the streets by carvers and gliders to a certain house had produced a great noise, prematurely letting the curtain of the play. The first part, however, was reserved for the noblest of the church, his H. A wall-hung tape was to be drawn, the noble master in leathern apertures, stand in the air. After a mysterious sedation spoken, after the coming of the glowing mass, from the cathedral of the Schiller's house was at last to emerge. We waited long, our coffee sweet which gradually oozed out, and without disturbance saw the business going forward.

Our general attitude was, however, rather over-mild when

we were ourselves challenged to contribute to the performance. The only bust of Schiller, in the Weimar library, a former cordial gift of Dannecker, was requested for the above object, and refused, on the perfectly natural ground that a gypsum bust never came back from a festival uninjured. Other refusals from other quarters happening at the same time exasperated the allies to the highest pitch. They did not see that, with the exercise of a little diplomacy, all difficulties might be overcome; and nothing equalled their astonishment, benightedness and resentment, when the carpenters going with props, laths, and boards to erect the dramatic structure, found the hall locked, and had it explained to them that, having been quite recently fitted up and decorated, it could not be granted for such a tumultuous purpose, where it was impossible to guarantee security against injury.

The first *Finale* of the 'Interrupted Sacrificial Festival' does not excite such horror as was provoked first in the upper classes and then down through all grades of the population by this disturbance, nay, extinction of the praiseworthy enterprise. So many various hindrances in the way of the project happening to combine in such an artful manner, that no other agency than that of one single Evil Principle could account for it, I was the person on whom the fiercest fury was directed, though in truth I did not grudge any one this satisfaction. People should, however, have reflected that a man like Kotzebue, who by all manner of provocations stirs up illwill on many sides, will occasionally concentrate swifter and more hostile influences against himself than a regular conspiracy would ever instigate.

If now an important upper stratum of society was on the side of our opponent, the middle-class estranged itself from him, exposing all the faults of his first youthful immature productions. In such violent commotion did the minds of men fluctuate on this and that side.

Our supreme authorities, from their lofty stations, looking abroad with free capacious views, had taken no notice of those petty brabbles. Accident, however, which, as Schiller says, is often naïve, was to cap the whole affair. The secretive mayor, as a meritorious practical man, had just at that

moment been decreed the title of Councillor. The Weimar people, who have never been wanting in pungent ideas to fasten the theatre to actual life, therefore gave him the name of Prince Piccolomini, a distinction that for a long time stuck to him in jovial society.

It will easily be conceived that such a commotion prejudicially affected our social as well as our theatrical circle. How it next touched me personally may here be mentioned.

In the course of the past winter a noble company of persons, quite without any speculative purposes, joined themselves to us, taking pleasure in our intercourse and achievements. On the occasion of picnics, which from time to time were got up by this select union, and held in my house, under my management, there originated several songs, which afterwards spread into universal circulation. The familiar 'There seizes me, I know not how,' was written for the 22nd of February, when the most Serene Hereditary Prince, leaving for Paris, called on us for the last time, a circumstance alluded to in the third verse of the song. In the same way we had before saluted the New Year, and in the song celebrating the founding of our institution, 'Why walkest thou, my pretty neight our?' the members of the company could easily under transparent masks recognise each other. Other songs, particularly pertinent from their naïveté, were contributed by me to this union, in which affection without passion, emulation without envy, taste without pretension, politeness without affectation, and, over and above, naturalness without rudeness, played reciprocally into each other.

Now, in spite of many unfortunate well-considered attempts in this direction on his part, we had not admitted the opponent, as he never, moreover, entered my house. He was therefore impelled to gather a circle of his own about him, an achievement not difficult for him. By the pleasantly and most importunate manner which he possessed as one of the world he knew how to rally people around him. Persons of our circle too were attracted over to him. Where sociability finds entertainment, there it makes its home. All looked forward with pleasure to taking an active part in the festival of the 5th of March, and for a

time proportionately denounced me as the supposed extinguisher of such a day of joy and honour. Our little group accordingly broke up, nor did any social songs of the above kind again succeed with me.

Everything, however, that I had purposed with Schiller and other allied active friends pursued its unchecked course; for it was our habitual principle in life to turn our backs on losses, and keep our eye directed on the gains ahead. And in the present instance this procedure was all the easier for us that we felt assured as to the sentiments of our supreme authorities, who, with their higher views, looked down on court and town adventures as indifferent and momentary, though sometimes entertaining.

A theatre, renewing its blood from time to time by the accession of new youthful members, is bound to make vital progress, and on this object our endeavours were constantly bent.

On the 17th of February, Mademoiselle MAAS stepped on to our stage for the first time. Her pretty figure, her gracefully natural manner, her fine-toned voice, in short, her whole happy individuality at once captivated the public. After three trial essays as 'Maiden of Marienburg,' as Rosine in 'Lawyer and Peasant,' as Lotty in the 'German House-father,' she was engaged, and very soon we could depend upon her in the assignment of important parts. On the 29th of November we again made a hopeful acquisition. Out of respect for Madame Unzelmann, out of affection to her as a most charming actress, I took her son, twelve years of age, on chance to Weimar. I happened to test him in quite a peculiar way. He might have prepared himself for the recitation of various pieces, but I gave him an Oriental book of tales lying at hand, out of which he read on the spot a merry story with so much natural humour, with so much significant expression in the case of change of persons and situations, that I could feel no hesitation about him. He appeared with approbation in the part of Gerge in the 'Two Billets,' and, especially in rôles of natural humour, showed himself everything that could be desired.

While art thus flourished in full youthful bloom on our boards, a death occurred which I deem it my duty to record.

CORONA SCHÖFFER died, and as I did not feel myself in a state to devote to her a monument such as she so well deserved, it was a grateful relief for me to have so many years before inscribed her memory in such a characteristic style as I could not now have surpassed. It was also on the occasion of a death, that of MIEDING, the theatre-decorator, that in earnest cheerfulness I remembered my fair friend. Most vividly do I recall the elegy, copied out fair on black-edged paper, which I sent to the *Tiefurt Journal*. Not that there was any dark presentiment in such a circumstance in relation to Corona. Her beautiful figure, her gay spirits, continued long years after to charm and animate people. She might well have stayed some time longer within the circle of a world from which she made a too early exit.

In connection with theatrical affairs, it has yet to be mentioned that this year we good-naturedly offered a prize for a play of intrigue. We gradually received a dozen pieces, mostly, however, of such a crazy desperate character that we could not sufficiently admire the strange false tendencies secretly active in the dear Fatherland, and which our challenge had called into the light of day. We reserved our criticism, for in truth we had none to give, and at the authors' requests, returned them their productions.

It has also to be remarked that in this year CALDERON, whom by name we had known our life-long, began to enter our horizon, and by the very first model-pieces of his which we made the acquaintance of set us in astonishment.

Through all these above-mentioned labours and cares there wound many an unpleasant employment, in consequence of the duties in connection with the *Jena-museum* I had for many years undertaken and performed.

The death of Hofrath BÜTTLER, which happened in the middle of the winter, imposed on me a troublesome task little profitable to the mind. The peculiarities of this strange man may be comprised in a few words: unbounded desire for scientific possessions, narrow-minded punctiliousness, no power whatever of comprehensive systematic vision. To the increase of his considerable library, he

devoted the pension yearly granted him in connection with the mother library. Several rooms in the side building of the Castle were allowed him for a lodging, and these were all packed as full as they could hold. At all auctions he bade for books, and when the old steward of the Castle, his commissioner, once told him that he had already two copies of an important book, he answered, that one cannot have enough copies of a good work.

After his death were found on the floor of a large room, the whole acquisitions of auctions lying in heaps beside each other, as they had successively arrived from fairs. The wall-shelves were filled with them; on the floor itself it was impossible to set one foot before the other. The frail chairs all groaned under the loads of rough books, the new arrivals being always heaped in layers over the old.

In another room, towered up round the walls, were smoothed and folded books, awaiting a pattern binding. And so in extreme old age, this resolute man still appeared eager in prosecuting the activity of his youth, though his energies at last dwindled into mere feeble aspirations. Imagine other rooms, too, filled to excess with useful and useless physical-chemical apparatus, and you will be able to appreciate the embarrassment in which I felt myself when this part of the legacy separated from that of his heirs was taken over, and had to be cleared out of the premises long destined to other purposes. On this business I lost a great deal of time, much of the stock was injured, and many years did not suffice to clear the confusion. You soon discover how necessary in such a case is your prompt personal direction. For when the question is not to achieve the best, but avoid the worst, you are embarrassed with no end of doubts only to be conquered by resolution and action. Unfortunately I was called away to other pressing business, though I accounted myself so far happy in being able to commit the task of disposing the collected mass to fellow-labourers able and willing to work in the proper style.

Several times already, in the course of our theatrical notices, reference has been made to the advantages accruing to our company from their summer stay at

Lauchstädt. At this point, however, a more special description of the matter must be given. The stage there was erected by Bellomo as economically as possible. A couple of high wooden gables in an open square, from which on both sides the roof reached down close to the ground, composed this temple of the Muses. The interior space was divided lengthwise by two partitions, the middle room being devoted to the theatre and spectators, the side rooms to the wardrobes. Now, however, with the new growth and expansion of our establishment, both plays and players, but especially the Halle and Leipzig public, demanded suitable accommodation.

The building of the Weimar Castle, at first carried on in a dilatory but afterwards in a spirited manner, and lasting for several years, attracted talented architects and, as always was and will be the case, building begets a desire for building. As years before the presence of Herr Thouret caused a worthy Weimar Theatre to arise, so on this occasion the presence of Herren Gentz and Rabe provoked the demand on them to erect a Lauchstädt edifice.

The doubts connected with such an undertaking had frequently been discussed. What with the considerable distance, the alien site and soil, and the quite peculiar considerations of those engaged there, the obstacles appeared almost insurmountable. The place of the old theatre was not suited to a larger building, the handsome site alone fit for such an erection was a subject of dispute between different jurisdictions, and one could not but entertain misgivings about raising an edifice on ground to which one had no sure legal claim. Nevertheless, driven by the force of circumstances, by restless activity, by passionate love of art, and by inexhaustible productivity, we ultimately succeeded in overcoming all opposition. A plan was sketched, a model of the stage prepared, and by February full unanimity was arrived at in regard to the whole project. The hut-form which would comprehend the whole under one roof was specially rejected. A moderate vestibule was to be erected for the ticket office and stairs; behind, the higher room for spectators; and at the back the highest for the stage.

Much may, everything depends on the situation of a

building. This point, therefore, was weighed and considered with the greatest care, so that on the completion of the building there was nothing to regret in that respect. The work went on with might and main. In March, the wood granted for our edifice lay frozen at Saalfeld; on the 26th of June we were sitting comfortably in our new theatre, witnessing our first play. The whole undertaking in all its details, the favourable and unfavourable features in its character, our unslackening three months' energies on the task, the trouble, care, vexation we experienced in connection with it, the personal sacrifices we had all along to make; all this would comprise a little romance, and would furnish a very fair symbol of greater enterprises.

The opening, introduction and inauguration of such establishments is always a matter of moment. On such an occasion the attention is stimulated and curiosity strained, and the time is well fitted to draw people's minds to the relation between the stage and the public. The opportunity, therefore, was not let slip. In a prelude there was represented in symbolical and allegorical fashion all that in recent times had occurred in the German theatre in general, but especially on the Weimar stage. The farce, the domestic drama, the opera, the tragedy, the naïve play, as also the masque, all successively appeared, each in its peculiar character, played and explained themselves, or were explained, the figure of Mercury serving to knit the whole together, to interpret and apply everything. The transformation of a wretched rustic tavern into a theatrical palace, most of the characters being at the same time translated into a higher sphere, furthered cheerful reflection.

On the 6th of June I repaired to Jena, and wrote the prelude in about eight days. The last hand was put to it in Lauchstädt, and up to the very end the revisions were committed to memory and practised. It exercised a charming influence, and for many years many a friend who visited us on that occasion remembered the high joys of art he had then experienced.

My Lauchstädt residence imposed on me the duty of visiting Halle as well, friends there having in a neighbourly way, for the sake of the theatre as also of personal

relations Lips, honoured us with frequent visits. I mention, in particular, Professor Wolf, a day in whose company is a whole year's solid instruction; Chancellor NIMMER who contributed such an active part to our endeavours as to undertake the revision of 'Andria,' which gave happy occasion for the increase and multiplicity of our masques.

With equal friendship the whole culture of the surrounding country was disposed to assist me and the institution I had so much at heart. The neighbourhood of Giebichenstein enticed me to pay visits to the hospitable Reichardt. He, his worthy spouse, their graceful, beautiful daughters, forming a harmonious whole, and situated in the midst of a romantic landscape, composed a highly attractive circle, where men of merit from far and near found it a pleasure to spend a longer or a shorter time, knitting ties which lasted through life.

Nor must I omit mentioning the pleasure I felt in hearing the melodies which Reichardt was the first to compose for my songs rendered with so much feeling by the fine voice of his eldest daughter.

But the catalogue of important experiences connected with my stay in Halle is not yet exhausted. My visit to the botanical garden under the conduct of SPRENGEL, the careful inspection, with a view to my own purposes, of MÜCKEL'S cabinet, the collector of which I unfortunately found no longer in life: these things were of no little profit to me; for both from the subjects themselves, and from the conversations held on them, I took away matter serving to the promotion and completion of my studies.

Like advantage, such as may always be found at a University residence, I obtained at Jena, in the month of August. With Loder, the anatomical problems formerly mentioned were continued, with HUMM a great deal was discussed in reference to subjective seeing and colour phenomenon. So deeply were we plunged in the subject, that often late into the night we kept wandering about over hill and dale. Voss had removed to Jena, and seemed desirous of settling there. His great circumspect learning, his splendid poetical figurations, the friendliness of his household existence attracted me, and I had no greater interest than in convincing myself of his mythic

principles. And so was formed a highly agreeable and fruitful relationship between us.

Begirt by museums and by everything which had early impelled me to and furthered me in the natural sciences, I seized every opportunity of adding to my knowledge in this respect. The wolf's milk caterpillar being this year an unusually copious production, I studied the growth of this creature to its full maturity and its transition to a chrysalis. By this means I became disabused of many trivial ideas and conceptions.

Comparative osteology, too, a special and constant subject of my thoughts, occupied a large part of my busy hours.

The death of the meritorious Batsch was deeply felt as a loss to science, to the university and to the Natural Research Society. Unfortunately the museum collected by him was through a strange combination of circumstances taken to pieces and scattered. A part belonged to the Natural Research Society, this went to the directors, or rather to a higher authority, who at a considerable cost paid the society's debts and assigned the extant members a new gratuitous place of meeting. The other part, as the property of the deceased, went indisputably to his heirs. Properly, with a greater effort, the whole, which did not bear division, should have been taken over and kept intact, but the reasons for not doing so were also weighty.

If something was hereby lost, a new expected gain was in the back end of the year acquired. The considerable mineral cabinet of Prince Gallitzin, which, as President of the Society, he had decreed it, was to be transferred to Jena, and there set up in the order he wished. The museum, formerly well provided, was by this increase raised to new splendour. The other scientific institutions under my management were preserved in as fair a state as finances would permit.

The university was then animated by earnest students whose hopes and aspirations infused equal enthusiasm into the minds of their professors. Of important strangers staying some time in Jena may be named Von PODMANITZKY, who, instructed on many sides, was disposed to take an active part in our aims and labours.

Along with all these scientific exertions, the sociality of Jena suffered no abatement in its cheerful character. New rising members added to the grace of life, and gave me ample compensation for the defect in this respect I had for some time experienced in Weimar.

With what gladness should I have spent the remaining part of the beautiful harvest season in a place where I was surrounded with everything pleasant and instructive. The exhibition, however, which had to be prepared for the near future, forced me back to Weimar, occupying my attention on through September. For no little time and trouble was required to frame and hang up the different arrivals, setting each in the place where it would show to most advantage and best secure the respectful notice of visitors; and all this work, as well as the careful return of the pictures, was divided between me and my friend Meyer.

The subject of this, the fourth exhibition, was 'Perseus and Andromeda.' Our intention by this piece was to draw attention to the splendour of the human structure in youthful bodies, for where is the the summit of art to be found if not in the full blossom of the creature formed after God's image?

To LUDWIG HUMMELN, born at Naples, and living in Cassel, the prize was adjudicated. With delicate sense of art, with fine feeling had he handled the subject. In the middle of the picture stood Andromeda upright by the rock. Her left hand, now liberated, drawing some folds of the cloak over her person, betokened modesty and sense of shame; resting himself, sat Perseus on the head of the monster at her side; and opposite a genius running to give succour, loosed the bonds of the right hand. His agitated youthful figure heightened the beauty and strength of the worthy pair.

In the province of landscape-painting the prize fell to RÖMELN from Cassel. The *Jena General Literature-Gazette* of 1803 giving a sketch of the historical picture, preserved the memory of this work of art, and, by its minute description and criticism of the different pieces, affords a survey of the production of this fourth exhibition.

While thus in every way we endeavoured to call forth and

promote all that had long been recognised as alone proper and conducive to plastic art, we heard in our drawing-rooms that a new little book on art had appeared, making a great sensation, a book which maintained that the only foundation for art was piety. By this news we were little affected, for how should a syllogism like the following find acceptance: "Some monks were artists, therefore all artists should be monks." Still it might have prompted some misgivings in us to see how valued friends, interesting themselves in our exhibition and approving our efforts, yet appeared to take pleasure in such suggestions--flattering and fostering human weaknesses, as they were well observed to be--and to expect from them a new happy departure in this province.

The exhibition, which was much visited in October, afforded opportunity for intercourse with lovers of art at home and abroad: nor, for the time of the year, was there any want of prized arrivals from a distance. Hofrath BLUMENBACH indulged his Weimar and Jena friends with some days of his company; and on this occasion, as always, his presence imparted the most cheerful instruction. And as no benefit ever comes alone, the good understanding in the interior of our Weimar society gradually came round again.

A considerable correspondence caused me to direct immediate glances into the life and activities outside our borders as well. FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, who in his travels through our region was well satisfied with the pains taken about his 'Alarcos,' gave me ample news as to the state of Paris. Hofrath SARTORIUS, also, whose visit had refreshed a long abiding relationship, and who was now engaged in the study of the history of the Hanse-towns, sent me from his remote quarter communications regarding this important undertaking. Hofrath ROCHLITZ, who watched the progress of our theatre with increasing interest, directed letters to me, still preserved, to this effect.

Many other things testifying to happy relationships with different persons I find noted down. Three young men, KLAFROHN, BORE and HAIN, stayed in Weimar and with our permission made use of Büttner's polyglot remains.

If, this year, I was kept in unceasing activity with the business which fell to my hands, now in Weimar, now in Jena, and now in Lauchstädt, the possession of the little freehold of Rossla gave occasion also for many journeys hither and thither. No doubt it had by this time become quite evident that to derive material advantage from so small a property, it was necessary for the proprietor to cultivate and look after it himself, as his own farmer and manager, drawing his immediate sustenance out of it, in which case it would afford a quite decent existence. Very different, however, is the state of things in the case of a spoiled citizen of the world. Still, rural life in a pleasant valley, by a little stream bordered with woods and bushes, in the neighbourhood of fruitful heights, not far from a populous and well-to-do little town, possessed a charm which detained me there for days, and even inspired cheerful moods for small poetical productions. Women and children are here in their element, and the intolerable gossip in towns shows itself in such a place in at least its simplest form. Even disaffection and ill-will appear purer, springing as they do out of the immediate wants of mankind.

Pleasant in the highest degree was the neighbourhood of Ossmannstädt, higher up in the same valley, but on the left side of the water. Wieland, too, began to entertain doubts as to a state of nature. He once set forth very humorously how much contrivance was needed to wring but a little pleasure out of nature. He represented learnedly and merrily all the outs and ins connected with the production of herbage for fodder. The clover, which had been produced by careful cultivation, he collected with much pains by means of a maid when it took no little expense to support, and then had it consumed by the cow, only in order at last to obtain something white for his coffee.

In these theatre and festival disturbances, Wieland had conducted himself very properly. Straightforward and honest he was, though, as will happen with anyone in a momentary passion, under the influence of prejudice whispered into him, and with antipathies not wholly to be blamed, he was sometimes betrayed into a petulant

unfair expression. We often visited him after dinner, getting home in good time across the meadows.

In my Weimar household existence there occurred an important change. Friend Meyer, who since 1792, with the exception of a few years' absence, had shared my house and table, gladdening me with his knowledge, instruction and counsel, quitted my domicile in consequence of a conjugal relation he had entered into. Nevertheless the need of uninterrupted communication with one another soon overcame the little distance which parted us. Our mutual influence continued in its full force, suffering neither check nor pause.

Amid all the tumults of this year I did not leave off nourishing in secret my pet 'Eugenie.' The whole, in all its length and breadth having become quite familiar to me. I worked away at any moment at any particular part, a circumstance which will explain its unusual completeness. I concentrated my strength successively on each separate point, which thus came emphatically into visuality.

'Cellini' belonged more to a wild, disrupted world. It, too, however, I managed, though not without exertion, to push forward, the work at bottom proving to be of more import than I at first imagined.

REINEKE FUCHS might now, also, at any moment of wanton vivacity, come to the front. He was sure of good reception and hearty cheer for a certain time.

1803.

For the new year we gave 'Palæophron and Neoterpe' in the public theatre. By the representation of the 'Brothers' of Terence, the public had already become accustomed to masques, and the first properly classical piece could not fail of its good effect. The earlier conclusion addressed to the Duchess Amalia which we had given to the piece was turned into a more general application, and the good reception of this representation put us in the best humour for serious undertakings.

The performance of the 'Bride of Messina' (19th of March) involved much previous labour, the most careful reading and theatrical rehearsals being necessary. The first

part of the 'Natural Daughter' shortly following (2nd of April), and then the 'Maid of Orleans' demanded all our time. Never, perhaps, had we laboured so spiritedly, so judiciously, and to such general satisfaction.

Of our determination to reject and steer clear of everything in the way of malevolence, negation, and detraction, let the following serve as a proof. At the opening of the year a little comedy under the title of 'The Phrenologist' was sent me through the hands of a valued friend, a comedy holding up to ridicule and contempt the respectable endeavours of a man like Gall. I returned the production, with a sincere and general explanation, which as applying to all things of that kind, may here be quoted.

"In herewith returning you the smart little piece as unsuitable for our stage, I deem it my duty, in accordance with our old friendly relations, to specify more particularly the reasons for this decision of ours. It is a rule with us to keep our theatre as much as possible clear of everything which in the eyes of the people might tend to degrade scientific inquiry; partly on principle, partly because, the university being close by, it would look unfriendly in us here to slight and ridicule studies which many a man there is earnestly pursuing.

"Many a scientific investigation aiming at the discovery of some secret or other of nature is, no doubt, apt, partly from the charlatanism of the investigators, to offer a ridiculous aspect; nor is the comic poet to be blamed if in passing he allows himself a side thrust at such things. We, too, are by no means pedantic in this respect. At the same time we have carefully avoided everything of any compass having reference to philosophical or literary matters, to the new theory of medicine, &c. For this reason, then, we should not like to hold up to laughter Gall's curious doctrine, which may, no more than Lavater's, be without some foundation in fact, especially that by so doing we would have to fear displeasing many of our respected hearers.—Weimar, 24th of January, 1803."

With a repertory before satisfactory, but now newly enriched, we came amply furnished to Lauchstadt. The new house, the important pieces, the most careful perfor-

mance, excited general interest. Terence's 'Andria,' elaborated by Herr Niemeyer, was, equally with the 'Brothers,' represented with an approach to the antique. Spectators came as far as from Leipsic. They, as well as those from Halle, became ever more acquainted with our earnest endeavours, a circumstance which redounded to our great profit. This time I stayed there no longer than necessary, in order to arrange with Hofrath Kirms, my fellow-commissioner, some requirements connected with building, and certain desirable points in connection with our surroundings.

In Halle, Giebichenstein, Merseburg, Naumburg, I renewed many a prized connection. Professor WOLF, Privy-Councillor SCHMALZ, JACOB, REIL, LAFONTAINE, NIEMEYER, received me with their usual friendliness. I surveyed VON LEYSER's mineral cabinet, and mounted the Petersberg to get fresh specimens of porphyry. Before my departure, I had the pleasure of observing how, as a whole, our theatre gave signs of vital integrity, and how in details there was nothing to be taken exception to, a happy state for which hearty thanks were no doubt due to the director, GENAST. I made my return by way of Merseburg, to consolidate the good relationship formed with the authorities there, and then to prosecute further my affairs in Weimar and Jena.

Though now for a time I had striven to keep the theatre and its concerns pretty well at arm's length, I was in spirit more than ever drawn towards it. Two young men of the names of WOLFF and GRÜNER, from Augsburg, the former hitherto connected with the mercantile, the latter with the military, life, waited on me, impelled by the decided bent of their natures for the stage. After short trial, I soon found that they would each of them prove a particular ornament to our theatre, and that a couple of young bloods with such mettle in them would rapidly train themselves in an establishment already so well appointed. I determined on keeping them, and happening to have leisure of time as well as of mind, I began a set of lessons with them, developing the histrionic art to myself as well as to them, from its primary elements, and with the progress of both pupils

attaining a greater clearness on a subject to which I had hitherto devoted myself instinctively. The grammar of this branch of human culture I was thus led to construct I afterwards used in my instruction of several young actors. Some writings connected with this subject still remain.

After the two above mentioned, a third young man, GRAMMER by name, applied to us with a similar purpose. His appearance and manner also gave the best promise, and he was particularly welcome to Schiller, whose head was now full of 'Tell,' with its many characters, and who was therefore anxious about a fit presentation of all the parts. We therefore engaged him likewise, and soon found him serviceable in his place.

The first part of 'Eugenie' was written, played and printed. The plan of the whole, scene after scene, lay clearly before me, nor had the attraction this piece for several years exercised on me in any way abated. The second part was to be laid in the country-seat, the residence of Eugenie, the third in the capital, where, in the midst of the greatest confusion, the recovered sonnet would have produced no effectual cure, it is true, but yet a momentary scene of beauty. But I must not proceed further in this matter, or I should have to set forth the whole in all its details.

I had to rejoice in the friendliest appreciation from many sides, the most grateful testimonies of which I have collected, and may perhaps find occasion to communicate to the public. The feeling, the conception, the conclusion drawn regarding the piece was all I could wish, but I had committed the great, unpardonable mistake of coming forth with the first part before I had concluded the whole. I call the mistake unpardonable, committed as it was against my old tried superstition. *Superstition*, but still very capable of rational justification.

A very deep sense lies in the fiction that to dig up and take possession of a treasure it is necessary to set about the business in silence, to drop not a word on the matter. I was everywhere assailed on all sides it may be with dread and belief. Just as significant is the fable that in adventuring after a precious talisman in far distant

mountain-wilds a man must go on without stopping, nor dare to look about him, even should he hear close behind him on his precipitous path voices of fearful dread or delicious enchantment.

The thing, however, was done, and the fondly-prized succeeding scenes visited me only occasionally, like unsteady spirits which return yearning and sighing after deliverance.

As some years before, so now again, the situation of Jena occasioned us no little concern. Since the French Revolution a restlessness had seized the minds of men, so that they hankered after a change in their position, either intrinsically, or at least topographically. This description applies in particular to the professors of academic institutions, and many of these being at this time newly erected and particularly privileged, there was no want of attraction and invitation to places where better salary, higher status, and greater influence in a wider circle were offered.

These big-world events must be kept in mind in order to a general comprehension of the events at this time occurring in the little circle of the Jena Academy.

CHRISTIAN WILHELM HUFELAND, in the faculty of medicine so circumspect and endowed with such various talents as regards both treatment and exposition, was called to Berlin, and bore there the title of Privy-Councillor, which in a great kingdom had now grown to be a mere title of honour, while in smaller states it still carried with it its original active distinction, and without which it could not easily be conferred. Such promotions, however, did not remain without influence on those left behind.

FICHTE, in his *Philosophic Journal*, had ventured on utterances respecting God and divine things which seemed to contradict the traditional expressions used in reference to such mysteries. He was called to account. His defence did not mend matters. He went passionately to work, never imagining how much disposed in his favour were the authorities on this side, and what a good interpretation they contrived to put on his thoughts and words. Notice to this effect could not of course be given him in so many words, and just as little the ways and means by which it was sought to help him out of his scrape in the mildest manner. Conversation back and forward on

the subject, guess and assertion, confirmation and determination, all these fluctuated through each other in manifold uncertain speeches in the University. A ministerial censure was spoken of—Fichte might prepare himself for nothing less than a kind of reprimand. Thereupon, losing all self-control, Fichte deemed himself justified in addressing a violent letter to the Ministry, in which, assuming the certainty of such a measure, he vehemently and defiantly declared that he would never brook the indignity, but would rather at once, there and then, withdraw himself from the Academy, in which event he would retire not alone, but in company with several distinguished teachers like-minded with himself.

This of course at once interposed an effectual barrier in the way of all the good intentions cherished towards him. There was no escape, no remedy left; the mildest measure possible was to accept his resignation. Now, for the first time, when the matter could no longer be helped, did he become aware of the expedient devised in his favour, and had to repent, as we also regretted, his precipitancy. At the same time no one came forward avowing a common resolution to leave the Academy with him. Things remained for the moment as they had been. A secret discontent, nevertheless, festered in all minds, causing them to look abroad. At last, HUFELAND the jurist left for Ingolstadt, PAULUS and SCHELLING for Würzburg.

On the back of all this we heard in August that the highly-prized *Literature-Gazette* was to be transferred from Jena to Halle. The plan was shrewdly enough laid. Things were to be carried on as usual to the end of the year, and the new year entered on as though nothing further was meditated. At Easter, however, a move should be made, apparently as if the place of printing alone were to be changed, and by tactics of this kind, with all decorum and convenience, this important establishment was to be for ever smuggled out of Jena.

The matter, it is not too much to say, was of the greatest moment. This insidious procedure threatened the University for the moment with complete dissolution. On this side we were in real embarrassment: for although we had the right to question those concerned in the under-

taking, whether there was any foundation for the general rumour, we were yet disinclined in such an ugly business to appear either premature or harsh. At first, therefore, we hesitated how to act, while delay grew every day more dangerous. The first half of August was gone, and everything depended on the counter-measures adopted in the six weeks till Michaelmas.

All at once comes help from an unexpected quarter. KOTZEBUE, who since last year's scenes was a declared enemy to all Weimar designs, cannot celebrate his triumph in secret, but arrogantly flourishes in the *Freimüthige* how the days of the Academy of Jena, which had already sustained a heavy loss in able professors, were now numbered. The *General Literature-Gazette*, in consequence of the great favours accorded to the editor, was to be removed from there and set up in Halle.

On our side there was now an end of all scruples; we were completely justified in asking the heads of the enterprise whether that was their intention. It being impossible for them to deny it, their purpose of carrying on the establishment in Jena till Easter was at once frustrated, and they were informed that dating from the new year the *General Literature-Gazette* would be conducted in Jena without their assistance.

This declaration was bold enough, for we could scarce see ahead of us. Our resolution was, however, justified by success. The minutes of those days have been carefully preserved, and posterity will perhaps take pleasure in marking the course of an event of the highest importance for us at least.

The establishment of the *Literature-Gazette* being now secured in all its integrity, we had to look about for men to fill the vacant chairs. Out of several anatomists proposed, Aekermann was elected. He laid the foundation of a permanent anatomical museum in connection with the University, a work which had been long in contemplation. SCHELVER was also called to the head of the botanical faculty. From the character of the man, at once delicate and profound, the best hopes for natural science were entertained.

The Mineralogical Society, founded by LENZ, awakened

the greatest confidence. All interested in this branch of study were desirous of becoming members of the society, and great rivalry was displayed in coming forward with important contributions to the cabinet. Conspicuous among the contributors was Prince Gallitzin, who in acknowledgement of the presidentship conferred on him presented the society with his considerable cabinet. By this and other gifts the establishment grew to such importance that the Duke, towards the end of the year, confirmed the statutes of the society, thereby giving it a marked rank among the public institutions.

After the loss of so many important men, we had to congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of new fellow-labourers. FERNOW came from Rome to stay for the future in Germany. We attached him firmly to us. Duchess Analia gave him the librarianship of her own collection of books, a post vacant since the death of JAGEMANN. In view of his thorough knowledge of the Italian literature, the select library of this department, and his agreeable social qualities, he proved a highly valuable acquisition. He brought, moreover, a considerable treasure with him, the drawings left behind by his friend Carstens, by whose side throughout his career as artist, and down to his early death, Fernow had stood faithfully with counsel and deed, with judgment and assistance.

Dr. RIEMER, who had gone with Herr von Humboldt to Italy, and had there for some time worked along with him in his family circle, had left that country in Fernow's company, and was likewise highly welcome to us. He attached himself to my family, lodged in my house, and bestowed his care on the education of my son.

With ZIEGLER, too, a nearer relationship was formed. His foreigner's stay rebounded to our mutual profit, both in an artistic and moral sense. He found himself in the strongest dilemma between, on one hand, a craft inherited, and pursued from youth up until he had acquired a mastery of it, a craft which, economically, secured him a certain subsistence in the middle-class of life; and, on the other, an artistic impulse, strong, powerful, irresistible, an artistic work which might cost the whole weaver of the time-work out of his individuality. Preferring the

former, impelled by the latter, possessing facility in the former, aspiring after facility in the latter, he stood, not like Hercules at the meeting of two ways, the one of which he must elect the other avoid, but attracted on this side and that by two equally-prized muses, the one of which he had made his own, while he wished also to appropriate the other. His upright, able, earnest burgess-like nature made him just as anxious about *moral* culture, this being so intimately allied to, nay, incorporated with, æsthetic culture, so that to their mutual perfection the one cannot be conceived without the other.

A double mutual activity must needs therefore prevail, the Weimar lovers of art being themselves almost in the same predicament. What nature did not intend for them was imposed on them, and what nature intended for them seemed to remain ever out of their reach.

The buildings attached to the library, and extending towards the Castle, were pulled down, for the sake of a freer prospect. Instead of them, a new place became necessary, for which Herren Gentz and Rabe politely undertook to furnish the drawings. The area formerly occupied by a stately stair-case and the large business and waiting-room, was used for this purpose. In the second-floor, moreover, room was not only found for several book-cases, but also some places for antiquities, works of art, and such like. No less was the cabinet of coins, comprising a full collection of Saxon medallions, thalers, and smaller coins, also medals, including Roman and Greek specimens, carefully disposed.

Having in my life eschewed above everything else empty words and phrases, covering no real thought or feeling, as an offence not to be endured in others, and impossible in myself, I suffered veritable pain in translating ‘Cellini,’ a work which everywhere demands, in order to its due appreciation, immediate contemplation. I regretted from my heart that I had not made a better use of my first through trip and my second stay at Florence, and had not acquired a deeper insight into the art of modern times. Friend Meyer, who in the years 1796 and 1797, had himself there amassed the most comprehensive knowledge, helped me to the utmost, yet I

ever longed after personal inspection, no more permitted me.

The idea, therefore, occurred to me whether Cellini * coins, which he makes so much use of, might not be procurable, or whether anything else might be had which would help to transplant me into those times.

Fortunately I heard of a Nürnberg auction, where copper coins of the fifteenth and sixteenth, nay, of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, were offered for sale, and I succeeded in obtaining the whole lot. Not only the original series of popes, from Martin V. to Clement XI., that is to the first quarter of the eighteenth century, became my property, but also within that period cardinals and priests, philosophers, learned men, artists and remarkable women, in distinct, uninjured specimens, part cast, part stamped. Strange and vexing, however, among so many hundreds, no Cellini! Even as it was, nevertheless, they served to incite one to study the historical line, to make investigation after ‘Bonanni,’ ‘Mazzucchelli,’ and others, laying the basis for altogether new instruction.

The older shooting-house in front of the Frauenthor had now long been encroached upon all round by the park grounds. The space it occupied was already inclosed by gardens and walks. The practice at the target, but especially bird-shooting, had thus gradually become inconvenient and dangerous. In exchange, the town-council, with great profit, took a large space of ground, spreading out pleasantly in front of the K. gelthor. The far-extending acres were to be converted into gardens and garden-grounds, while a new shooting-house should be erected on a proper site.

The site of a building, when the architect has free scope allowed him in this respect, is ever a point of the utmost moment with him. A country edifice and its environs should mutually adorn each other. The most careful consultations on this head were, therefore, held between the Berlin architects and the Weimar lovers of art, as also between the town-council and the shooters’ society.

In the case of a new pleasure-house with its environs, destined for the reception of a large multitude, the main

* Coins of the time of Cellini.

requirement is shade, a convenience not so easily procurable. A pleasant bit of wood was, therefore, the necessary point on which to lean a wing of the building. The site of the body of the building was next determined by a primitive four-fold linden avenue, extending above that thicket. The wing, and therefore the whole building, had to be planned rectangularly.

A moderate plan, sufficient at any rate for bare necessities, became gradually enlarged. The shooters' society, the public bent on dancing and enjoyment, all put in claims, all demanded a suitable and convenient place of accommodation. Then the erection of a restaurant close by, but yet detached from the building, was also found to be a complicated concern. And so our original plan was still further extended. The irregular nature of the ground itself, furthermore, tempted one to give the freest development to the requirements and conveniences of the object we had in view. At the end, accordingly, it was found that æsthetic and other considerations had carried us a long way beyond the limits of strict necessity. Still a building is one of those things which, besides satisfying inward requirements, should gratify the eye, and when it is finished, there is no more question how much thought, exertion, time and money have been spent on it. Its total effect is the paramount consideration subordinating every other.

Towards the end of the year, I had the pleasure of seeing my connection with the earth-clods of Rossia finally terminated. If the former tenant was a man disposed to enjoy life, easy-minded and careless in his business, his successor, hitherto the inhabitant of a country town, was distinguished by a certain petty punctiliousness of his own, of which his procedure in reference to the well already mentioned may serve as a symbol. The good man in his notions of gardening conceiving a fountain to be the highest achievement, conducted the water flowing in moderate measure from the well in narrow tin pipes to the lowest spot, whence it sprang up a few feet high, but instead of forming a water-mirror, only created a swamp. The idyllic aspect of the walk by the well was thus through this silly fancy of his quite spoiled, while other

views, too, of the place no longer afforded me the pleasure I had formerly found in them.

With all this the frugal man had come to a clear understanding that to one who took the management in his own hands the property was quite a fair investment, and to the degree in which the possession lost favour in my eyes it grew in favour in his. The upshot was that I resigned the estate to him, suffering no loss except that of the time I had spent on it and, to be sure, the outlays I had made on rural festivities, the pleasure of which, however, must count for something. If, moreover, a clear view into this mode of life could not be computed at so much money, I had yet gained a great deal by it, besides the happiness of socially enjoying many a cheerful day in the free open country.

MADAME DE STAËL arrived in Weimar the beginning of December while I was yet busy with the programme in Jena. Schiller's letter to me of the 21st of December respecting her at once served to present to me a clear picture of the mutual relations which her presence created:—

"Madame de Staël will appear to you entirely as you have already *à priori* construed her in your mind. She is all of a piece; not one foreign, false, pathologic trait in her. Despite, therefore, of the immense distance smothering you from her nature and way of thinking, you feel perfectly at your ease with her; you are disposed to listen to everything she says, to say everything to her. The French culture presents her purely and integrally in a highly interesting light. In all we understand by philosophy, that is in all ultimate and supreme judgments you find, and in spite of all argument remain, in contact with her. Her *naturel* and feeling, however, are better than her metaphysics, and her beautiful understanding elevates itself to an intellectual faculty. There is nothing she will not explain, penetrate into, take the measure of; there is nothing obscure, nothing impossible within her clear horizon. What she cannot illumine with the rays of her understanding has for her no existence. She has, therefore, a perfect horror of the intellectual slavery which, in her opinion, leads to mysticism and superstition, and that is the nitrogen which would

be the death of her. For that which we call poetry, there is in her no sense; of works of this kind she can appropriate only the passionate, oratorical and general. Not that anything false will impose upon her: she will only be unable always to recognise the true. From these few words you will perceive how the clearness, decision and intellectual vivacity of her nature cannot work otherwise than beneficially. The only annoyance is the quite uncommon nimbleness of her tongue: to keep up with it, you must be all ear. But seeing that with my poor expertness in French I get quite tolerably along with her, you with your greater practice will find communication with her a very easy affair."

It being impossible for me to remove from Jena till my business was done, many more descriptions and accounts reached me as to how Madame de Staël was demeaning herself, and what reception she was getting, so that I could pretty well prescribe for myself the part I should have to play. Things, however, were all disposed quite otherwise, as will appear in next year's notices, to which we are about to pass over.

But how inconvenient such an important visit must be at this particular time will be appreciated by him who duly weighs the gravity of the business which then detained me in Jena. To meet the world-famous *General Literature-Gazette* with the dismissal of its staff, and while it was endeavouring to transplant itself to another place to constrain it to grow in the same old spot was a bold enterprise. Nor is one always sufficiently sensible how a bold undertaking requires equal boldness in its execution, uncommon tasks not being achievable by common means. More than one sensible shrewd man gave me to understand how astonished he was at our committing ourselves to such an impossible feat. The feat, however, *was* rendered possible by the fact that a man of such merit as Herr Hofrath EICENSTADT took the resolution of continuing the business to which he had hitherto contributed so important a part.

The Weimar lovers of art now deemed it their duty to put the whole weight of their influence on the scale in our favour. Prize themes for plastic artists, reviews of the

papers sent in, bestowal of the prize, other kindred matters, the drawing up of a new prize theme; this complexity of affairs which had hitherto belonged to the 'Propylæen' was now to go to the good of the *General Literature-Gazette*. The programme for this employed me in my present isolation, while I remained in constant communication with my friend and fellow-labourer Heinrich Meyer.

Who carefully surveys the first year's course of the new, or *Jena General-Literature-Gazette*, will freely confess that it was no small task. The prize problem of 1803 was variously solved, and the prize adjudicated to Professor WAGNER, from Würzburg, the various merits of the competitors having been previously estimated and account given of the volunteered pieces. An attempt had then been made to restore POLYGNON's picture in the Lesche at Delphi, the task being prosecuted as far as possible in the spirit of this original father of art.

The Weimar lovers of art during the five years they had now carried on this institution had ample occasion to observe how a too strictly defined theme is apt to hamper the artist, and that he should be allowed a certain license of choice in order to work in accordance with his own sense and ability. The theme appointed for this year, therefore, was: 'The Human Race in a Struggle with the Element of Water,' a subject which we hoped would give occasion for great variety of treatment.

Out of the programme above referred to we may here cite a passage as conclusion to this subject and as giving occasion for the relation of a graceful incident:—

"Among the treasures of the Cassel gallery the 'Charitas' of LEONARDO DA VINCI is in the highest degree deserving the attention of artists and lovers of art. Herr RIEDELHAUSEN had sent to the exhibition the beautiful head of this figure excellently copied in water-colours. The sweet sadness of the mouth, the yearning expression of the eyes, the meek, entreating inclination of the head, the subdued colour-tone itself of the original picture were here repeated with entire purity and effectiveness. Most of those who visited the exhibition contemplated this work with much pleasure. Nay, a lover

of art must have been mightily attracted to it, for there on the glass just above the mouth were the unmistakable traces of a heart-giving kiss imprinted by sweet lips."

How much love was expressed in this facsimile of a kiss will first appear when the circumstances are related in which the kiss was given. Our exhibition this year fell later than usual, but the interest manifested in it by the public induced us to protract it beyond the ordinary time. The rooms grew gradually colder, but were not heated till close on the time of opening. A small charge, to be devoted to the benefit of the institution, was made for one admission, especially in the case of strangers. For the natives a subscription ticket was arranged giving admission at pleasure even beyond the fixed time. While we, then, aware of the pretty evidence of appreciation of an excellent work of art, were, in secret glee, on the watch after the perpetrator, the following was conclusively established. The kiss was that of a young person. This might have been taken for granted, but the features fixed on the glass confirmed the supposition. Then it occurred alone; no one would have ventured on such a thing in the presence of many people. The event happened early, while the rooms were yet unheated. The fond lover suffused the cold glass with his warm breath, imprinted the kiss into his own vapour, which growing cold became consolidated. Only a few were acquainted with this affair, but it was easily conjectured who had early made his way into the unheated rooms, and things all pointed in the same direction. Suspicion rising to certainty rested on a young man whose truly kissable lips we had afterwards more than one opportunity of greeting in a friendly way.

So far as we know the picture was taken to Dorpat.

A great, though alas! an anticipated loss befell us the end of the year. Herder after long languishment quitted us. For three years now I had been withdrawn from his companionship. For with his disease increased his cantankerous contradictory humour, overclouding his invaluable, unique, loving and loveable nature. You could not

shock which staggered me. I looked at him, answered nothing, and the many years of our co-existence consummated in this explosion filled me with the utmost horror. So we parted, and I never saw him again.

1804.

The winter had set in with all its force. The roads lay buried under snow; the Schnecke, a steep height in front of Jena, denied all passage. Madame de Staël's not ever more pressing intimation of her presence; my business was ended, and for many reasons I determined on returning to Weimar. This time again, however, I felt the evil effects of staying in winter in the castle. The dearly-bought experience of 1803 had failed to teach me the lesson of prudence. I returned with as severe catarrh, which, though not dangerous, confined me for some days to bed, and then for weeks to my room. In this way a part of the stay of this singular woman became historical to me, leaving, as I did, from my friends a report of all that passed in society. The intercourse between us had to be carried on first by notes, next by *tit-à-tat* conversations, afterwards in a very small circle, perhaps the most favourable way in which I could become acquainted with her, and, as far as possible, she with me.

Her presence, both intellectual and bodily, had something charming about it, nor did she seem to take it amiss when, in the latter respect also, people showed themselves not insensible towards her. Her often repeated phrase, "I have trusted into one feeling, solidarity, goodwill, affection, and passion!" Once she said, "I never trusted a man who had not once been in love with me." It is a pertinent remark, for when once a man, as happens in love, has opened his heart and committed himself, he is for ever committed, and it is impossible for him to harm or have impacted a creature formerly loved.

With decided interest she pursued her purpose of learning the conditions under which we lived, interpreting them according to her own conceptions. She made all inquiries respecting each of us individually, and every

woman of the world sought to obtain a clear view of our social relations, and with her feminine powers of mind to penetrate into our more general modes of thought and all that is understood by philosophy. Though now I had no reason whatever to disguise myself in her presence, but was disposed to meet her with entire frankness, in spite of the fact that people never understand but always misunderstand me, let me commit myself never so unreservedly to them, there was, nevertheless, one circumstance which admonished me to exercise discretion for the moment. I had just received a French book, newly published, containing the correspondence of two ladies with Rousseau. In this work it appeared how nicely they had mystified the inaccessible, retiring man. Engaging his interest by some trifling affairs, they contrived to entice him into a correspondence which, after they had carried on the joke long enough, they collected and published.

I expressed to Madame de Staël my disapproval of such conduct. She, however, took the matter lightly; seemed rather to admire it, and gave me, in no dubious terms, to understand that she was meditating the same game with us. That was quite enough to put me on my guard, in a certain measure to seal my lips.

The great talents of this high-minded and high-souled authoress are evident to every one, and the results of her travels through Germany are a sufficient testimony of the good use she made of her time.

Her aims were various. She wanted to know Weimar in its moral, social, and literary aspects, and obtain exact information on all those points. Then it was her wish to make herself known, having as much at heart the diffusion of her own views as the fathoming of our mode of thought. Nor was that all. She aimed at producing an impression on the senses, the feelings, the mind: she would incite people to a certain brisk activity, with the lack of which she reproached us.

Having no idea of what is meant by duty, no idea of the quiet, composed attitude obligatory on him who sets himself seriously to the performance of duty, she would have people concern themselves with everything, be ever accomplishing something for the moment, just as in

company a man should be continually speaking and agitating matters.

The Weimar people are certainly capable of enthusiasm, perhaps of a false enthusiasm, but French flash was not their forte, least of all at a time when French ascendancy threatened the whole world, and men of quiet penetration anticipated the inevitable mischief which in the next year was to bring us to the verge of ruin.

In reading and declamation, also, Madame de Staël was bent on gathering laurels. A reading of 'Phædra,' which I could not attend, had the success to be expected. It again became clear that the German might well for ever have renounced this restricted form, this measured and bombastic pathos. The nice, natural kernel hidden under all this he will rather dispense with than take the trouble of picking it out of so much enveloping material repugnant to nature.

Philosophising in company means carrying on a lively conversation on insoluble problems. This was her peculiar pleasure and passion. Of course, she pursued this exercise in speeches and rejoinders into a domain where properly God and the individual soul are alone permitted to hold communion. In this business, too, as woman and Frenchwoman, she would stick positively by her main positions, without giving exact heed to what the other said.

All this provoked the evil genius in me so that I treated everything that came up in a contradictory, dialectic, problematic spirit, and by obstinate antitheses often drove her to despair. In this predicament she first appeared in a truly amiable light, while her nimbleness in thought and reply displayed itself most brilliantly.

I had, on several occasions, *tête-à-tête* conversations with her, in which, too, as usual, she did not fail to dun me. On the most important events she allowed you not a moment's time for reflection, but in discussing momentous affairs, in dealing with the gravest questions, passionately demanded of you to be as swift in your movements as though you were catching a shuttle-cock.

An anecdote may here be in point. Madame de Staël came to me one evening before the court time, and at

once, by way of salutation, exclaimed with vehemence: "I have important news to tell you. Moreau has been arrested, along with some others, and accused of treason against the tyrant!" Like every one, I had for a long time been interested in this noble man, following his ways and opinions. In silence I recalled the past, in order, in my way, to try the present by it, and make inferences as to the future, or at least conjectures in that direction. The lady changed the conversation, diverting it as usual on to various indifferent topics, while I, still grooving in my mind on the old subject, was not at once ready with replies to her remarks. She, therefore, anew began the reproaches I had often before heard. I was again this evening, as usual, *maussade*, and no eloquent conversation was to be got out of me. This made me really angry. I assured her she was incapable of any real sympathy: she stormed in on you, stunned you with a severe blow, and then at once called on you to join in a trillie, to skip with her from one subject to another. These expressions of dislike were quite to her mind. *Passion* she wanted to elicit, no matter what. To reconcile me she went on telling me the particulars of the unfortunate event she had referred to, displaying great insight into the situation. Her dispassionate character.

Another anecdote will likewise show how lively and easy nature it was to live with her if you would only take pains in company. On the occasion of a numerous, yet amiable, supper at the Duchess Angoulême, I sat at a distance from her, and this time also was quiet and thoughtful. The ladies reproached me with it, and there was a little ripple at one end, the cause of which at first was taken out of the supper guests. Madame de Sévigné, when she complained about my silence, expressed her complaint in the most ordinary, ordinary, "In general I don't like to see the women who do not drink a bottle of champagne, but I don't find myself obliged to be heard on that subject the next day. There are more than one of us who must have been fulfilling together." Another lady, who was seated next me, demanded to know the cause. No more of the same old story, said I, kindly replying, words in French, which were translated at last by M. DE LAUNAY, who

sat next me, on her continued importunity, volunteered, in order to put an end to the matter, to satisfy her by a euphemistic phrase.

No matter, however, what may be thought and said of such things, the great and important influence she exercised on the course of affairs cannot be denied. That work of hers on Germany, which sprang from such social meetings, is to be regarded as a powerful machine cleaving the first considerable gap into that Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices which divided us from France, bringing us into spiritual communication with the country beyond the Rhine and finally beyond the Channel, and so enabling us to exercise vital influence on the more distant West. Let us therefore bless those annoyances and conflicts of national peculiarities which at the time seemed by no means to our profit.

With Benjamin Constant, too, I enjoyed pleasant instructive hours. Whoever properly appreciates this excellent man's performances in subsequent times, and the zeal with which he pushed forward undeviatingly on the course he had marked out for himself as the course of duty, will be able to form some idea of the worthy, though as yet undeveloped, tendencies which at that time dominated such a man. In private confidential conversations he communicated to me his principles and convictions: principles and convictions philosophically directed towards moral, political, practical ends. He desired reciprocal communications at my hands, and if my mode of regarding and treating nature and art was not always clear to him the way in which he laboured honestly to appropriate it, bring it into harmony with his own conceptions, and translate it into his own language, was of the greatest service to myself, bringing out, as it did, prominently before me all that was as yet undeveloped, obscure, incommunicable, unpractical in my style of treatment.

The evening he would spend sometimes at my hearth with Madame de Staël. Later on would drop in JOHANNES VON MÜLLER, and the Duke my most gracious master being also inclined to take part in these select evening circles, there could be no want of highly interesting conversation. No doubt the important and fatal events of the moment

were pressing irresistibly into the common occurrences of the day; but to divert our attention from these things the Medallion Collection of the second half of the fifteenth century formed by me, and just at that time zealously augmented, proved of happy service, turning away our minds from considerations of seriously political or universally philosophical import into particular, historico-human observations. Here Johannes Müller was in his element, having completely at his finger-ends the history of each man imaged in the metal, and relating many a cheerful biographical incident.

Nor in the following weeks of the first quarter of the year was there any want of sympathetic strangers. Professor Wolf, the powerful philologist, seemed to find ever more pleasure in our circle, and on this occasion had come from Halle for a short time to visit me. REIBERG, the meritorious painter, whom the warlike junctures had driven from Italy, showed us praiseworthy works with which he intended going to England. We also heard from him a circumstantial report of the havoc to which the beautiful land and especially Rome was exposed. Fernow's presence was in the highest degree refreshing and instructive, he having brought with him much that was stimulating in respect to art and the Italian languages. Voss's stay in Jena was no less influential. His good relationship to Hofrath Eichstädt caused him to take an active part on behalf of the *Literature-Gazette*, though he could not quite hide his intention of leaving Jena.

For the rest, how difficult it was to keep one's patience with our excellent foreign guests, let the following serve as an example. Madame de Staël had as good as forced us to a performance of the 'Natural Daughter.' What could she, however, with the little mimic movement of the piece, get out of the copious speeches wholly unintelligible to her? She told me I had not done well in treating this subject. The book which furnished the material was not prized and the original of the heroine who figures in it was not respected in good society. As I was good humoured enough to decline jokingly the appeal to these tribunals, she replied that this was just the fault of us

German authors, not to take heed of the public. She further pressingly demanded a performance of the 'Mädchen von Andros.' What reception this masque-piece affecting antiquity might have received at her hands, I do not remember.

Towards the end of June I repaired to Jena, and at once, the same evening, owing to a lively St. John's fire, met with a merry enough reception. There is no question but these pleasure-illuminations on the mountain seen from the neighbourhood of the town, as also when driving up and down the valley, affect us with a pleasant surprise.

According to the nature and bulk of the materials employed, and the greater or less degree of swiftness with which they are brandished about, they flame up tongue-wise now in the form of obelisks, now of pyramids; appear to die out in a glow and all at once blaze into new effulgence. A reciprocal play of fire is thus seen disporting up and down the valley in the most varied manner.

Amid all these spectacles there was one in particular imposing and significant, though lasting only for a short time. On the pinnacle of the Hausberg, which seen in front towers up skittle-wise, there flamed aloft symmetrically a considerable fire, though of a mobile and restless character. In a short time it was seen pouring in two diverging streams down the sides of the skittle. These two flaming rows connected in the middle by a fiery cross-line displayed the figure of a colossal blazing A from whose apex a splendred flame, like a crown, shot forth and pointed to the name of our revered Dowager Duchess. This phenomenon called forth universal applause. Foreign guests in astonishment inquired how such a significant festive fire-picture could be produced.

They very soon learned that it was the work of a class from whom such a gay and ingenious device was least to be expected.

The university town of Jena, whose lowest and poorest class is particularly prolific—a common feature in large cities—swarms with boys of different ages, not unfitly likened to the Lazaroui. Without exactly begging, they

commended themselves by their important services to the beneficence of the inhabitants, and in particular of the students. With the increased attendance at the Academy, this tagging class of people had grown specially numerous; they crowded the market-place and the corners of streets, ready for any errand. They carried messages hither and thither, ordered horses and carriages, bore the albums up and down, and solicited inscription; doing all services of that kind for small recompense, though counting a good deal to them and their families. They had the name of Moors, probably because from their exposure to the sun they had acquired an obviously dark complexion.

These had now for a long time claimed the right to kindle and feed the fire on the pinnacle of the Hausberg, and to enable them to do this they made use of the following means. As assiduous in their attendance on the female servants as on the students, they knew how to ingratiate themselves into the good will of the former by many a service, in return for which the besom-stumps were carefully laid by throughout the year and delivered over to them against this festival. To collect all these they distributed themselves through the different quarters of the town, and on the evening of St. John's Day assembled in troops on the pinnacle of the Hausberg. There they set fire to the stumps, waving them about in many various motions, which this time went to the construction of a large A. At the end they stood still, each one holding the stick as long as possible.

This lively spectacle, watched and admired by friends assembled at a cheerful supper, was calculated to arouse some enthusiasm. Glasses were clinked in honour of the revolved Duchess, and as the police had for some time been meeting ever more serious preparations to put an end to these pleasure illuminations, we could not help regretting the loss for the future of such joyous scenes, or expressing a wish for the continuance of the custom in the new year.

Wesendelbrenner stieg zu dem Hauberg,

Und war es brennend brennend;

For he was overboard with stumps

And youngsters' fire-bling brennend."

A deeper pleasure was afforded us in examining the scientific establishments there, the collection of the mineralogical society having been particularly enhanced both in its treasures and arrangement. The vitreous tubes, which at the time had first come prominently into notice, served, like all important novelties, to impart fresh interest to this department of study. To bring geognostic experiences and geologic thoughts into a consecutive visual series, a model was thought of, which at first sight should represent a graceful landscape, the undulations of which were, on taking the whole to pieces, to be explained by the various sorts of stone indicated inside. A plan in miniature was sketched, at first not without success, but afterwards on account of the pressure of other interests set aside, and by reason of disputes regarding the mode of representing such problematic things committed to oblivion.

The library left by Heinrich Böttger, the finding of the books and their arrangement still gave me a great deal to do.

Challenging to me in the highest degree, in the midst of all these labours, was the visit of my most gracious master, who came over with Privy-Councillor Von Voigt, a statesman zealously co-operating with me in these matters. What a rich reward it was to labour for such a Prince, who was ever opening out new fields to enterprise and activity, confidently committing the cultivation of them to his servants, who every now and again looked in on you and at once with perfect accuracy determined how far you had been acting in accordance with his intentions, while sometimes by your unusual activity you would surprise him with the results you had achieved!

During his present visit, the resolution came to a head to set up an anatomical museum, which, in case of there being no Professor of Anatomy in connection with the University, should remain attached to the scientific institution. This was all the more necessary that, through the removal of the important Loder Cabinet, a great gap was felt in this department. Professor ACALREANN, called from Heidelberg, set himself devotedly to labour and collect from all quarters towards this purpose, and

under his management the undertaking very soon succeeded, at first in a didactic, which of course is entirely different from a scientific sense. The latter at once directs attention and endeavours towards the new, the rare, may the curious, and has of course no right of action till after the satisfaction of the didactic sense.

The more I advanced in my chromatic studies, the more important and precious appeared to me the history of the natural sciences in general. Whoever carefully surveys the course of a higher knowledge, the course of a higher generalisation, will have occasion to remark how experience and knowledge may progress and enlarge, but how thought and true insight will yet by no means advance with equal pace, and this for the perfectly plain reason that knowledge is endless and accessible to every man who will take the trouble attentively to look about him, whereas deliberation, thought, the conjunction of ideas is confined within a certain circle of human capabilities. Knowledge of the world-phenomena around us, from the fixed star to the smallest living point, may, accordingly, grow ever clearer and completer, while true insight into the nature of these things is possible only to the highest intellectual faculty. This will explain the fact that not individuals alone, but whole centuries revolve in a fixed circle from error to truth, from truth to error.

In this year I had arrived at the memorable time when the Royal Society, as it was afterwards called, met first in Oxford, then in London. Kept back by various hindrances, next interrupted in its labours by the great fire in London, but always becoming more consolidated, it was at last formally constituted and established.

The history of this society, by THOMAS SPEATT, I read with great approval and considerable edification. Notwithstanding all the objections that may have been urged against this man, who is no doubt somewhat flighty, by more exacting people, a man of talent he always remains, and gives us right true glances into the situation.

The protocols of this society, published by BIRCH, are, on the other hand, beyond all dispute quite invaluable. The beginnings of so great an institution furnish us with enough materials for thought. To this work I devoted

every quiet hour at my command, and what of it I appropriated I have briefly incorporated into my 'History of the Theory of Colours.'

Here, however, I must not omit to mention that I obtained these works from the Göttingen library, through the favour of the noble HEYNE, whose indulgent kindness I enjoyed uninterruptedly for many years, even though he often could not wholly conceal a little annoyance at the late return of many important works. No doubt my desultory mode of life and study was mostly to blame for the fact that I could only at first make a hasty onset on able productions, and then called off by external importunities was obliged to lay them aside in the hope of a more favourable moment, which probably did not arrive for a long time.

WINCKELMANN's earlier letters to Hofrath BERENDIS had already long been in my hands, and I had prepared myself for their publication. In order to gather together what in various ways might serve towards the delineation of this extraordinary man, I drew my valued friends Wolf in Halle, Meyer in Weimar and Fernow in Jena, into co-operation with me in this business, and in this way was gradually formed the octavo volume as it was then placed in the hands of the public.

A French manuscript, 'Diderot's Nephew,' was handed me by Schiller, with the expression of a wish that I would translate it. At all times I was quite specially taken, not with Diderot's sentiments and way of thinking, but with his mode of representing things, and I found the packet of the greatest stimulating excellence. A work more insolent and more restrained, more talented and more audacious, more immoral-moral, had scarcely ever before met my eyes, and I therefore, very readily undertook its translation. For the sake of making it the more intelligible to myself and others, I recalled out of the treasures of literature things having affinity with the work in question and with which I had formerly been familiar, and so under the form of notes in alphabetic arrangement grew an appendix which I at last got published by Göschen. The German translation was to come out first, and the original to be printed shortly after. With this plan in

my head, I neglected to get a copy of the original, a neglect which occasioned quite curious occurrences, as will later on fall to be narrated.

With every month the new *Genie ! Literature-tante* pressed forward with increased vitality, not indeed without having varied opposition to encounter, but without suffering any real check. To relate in a connected whole all that it had to fight its way through, for and against, would make up no unacceptable publication, and the course of such an important literary undertaking would at all events be instructive. In the present case, however, we can only have recourse to a simile in order to express ourselves. The error of the opposite party was that they did not consider how, though a hostile battery on a favorable military position may be removed and transplanted to another important point on their own side, that in no way hinders the enemy from bringing up his guns to the vacated spot and thereby gaining equal advantage for himself with his adversary. In the conduct of the business I took a continuous active part. Of the reviews I wrote I will here specify only that on Voss's poems.

In the year 1797, with my friend Meyer returning from Italy, I had made a most enjoyable trip to the little cantons, whither now for the first time I felt drawn by the spell of an incredible loquacity. The Vi wandstreck, Lake, the Schwyz Haken, Fluggen and Alpnach, now viewed with free open eye on my way thither and thither, compelled my imagination to people with persons the so beautiful scenes of interest and configuration, and who called the names more readily to me than Thalia and Ibis, the two muses. Here on the spot itself I meditated that epic poem to which I gave myself with all the greater devotion that I wanted to make it a larger work in hexameters, in that beautiful verse to which our language was so naturally moulding itself in order by practice and custom to come I with full attention and more perfection in that measure.

Of my poems I will only mention, and by the way, I will not say that I was a kind of Demos, who in therefore I was a kind of Demos, a powerful burden-bearing engaged his die, his heavy big limbs and other wares further and

thither across the mountains, troubling himself no farther about lordship and subjection, but laboriously driving his trade, and as able as resolute to defend himself from the most immediate personal evils. As such he was known to his countrymen, who were richer and of higher social status, and for the rest was looked upon as inoffensive, even by the foreign oppressors. This position assigned to him facilitated to me an exposition unfolding itself in action, an exposition which would have set forth clearly the exact situation of the time.

My governor of the province was one of those easy selfish tyrants who press forward to the accomplishment of their purposes heartlessly and ruthlessly, but otherwise are well pleased to enjoy their comfort, and so far are disposed to live and let live, perpetrating on occasion, at the dictate of their own caprices, this and that deed, which may either be indifferent in its consequences, or may, too, operate for weal and woe. From these sketches it will be seen, that the plan of my poem on both sides was so far practicable, admitting of a definite series of actions so suitable to the epic poem. The old Swiss and their faithful representatives, outraged in their possessions, honours, persons and reputation, should feel their impassioned moral nature agitated into inward fermentation, tumult and mad enterprise, while the two principal figures outlined above should stand in contrast to and operate immediately on one another.

These thoughts and images, however much they employed my mind, gradually coalescing as they did into a mature whole, did not succeed in obtaining definite objective embodiment at my hands. The German prosody, so far as it is fitted to the old syllables, caesure, instead of becoming regular, grew ever more problematic. The acknowledged masters of such arts and artifices were themselves divided into the sick, the lame. In these circumstances, what was so magnificent grew more dull and dim. In my case, however, when I had any purpose in my mind, it was impossible for me to create my head with the *noctua* by which the purpose was to be attained. The means must be already at hand. I was not at once tormented, the undertaking was then,

With all this inward creation and outward negation we had entered into the new century. I had often talked over the affair with Schiller, had often enough entertained him with my lively description of those walls of rock and the anguished lot of the people, so that at last this theme could not but shape and mould itself in his mind according to his own structure. He, too, made me acquainted with *his* views, nor did I wish to have any part whatever in a material which had now for me lost the charm of novelty and of immediate observation, but formally and with pleasure I resigned in his favour all my rights and claims to the property, as I had formerly done in the case of the 'Cranes of Ibykus' and many another theme. It will, moreover, clearly appear, when the above representation is compared with Schiller's drama, that the latter is wholly the author's production, and that he owes nothing to me except the incitement to the task and a more vivid view of the situation than the simple legend could have afforded him.

The elaboration of this subject was, as usual, a matter of constant conversation between us. The parts were at last distributed among the actors in accordance with his views, the rehearsals carefully superintended by us both. In costume and decoration, too, we wished to proceed only in moderation, though with an eye to what was fitting and characteristic. On this occasion, as always, we acted but in conformity with the state of our economic resources, and with our conviction that only moderate stress is to be laid on externals, but so much the greater weight to be attached to essence and substance. If externals are made the preponderating element, while in the end they fail to satisfy all the demands of sense, they crush that higher structure which, in point of fact is the only justification of the drama. On the 17th of March came the performance, and by this first, as also by the following representations, and no less by the happiness which this piece all along created, we were completely rewarded for all the care and trouble we had spent on it.

In conformity with the arrangement come to with Schiller to form gradually a repertory for our theatre, I tried my hand at 'Götz von Berlichingen,' without being

able to accomplish the purpose in view. The piece always continued too long. Divided into two parts it became inconvenient, and the flowing historical course of the play entirely hindered a stationary interest in the scenes such as is demanded by the theatre. Meanwhile the work was begun and ended not without loss of time and other disturbances.

In these times, too, I had a visit from Count Zenobio, who came to receive back the fifty carolins which some years before he had deposited in my hands to be given as a prize for the best solution of a question proposed by him. I no longer remember the exact terms of the question, but in strange wording it ran something to this effect: What has been the strict course all along of the culture of men and of human society? It might have been said that the answer to this question was already contained in Herder's 'Ideas,' and other such writings of his. In the vigour of his earlier years, Herder, to gain this prize, might well have once more constrained his powerful pen to a precise *résumé* of this theme.

The good, well-meaning stranger, who was willing to contribute something on behalf of the enlightenment of men, had conceived of the University of Jena as though it were an academy of the sciences. The papers sent in were to be perused and appraised by it. How oddly such a demand corresponded with our position is soon comprehended. Nevertheless I talked over the matter at large with Schiller and then with Griesbach. Both found the theme much too comprehensive and in a certain measure also undefined. In whose name should it be given out, who was to be the judge, and what authority might be expected to examine the competing papers, which could not be other than of large compass even in the case of the best writer? The conflict, moreover, between the Anatolians and Ækumenians was at that time more lively than now. The conviction was beginning to take hold on men that the human race everywhere could have originated under certain conditions of nature, and that each race so arising must have invented its language according to organic laws. Now the theme in question demanded investigation into these beginnings. To adopt either

side of the question was to exclude the essay from general approbation, and to vacillate between the two sides was a ticklish business. In fine, after much agitation of the affair, I let both prize and question drop, and perhaps in the meantime our Mæcenas had come upon other ideas and discovered a better use for his money. At all events, it was a relief to me to have his carolins and the whole affair out of my hands and responsibility.

1805.

This year was also entered on with the best intentions and hopes, and in particular 'Demetrius' was the subject of frequent and minute discussion. Both of us being, however, again and again disturbed in our chief tasks by bodily ailments, Schiller continued the translation of 'Thædra,' I of 'Rameau,' efforts which demanding no productivity of our own served to tune and stimulate our talent through communication with foreign and finished works.

My work incited, nay compelled, me to take the French literature again in hand, and in order to the understanding of the eccentric, audacious little book to infuse fresh distinct life into names which for us Germans at least had lost all meaning. Musical studies, too, in former times so agreeable to me, but now long kept in abeyance, I also resuscitated. In this way many an hour which otherwise would have been wasted in pain and languor was turned to good account. By a happy accident there came to us at this time a Frenchman of the name of Texier, whose gay and clever talent for reading French comedies with change of voice, according to the representations of the French actors, was the admiration of the Court for several evenings. To me in particular, who highly valued Molière, devoting a certain portion of time each year to his works, and thereby ever anew testing and renewing a reverence I truly felt for him, to me it was both enjoyable and profitable to hear his living voice in the person of a countryman of his, who, equally with me penetrated with a sense of Molière's great talent, by his

representations contended with me in extolling the French comedian.

Schiller, urged by the 30th January, worked diligently at 'Phædra,' which was actually performed on the appointed day, and here at the time, as subsequently in other quarters, afforded able actors the opportunity of distinguishing themselves and still more highly raising their talent.

In the meantime, owing to two dreadful fire-accidents which happened in succession, within a few nights of each other, and by both of which I was personally endangered, I was thrown back into the bad state of health from which I was endeavouring to recover. Schiller felt himself in an equally bad plight. Our personal meetings were interrupted; we exchanged flying messages. Some of his letters written in February and March yet testify to his sufferings, to his activity, his resignation and his ever more and more vanishing hopes. The beginning of May I ventured out, I found him on the point of going to the theatre, I did not wish to keep him from it, a sense of discomfort deterred me from accompanying him, and so we parted in front of the door of his house, never to see each other again. In the state in which I was, bodily and mentally, a state which taxed all my strength to prevent my sinking under it, no one ventured to bring to me in my loneliness the news of his decease. He had departed on the 9th, and now all my troubles assailed me doubly and three-fold.

As soon as I had so far manned myself, I looked about in quest of some decided serious work; my first thought was to complete 'Demetrius.' From the time when the purpose was formed down to the end we had frequently talked over the plan. Schiller liked well in the midst of his labours to hold argument with himself and others, for and against, as to how any particular work was to be done; he was just as unwearied in listening to other people's opinions as in scrutinizing his own from this and that point of view. I thus accompanied him side by side through all his works from 'Wallenstein' onwards, for the most part in a peaceful and friendly way, though sometimes when at last the play was about ripe for perform-

ance I disputed vehemently with him on some points, till in the end the one or other of us gave way. In the play of 'Demetrius,' too, his ardent and aspiring spirit had conceived the plot in much too wide compass. I witnessed how he was bent on constructing the exposition in a prelude, now like 'Wallenstein,' and now like the 'Maid of Orleans,' how he gradually narrowed his field, compressed the salient points, and began to work this and that part into conformity with such circumscription. One event attaining predominance in his mind over another, I was ever at his side with counsel and co-operation. The piece became as vital in me as in him. At present, therefore, it was my passionate desire to continue our intercourse with each other to the undoing of death, to sustain alive his thoughts, views and intentions, down to the smallest particular, and in the elaboration of our own and foreign works to raise for the last time our wonted co-operation to its highest climax. In this way his loss would be canceled; he would still live with me. I hoped to unite our mutual friends. The German theatre, for which we had laboured in common, he creating and moulding, I instructing, practising and executing, should, till the arrival of a like fresh spirit, not be wholly orphaned on account of his departure. In short, all the enthusiasm which despair stirs up in us on the occasion of a great loss had taken possession of me. My hands were free from all other work; in a few months I should have finished the piece. To see it at once played in all theatres would have been a magnificent funeral solemnity, a solemnity he himself had prepared for himself and his friends. I was well, I was consoled. Unfortunately, however, many hindrances came in the way of the execution of this design. Hindrances which some carefulness and prudence might perhaps have overcome, but which my passionate, inconsiderate enthusiasm only aggravated. Obstinate and precipitate, I gave up the idea, and even now I dare not think of the situation into which I felt myself plunged. Now, properly, for the first time was Schiller torn from my side, now for the first time was his fellowship denied me. My artistic recreation was begotten from busying itself with the catalogue I intended raising for him, a catalogue which

should outlast his burial longer than in the case of the one at Messina. Now it was that my imagination turned to follow the corpse to the grave which had desolately closed in on him. Now for the first time I began to feel his dissolution. Intolerable pain seized hold of me, and my bodily sufferings secluding me from all company I sank into the saddest loneliness. My diary records nothing of that time, its blank leaves indicate my blank state, and what scraps of news may elsewhere be found only testify how I followed current business without further interest, and instead of directing it let myself be directed by it. In later times how often had I to smile quietly to myself when sympathetic friends missed Schiller's monument in Weimar. The thought was always present with me how I could have raised the most joyous monument in honour of himself and our co-operation.

The translation of 'Rameau's Nephew' had been sent by Schiller to Leipzig. Some manuscript sheets of the 'Theory of Colours' I received back after his death. The objections he had entertained to the passages marked by him I could explain in his sense, so that his friendship still exerted itself from the kingdom of the dead, while mine was banished among the living.

My solitary activity I now directed to another subject. Winckelmann's letters, which had come into my hands, caused me to think of this distinguished long-missed man, and to compress into convenient limits all that for many years I had been revolving in my head and heart respecting him. Many friends had been already asked to contribute to this work. Schiller himself had promised to take part in it.

I may well deem it the providence of a friendly disposed genius that an especially prized and revered man, with whom I had formerly stood only in general relations of occasional correspondence and intercourse, now felt himself impelled to draw closer the bonds of intimacy between us. Professor Wolf of Halle manifested his interest in Winckelmann and my efforts towards his commemoration by sending me an essay which was highly welcome to me, though he himself declared it to be unsatisfactory. As early as March this year he had

announced a visit he intended paying us, and all Weimar friends gladdened at the prospect of having him again in their circle, which alas! he found diminished by one noble member—found plunged in deep sadness of heart—when on the 30th of May he arrived in our midst, accompanied by his daughter, who in all the charms of opening youth rivalled the spring itself. I could not but hospitably receive the respected man, spending hours highly delightful and instructive with him. In confidential relations, each of us speaking freely on the subject in which he was most interested, the marked difference between our two characters soon became apparent. The diversity in the present case was of an altogether different character from that unlikeness which instead of separating, most inwardly united me and Schiller. My realistic could very well consociate with Schiller's ideal tendency. Both tendencies detached failing of their goal, they at last entered into a vital alliance with each other.

Wolf on the other hand had devoted his whole life to the literary traditions of antiquity, carefully examining and comparing them as far as possible in manuscripts and editions. His penetrating understanding had so mastered the peculiarities of the different authors according to the time and place in which they flourished, and so sharpened itself in this province, that in the difference of language and style of writings he at once detected the difference in their spirit and sense, tracing their peculiarities from the simple letter and syllable up to rhythmic and prosaic euphony, from the simple structure to manifold complexity of sentences.

Was it any wonder, then, that so great a talent disporting itself with so much certainty in this element, possessing an almost magic skill in recognising virtues and faults in this sphere, able to assign to every particular writing its particular time and place, and so in the highest degree realising the past—was it any wonder, that such a man should supremely value these masterful accomplishments and deem the results springing from them to be alone estimable? In short, from his conversations it appeared that he prized that alone as historical, alone truly credible, which was or could be

proved to have come down to us in writings from older times.

The Weimar friends, on the other hand, had come by another road to a corresponding set of convictions. With their passionate attachment to plastic art, they necessarily very soon became aware that in *this* department also the historical is the only basis of a true judgment, as of practical emulation. They had, therefore, accustomed themselves always to consider ancient as well as modern art historically, carefully surveying its course of development, and imagined that from their point of view, likewise, they had mastered many a characteristic feature by which time and place, master and pupil, originality and imitation, predecessor and successor, could be duly discriminated.

When now in liveliest conversation both modes of realising the past were discussed, the Weimar lovers of art might well deem themselves at an advantage in comparison with the excellent man, seeing they did full justice to *his* studies and talents, sharpened their taste on *his* taste, endeavoured with their intellectual faculty to attain to a comprehension of *his* intellectual habit, and in this way edified and enriched themselves. *He*, on the other hand, denied the admissibility of *their* procedure, and there was no means of convincing him of his partiality. It is difficult, nay impossible, to excite in a man who has not heartily devoted himself to any particular study and thereby gradually attained to some familiarity with the subject and the power of drawing comparisons between it and his own more special branch of culture—it is difficult or even impossible to excite in such a man so much as a presentiment of the matter to be appreciated, the last appeal having ever in such a case to be addressed to faith and confidence. When, now, we very readily granted that some speeches of Cicero, for which we had the greatest respect, inasmuch as they had been helpful to us in building up our little Latin, were to be regarded as patchwork interpolated at a later period and not as especial models of eloquence, he, on the other hand, would by no means allow that the sculpture handed down to us could also trustworthily be disposed of according to a certain series in the order of time.

Though, again, we frankly conceded that with respect to sculpture much might remain problematic, as even the man most deeply versed in writings was for his part also unable, at all times, to satisfy himself or others in regard to some point in his department, it was not for *us* for one moment to presume to ask of Wolf a reciprocal concession on *his* side, to ask *him* to admit that *our* documents had a like validity with *his*, that the sagacity *we* had attained by practice might be of equal value with *his*! The very obstinacy of this conflict, however, yielded us the considerable advantage that all arguments *pro* and *con* were exhaustively discussed, and that each bent on enlightening the other could not fail of himself attaining greater clearness and facility in his special province.

Seeing, however, that the greatest good will, affection, friendship, need of each other, pervaded these discussions, that both sides during the course of the argument saw each before it an infinity of knowledge, of things to be known, there reigned throughout the whole time of a lengthy co-existence quite an excited gaiety of spirits, quite a passionate cheerfulness which tolerated no stagnation, which found within the same circle ever fresh material for entertainment.

The conversation turning on the older history of art, there was, necessarily, often mentioned the name of PHIDIAS, who belongs as much to the world as to art-history, for what were the world without art? It thus happened as a matter of course that reference was made to the two colossal heads of the Dioscuri lying in Rudolstadt. Our incredulous friend made this the occasion for a trip thither, as a proof of his good-will to take sides with us, but, as was to be anticipated, without any special success. Unfortunately, at that time the two gigantic heads, for which Eilbert no suitable site could be found, were left standing on the bare earth, and all proper contemplation of their features being denied, only the fondest connoisseur would have been able to recognize their excellence. Being well received by the Court there, Wolf enjoyed himself in the beautiful country round about, and after a visit to Schwarzburg returned in the company of friend Meyer, in happy spirits, but as much an unbeliever as ever.

The Weimar lovers of art during the stay of this highly-prized man much extended their knowledge, and at the same time greatly cleared and vitalized their former intellectual conquests, while his abundant vivacity in the highest degree animated their whole circle. With a pressing invitation to us to give him a speedy return visit, he went back to Halle in the best humour.

I had, therefore, the happiest inducement to repair again to Lauchstadt, although the theatre did not properly require my presence there. Our repertory contained so much both good and excellent not yet witnessed there that we could adorn many of our bills with the attractive words "For the first time." For the sake of lovers of the theatre, let me here present the constellation with which we then sought to shine in that sphere. As mostly new, or at least very popular, there appeared of tragic and heroic plays: 'Othello,' 'Regulus,' 'Wallenstein,' 'Nathan the Wise,' 'Götz von Berlichingen,' 'Maid of Orleans,' 'Johanna von Montfauçon.' Of comic and sentimental pieces: 'Lorenz Stark,' 'Jealousy put to the Blush,' 'Fellow-Culprits,' 'Hussites' and 'Page Tricks.' Of operas: 'Sälnixe' (Salon-sprites), 'Cosa Rara,' 'Fau-chon,' 'The Interrupted Sacrifice,' 'Diggers after Hidden Treasures,' 'Soliman the Second,' and then, at the close, the 'Song of the Bell,' as a prized and worthy commemoration of the revered Schiller, many obstacles opposing a special and formal celebration to his memory.

During my short stay at Lauchstädt, I had principally to arrange things connected with buildings, &c., as also to come to some definite understanding with the officials there on certain points. This settled, I repaired to Halle, where in the house of my friend I met with the most hospitable reception. The conversation lately interrupted was resumed in a lively manner, and extended on all sides. As I here found the man unintermittently at work, in the midst of his daily, defined and sometimes compulsory labours, there were a thousand occasions which started subjects for intellectual conversation, on which oblivious of time we would be engaged for the day and half the night.

If now I had to admire in him the incarnation of

immense knowledge, I was also inquisitive to learn with what method and what skill he instructed the youth on each particular subject. Thanks to the assistance of his daughter, on more than one occasion I was enabled to listen to his lectures behind a tapestried door. Everything I could have expected of him was fulfilled - a free discourse springing out of fullness of knowledge, based on the most thorough comprehension and delivered with talent and taste.

That under such relations and in such circumstances I gained much benefit is obvious to the dullest, but how influential on the rest of my life these few months were only the man of understanding will rightly appreciate.

In another department I had the happiness to be indoctrinated into a far-reaching branch of science. In the first days of August, Dr. Gall opened his course of lectures, and I joined myself to the many hearers who thronged his auditorium. His peculiar doctrine, which now began to transpire widely, could not but after some preliminary investigation find response in me. I was already accustomed to contemplate the brain under the light of Comparative Anatomy, a light which revealed to the eye itself that the different senses are but off-shoots branching from the spinal column, and at first simple and detached are to be readily recognised in this relation, though gradually their traces (in this connection) become less perceptible, till at length the swollen mass wholly conceals distinction and origin. This organic operation repeating itself in all animal systems from below upwards, and ascending from the palpable to the imperceptible, the leading conception of Gall's doctrine was by no means foreign to me: and even should he, as you observed, misguided by his sharp-sightedness venture into too elaborate detail, all you had to do by way of correction was to convert an apparently paradoxical partial application into a more comprehensive general statement. The dispositions to murder, robbery and stealth, as also philoprogenitiveness, friendship and philanthropy might, for example, be comprehended under more general rubrics, and in this way certain tendencies very well be associated with the preponderance of certain organs.

Still, whoever bases his instruction on the general is not likely to attract a large number of desirable pupils. It is the particular which charms people, and properly too, for life is directed to the particular, and very many men can get along in a single line without having to strain after more than just so much understanding as will assist the five senses.

At the beginning of his lecture he touched on the metamorphosis of plants, so that Friend Loder, sitting beside me, looked at me with some surprise. In truth, however, the only surprise was that, though the lecturer must have been sensible of the analogy, he did not recur to it, notwithstanding that this idea might well have been made a ruling one throughout the whole length and breadth of the argument.

Besides these public, principally craniologic, lectures, he in private opened up the construction of the brain itself before our eyes, to the enhancement of my interest. For the brain, as the basis of the head, is the key of the whole. It determines, is not determined by, the skull. The inner diploe of the skull is held fast by the brain, and constrained within its due organic limits. On the other hand, in the case of sufficient supply of bone-mass, the outer lamina seeks to expand to a monstrous size, and inwardly to construct so many chambers and compartments.

Gall's instruction may well be regarded as the crown of Comparative Anatomy. For though he did not deduce his doctrine from that source, and proceeded more from without inwards, being, too, apparently bent rather on immediate instruction than deduction, all his facts were in close connection with the spinal column, and the hearer was left perfectly at liberty to classify them in that connection. Gall's interpretation of the brain was in every way an advance on the old traditional exposition, whereby so many stories or cuttings of the brain from the top inwards were dubbed with so many names and the thing left alone. The very basis of the brain, the centres of the nerves, were only so many topographical distinctions, and that was all I could get out of it, so that shortly before a sight of Vieq d'AZYR's fine diagrams fairly drove me to despair.

Dr. Gall was also added to the company which had received me in such a friendly way. We therefore saw each other every day, almost every hour, and the conversation always revolved within the sphere of his wonderful observations. He made jokes about all of us, and asserted that in accordance with the structure of my brow I could not open my mouth but out there flew a trope, and was every moment catching me in the deed. My whole organization, he maintained in all earnest, denoted the born popular orator. This gave rise to all manner of jests, and I had fain to resign myself to being ranked in the same class with Chrysostom.

All this intellectual activity, joined to social good living, might perhaps not have exactly suited my bodily state. At all events, I was all-unexpectedly overtaken with the paroxysm of a customary disease, which, proceeding from the loins, painfully announced itself from time to time by morbid symptoms. On this occasion, however, it procured me the advantage of a nearer acquaintance with Councillor of Mines Rühl, who, treating me medically, became also known to me as a thoughtful, well-disposed, observant man. What interest he took in my condition is testified by an opinion of my case in his own handwriting, dated the 17th September of this year, a document I have respectfully preserved among my papers.

Nor was I destined by my illness to lose Dr. Gall's further course of instruction. He had the politeness to bring the apparatus used in each lecture to my room, and my sickly state not hindering me from higher speculations and observations, he communicated his views to me at great length.

Dr. Gall left for Göttingen. We, however, were attracted by the prospect of a singular adventure. Hofrath Baer, son of Helmstalt, an eccentric, problematic man, and for many years notorious in many respects, had been so often named to me; his neighbourhood, remarkable possessions, strange behaviour, and the secret brooding over all, so often described to me, that I could not but recognize myself with the fact that I had not seen, with my own eyes, and in personal intercourse and avowed to friends, in a certain measure at least, this most singular

personality, which seemed to point to an earlier transitory epoch. Professor Wolf being in the same predicament in this respect with myself, we determined, knowing the man was at home, on undertaking a journey to the mysterious griffin who presided over extraordinary and scarcely conceivable treasures. My humorous fellow-traveller readily allowed my son, fifteen years old, to take part in this expedition, an addition which contributed greatly to our social entertainment. The able, learned man constantly plying the boy with raileries, the lad in turn availed himself of the right of self-defence, nay, on occasion would assume the offensive. The boundaries prescribed to such warfare were, moreover, apt to be transgressed, and the two would turn on each other with nudges and boisterous frolics, not altogether convenient in a carriage. We drew up at Bernburg, where our worthy friend could not forbear indulging his tastes for certain purchases and barter, a circumstance which the young scapegrace, on the watch over all the actions of our fellow-traveller, did not fail to turn to the best account in the way of rough pleasantry.

The excellent but self-willed man had a decided antipathy to all toll-gatherers, and even when they exercised their rights with all gentleness and forbearance, nay, all the more on that account, would express his intolerance of them, bringing us sometimes to the verge of disagreeable scenes.

The like aversions and peculiarities preventing us in Magdeburg from visiting some meritorious men, I occupied myself principally with the antiquities of the Cathedral, in particular the monuments to the dead. I speak here of but three bronze ones erected to the memory of three archbishops of Magdeburg. Adelbert II., after 1403, stiff and stark, but carefully done, and to a certain extent natural, below life-size; Friedrich, after 1464, above life-size, natural and artistic; Ernst, with the year 1499, an invaluable monument by Peter Vischer, with which few are to be compared. In the contemplation of these monuments I experienced no end of delight. For him who studies the development of art — its decline, its deviations, its return to a right course, the dominance of a leading epoch, the influence of individuals—and cul-

tivates his eye and sense in that way, there is no conversation so instructive and entertaining as the silent one evoked by a series of such monuments. I wrote down my observations, for the sake both of practice in literary delineation and of remembrance, and am glad to find the leaves still among my extant papers. Yet in these hours I should like nothing better than that an exact copy were taken of these monuments, especially of the splendid Vischer one. (Such a copy was, later on, laudably communicated to me.)

Town, fortification, and, as seen from the ramparts, the surrounding country, were viewed with attention and interest; in particular, the eye rested long on the large group of trees which, at not too great a distance, rose venerably to adorn the plain. They overshadowed the cloister of Bergen, a place which called up many remembrances. There it was where WIELAND, nursing keen, youthful, tender feelings, had laid the foundation of higher literary culture. There, too, with pious intentions, laboured Abt Steinmetz, perhaps one-sidedly, yet honestly and vigorously. And much does the world in its *inipiens* one-sidedness need such springs of light and warmth, if in its erring egotism it is not to perish of cold and thirst!

In the course of repeated visits to the cathedral, we observed a lively Frenchman in clerical dress, conducted by the sacristan, hold very loud conversation with his companion, while we natives pursued our purposes in silence. We learned it was the Abbé Goussier, and though I was very desirous to go and introduce myself to him, my friend, averse from the Gaul, would not consent, and we contented ourselves, while engaged at some distance from him, with observing his behaviour and overhearing his opinions, which he expressed aloud.

We resumed our journey, and in passing from one watershed to another, my chief interest being geognostic. I hoped to view the strange schists now pointed in the east, not west of the Eder, but of the Weser. Hemstedt its claims with a clear situation. There where flows a small stream of water the sand is belted down by gardens and other agreeable plantations. The traveller

who enters this district without the idea of a lively German university, will be agreeably surprised at finding in such a quarter an old establishment of learning of limited proportions, where on the basis of an earlier cloister-existence academic chairs of a more modern type have been planted, where good livings offer a comfortable settlement, where old roomy buildings afford sufficient scope for a respectable household, considerable libraries and cabinets, and where a quiet activity can devote itself all the more assiduously to literary labours—a small number of students not demanding that urgent and uninterrupted course of lectures which only deafens us at thronged universities.

The staff of professors was in every respect considerable. I need only here name HENKE, POTT, LICHTENSTEIN, CUELL, BRUNS, and BREDOW; every one will at once appreciate the circle in which we travellers found ourselves. Solid learning, free communication, cheerfulness of intercourse, maintained by ever new accessions of youth, brisk enjoyment in the prosecution of earnest and judicious tasks, the co-operation, moreover, of the ladies—the elder wives keeping open table, the younger brightening everything with their graces, the daughters displaying the greatest amiability—all this played so much the one into the other, that you fancied it was all the manifold totality of one large family. The large rooms themselves of the old-fashioned houses invited numerous attended banquets and thronged festivities.

At one of these gatherings the difference between me and my friend came again to light. At the end of a rich supper two beautifully-plaited garlands were brought forth to crown us. The beautiful girl who set mine on my head I thanked with a kiss which was heartily returned, and in the vanity of my heart I was glad to read in her eyes that my presence so adorned was not displeasing to her. My wilful fellow-traveller, however, sitting opposite to me, struggled against his vivacious patroness, and though under the tugging and flinching which ensued the garland was not quite disfigured, the dear thing could not but feel in a certain measure ashamed not to have got the gift out of her hands.

With so much that was charming we might have been in danger of forgetting the proper purpose of our visit had not Beireis himself animated every gathering with his presence. Not tall, of a good and mobile figure, he looked a man in reference to whom the legends of his fighting accomplishments might pass tolerably. An incredibly high and arched forehead, out of all relation to the fine compressed lower parts of the face, indicated peculiar intellectual powers, and in so advanced years he could boast of a particularly brisk and unaffected activity.

In company, especially at table, he displayed his gallantry in an original style, representing quite freely how he had once been the admirer of the mother and was now the wooer of the daughter. This oft repeated fable was allowed to pass undisputed, for though nobody made any pretensions to his hand, a share in his legacy was not deemed so despicable.

Announced as we were, he offered us every hospitality. We declined quarters in his house, but were thankfully pleased to spend a large part of the day among his remarkable collections.

A great deal of his former possessions, the name and reputation of which were still fresh, we found in the most lamentable state. The Vaucansonian automaton were utterly paralysed. In an old garden-house sat the flute player in very unimposing clothes, but his playing days were past, and Beireis showed the original barrel-organ whose first simple pieces had not satisfied him. On the other hand he let us see a second barrel-organ, on which he had kept organ-builders for years in his house at labour, but which, as they went away too soon, was left unfinished; and so the flute-player at the very beginning became mute. A duck without feathers stood like a skeleton, still devoured the oats briskly enough, but had lost its powers of digestion. With all this, however, Beireis was by no means put out, but spoke of these obsolete, half-wasted things with much complacency, with an air of much consequence, as if he thought that mechanism had since produced nothing new of greater importance.

In a large hall devoted to natural history the remark

was repeated that everything self-preserving was kept in good order in its place. He showed us a very small magnet stone that carried a great weight, a real phrenite from the Cape of the greatest beauty, and other excellent specimens of minerals.

In the middle of the hall, however, was a closely-packed series of stuffed birds, all eaten to pieces by moths, feathers and vermin lying heaped up on the stands. Pointing this out, he assured us it was a stratagem of war he had hit upon. All the moths in the house were by this means drawn to this quarter, and the rest of the rooms kept clear of the pest. The seven wonders of Helmstädt were next, in due order, displayed to our eyes, the Lieberkühn preparations, as also the Hahn calculating machine. Of the former some really wonderful examples were shown, and by the latter complicated problems of different rules worked out. The magic oracle, however, was dumb. Beircis had taken oath never again to wind up the obedient clock, which at his command, though he stood at a distance from it, now stopped and now went on. An officer for relating such marvels having been given the lie was killed in a duel, and since then he had firmly resolved never again to expose his admirers to such danger nor be the occasion for unbelievers perpetrating such rash outrages.

After what has been related above a few additional remarks may not be out of place. Beircis, born in the year 1730, felt himself as a man of parts capable of a wide comprehensive knowledge and qualified to attain proficiency in many branches. Following the impulses of the time, he cultivated himself as polyhistor, next devoted his energies to medicine, but having the happiest all-retentive memory, he presumed, as he well might, to a familiar acquaintance with all faculties and to the ability to fill any chair with honour. His signature in my son's album, runs thus: "GOTTFRIED CHRISTOPHERUS BEIRCIUS, Primarius Professor, Medicinæ, Chemicæ, Chirurgiæ, Pharmacuticæ, Physicæ, Botanicæ, et reliquæ Historiæ naturalis: Helmstadii d. xvii. Augusti a. MDCCV."

From the above it will appear that his natural his-

torical collections might have been judiciously made, but that those which he most prized were mere curiosities fitted to excite attention and admiration only on account of the high price at which they had been procured, it being particularly impressed on the visitor that at their sale emperors and kings had been outbidden.

In any case he must have had considerable sums of money at his command. Then, as one could easily see, he had been as careful to await a favourable time for such purchases, as to show himself, perhaps more than others in the light of a solvent man. The subjects above specified he displayed minutely, no doubt with interest and complacency, but his joy in them seemed to a certain extent only historical. In showing his pictures, however, his most recent fancy—a field on which he had entered without the slightest preparation—he bored you incessantly with his passionate eloquence. It was incomprehensible how completely he had been gulled, or how he attempted to gull us. We were treated in particular to certain pet curiosities. Here was a ‘Christ,’ at the sight of which a Göttingen professor had burst into a flood of tears. There again on the table of the disciples at Emmaus was a leaf, in truth naturally enough painted, but at which an English dog had been seen to bark. There, too, was the image of a saint wondrously saved from a fire—and such like.

His way of showing the pictures was strange enough, and seemed to a certain extent calculated. Instead of having them hung in enjoyable order beside each other on the clear, broad walls of his upper rooms, they lay piled above one another along the walls round his great canopy-bedstead, in his sleeping chamber, whence, refusing all assistance, he fetched them and whither he replaced them himself. Some were left in the room ranged round the spectators, and being always pressed closer on their attention, the patience of our fellow-traveller at length suddenly gave way, causing his retirement.

This was a real relief, for such torments are more easily endured alone than in the company of a friend of insight, from whom if not from the other side as well you are every moment in dread of an explosion.

And Beireis went fairly beyond all bounds in his impositions on his guests. He had three pieces in the first, second and last style by the most renowned artists. As he presented and described them, the utmost power of face at the command of man scarcely sufficed to enable one to maintain his gravity. The scene was ridiculous and aggravating, insulting and lunatic.

The first apprentice-trials of a RAPHAEL, TITIAN, CARRACCI, CORREGGIO, DOMENICHINO, GUIDO, and who not? were nothing more nor less than feeble pictures and even copies of pictures by second-rate artists. Beireis now begged of you to exercise indulgence towards such beginnings, then he proceeded to laud and admire the extraordinary progress shown in the later works. Among those said to be of the second epoch you found a good deal that was meritorious, but in point of talent and time a whole world removed from the names assigned to them. The same was the case with the last series, in respect of which, too, Beireis expatiated complacently in empty phrases such as pretentious ignoramuses make use of.

In proof of the genuineness of such and other pictures he produced the auction catalogues, and prided himself on the printed laudation of each number bought by him. No doubt among them were some veritable though strongly restored originals. In short, anything like criticism on the part of this otherwise valuable and worthy man was quite out of the question.

It must be said, too, that if most of the time you had to exercise all possible patience and forbearance you were yet occasionally consoled and rewarded by the sight of excellent pictures.

Invaluable seemed to me ALBRECHT DÜRER's portrait, painted by himself, with the year 1493 attached to it, consequently in his 22nd year; half life size; a bust; two hands; the elbows cut off; a purple-red cap with short, pointed embroidery; the neck bare down to beneath the collar-bone; shirt having embroidered front; the plaits of the sleeves bound beneath with purple-red ribbons; a blue-gray loose coat edged with yellow lace—dressed, altogether, quite daintily in the style of a fine youth; in his hand, significantly, a blue-blossoming

eringium, in German, *Mannstreue* (man's fidelity): an earnest youthful face; sprouting beard about the mouth and chin—the whole splendidly drawn, rich and innocent, harmonious in its parts, although painted with a very thin colour which in some places had shrunk together.

This praiseworthy, altogether invaluable picture painted on a thin board, which a true lover of art would have set in a golden frame and protected in the most handsome case, he left without any frame, without any care for its preservation. Every moment in danger of splitting, it was fetched forth with less precaution than was taken with every other picture, set up for inspection and then put aside, while the guest's entreaties that such a jewel should be carefully guarded were treated with indifference. Like Hofrath Büttner he seemed to take a willful pleasure in regular disorder.

I must further note a happy free picture by RUBENS, somewhat long, not too large, in the manner in which he liked to execute such sketches. A huckstress sitting in the fulness of a well-supplied vegetable store; cabbages and salad of all kinds, roots, onions of all colours and shapes. She is just engaged in a bargain with a stately burgess's wife whose comfortable dignity forms a very pretty contrast with the quietly proffering character of the woman selling her wares, behind whom a boy about to steal some fruit is threatened by an unexpected snap from her maid. On the other side is seen the respectable burgess's wife's maid standing behind her mistress, carrying a shapely basket already in part supplied with market provisions. She, too, is not idle. Her eye is directed towards a stripling whose finger-signs she seems to reply to by a friendly look. Scarcely anything was ever better in conception or more masterly in execution, and now we not determined on closing our annual exhibitions we should have given out this subject as already described for our prize-theme, in order to find out who were the artists who, yet uninfected by the prevailing false taste for gold grounds, sympathised heartily with fresh robust life.

At the dissolution of the cloisters, Beireis had succeeded in getting more than one considerable picture illustrative

of the history of art. I regarded them with interest, and noted down many things in my pocket-book, where I find that besides the first above described all the others might belong to the fifteenth or perhaps the sixteenth century. For a more precise appreciation my knowledge was not thorough enough, and in the case of some, if I might have been able to hit nearer the mark, our whimsical collector constantly dunning into me his fantastic dates and names served always to confuse me.

For in his possessions as in his person he was once for all eccentricity incarnate. The first Byzantine piece, he let you know, belonged to the fourth century. Then he showed you an uninterrupted series dating from the fifth, extending through the sixth, and so on down to the fifteenth century. All this he told you with such an assurance and conviction as was fit to turn your head. When palpable nonsense is confidentially communicated to you as self-evident truths, you find yourself in a dilemma in which you can neither believe in your own self-deception on the one hand, nor in the possibility of such brazen-faced effrontery on the other.

Such inspections and contemplations were very agreeably interrupted by festivities. Here the odd man continued to play his youthful part with all comfort to himself. He joked with the mothers as though they were old flames of his, with the daughters as though he were about to offer them his hand. Nor did any one take the least offence at these displays of his gallantry. Even the talented men of the company treated his follies with some degree of indulgence, and it was evident that his house, his treasures in nature and art, his money and funds, his wealth real or boastingly exaggerated imposed on many, and that the respect for his merits was strained to extend to respect also for his whimsicalities.

In truth nobody was more shrewd and expert than he in creating the instinct of legacy-hunting. Nay it seemed to be his aim to procure himself in this way a fictitious family and the *un-pious* piety of a number of people towards himself.

In his bed-room there hung the picture of a young man, a picture like hundreds of others, nothing distin-

gnished either in the way of attraction or repulsion. This picture he usually let his guests see, lamenting at the same time how this young man, on whom he had expended much, to whom he had intended leaving his whole fortune, had proved unfaithful and ungrateful to him, that he had been obliged to turn him off, and was now in vain looking about for a second person with whom he might enter into a like but more fortunate relationship.

There was no doubt some rognish feeling at the bottom of this representation. For as in looking over a lottery programme each one thinks of himself as the winner of the big prize, so to each hearer of Beircis's mournful tale a star of hope seemed, at least for the moment, to rise in the firmament. Even prudent men I have seen for some time allured by this *ignis fatuus*.

The greatest part of the day we spent with him, and in the evening he treated us on Chinese porcelain and silver to rich sheep's milk, which he praised and pressed on us as highly healthy nourishment. Once you had accustomed yourself to the taste of this uncommon dish, it cannot be denied but you began to like it well enough, and could admit its claim to be considered wholesome.

We next had a view of his older collections, to the happy accumulation of which historical knowledge sufficed without the addition of taste. He had made a most complete collection of the gold coins of Roman Emperors and their families, the authenticity of which he made haste to prove by the catalogues of the Paris and Gotha Cabinets, demonstrating at the same time his superiority over them in this respect by their failing to possess certain specimens which he had acquired. What however you had most to admire in his collection was the perfection of the impressions, which appeared as distinct as if fresh from the mint. An observation to this effect he was well pleased to hear, and assured you he had one after the other exchanged the single pieces, till with heavy sacrifices he had obtained the best specimens, in the acquisition of which, however, in spite of the sacrifices, he considered himself a lucky man.

The busy possessor bringing forth new drawers for our

contemplation from a neighbouring press, we were at once transported into another time and place. Very beautiful silver coins of Greek cities were spread before us, which having been kept sufficiently long in a damp, close air, their well-preserved impressions showed a bluish tinge. There was just as little want of rose-nobles, older papal coins, bracteated medals, enticing satyric sea s, and what of extraordinary was to be expected in such a large antique collection.

It was not to be denied that in this department he was well-informed and in a certain sense a connoisseur. In earlier years he had published a little treatise on the method of distinguishing genuine from false coins. Nevertheless in this, as in other things, he seems to have indulged himself in a little arbitrariness. He obstinately maintained in triumph over all medal experts that the golden Lysimachs were entirely false, and therefore treated with the utmost contempt a few fine specimens lying before us. We let this as so much else pass, and turned for delight and instruction to the really extraordinary treasures open to our view.

Amid all these curiosities, the ample time Beireis devoted to our amusement was ever now and again interrupted by his medical labours. Now he would return early in the morning from the country, where he had gone to attend some peasant's wife in being delivered of a child, now he was engaged and prevented from keeping us company by some grave consultation.

In explanation of the fact that he was always ready day and night for business of this kind, and always in a position to appear with like outward dignity, he called our attention to the mode in which he kept his hair. He wore hanging locks, rather long, fastened with pins, fast glued over both ears; the front of the head was adorned with a *toupet*; all firm, smooth and strongly powdered. In this way, he said, he had his hair trimmed every evening, going to bed with his hair firmly done up, and whatever hour he might be called to a patient, he could ever appear in the the same becoming state as when going to company. And in truth on all occasions he was ever pranked in his light blue-grey complete dress, in black stockings and shoes with large buckles.

In the whole course of these lively conversations and uninterrupted diversions, he had yet put forward little that was incredible. Later on, however, he could not quite omit gradually communicating to us the litany of his legends. One day, while he was treating us to a really well-furnished table, the sight of a plentiful dish of particularly large crabs much excited our curiosity, the country round about being so very poor in streams and waters. In answer to our inquiries, he assured us that his fish-press was at no time permitted to be without a supply of these creatures; he owed so much to them; he deemed them not only a fine treat for guests, but so beneficial to health that he had them always about him as a most efficacious medicine in extreme cases. He now passed to some mysterious communications. He spoke of total exhaustion induced by highly important but also highly dangerous work performed in the endeavour to master the most difficult process of the highest science. In such a state he lay all unconscious, in the last throes, past all hope, when a young scholar and attendant heartily attached to him, impelled by an instinct like inspiration, brought a dish of large boiled crabs to his lord and master, urging him to eat sufficiently of them. He was thereby marvellously restored to life and has ever since cherished great reverence for such a dish.

Waggish friends asserted that Beiris had on occasion given some people to understand that by means of the "universal"! he knew how to transform may-bugs into young crabs, which then, by means of a particular spagyric food, he contrived to fatten to a remarkable size. We of course deemed this a legend invented in the spirit and taste of the old wonder-worker, like so many more imputed to him, and which (as jugglers and other theatricalists also find advisable) he was by no means disposed to explode.

Herrn Beiris had a well-established reputation as physician in the whole district, having also, as their family doctor, a welcome reception in the house of Count Verthamer at Hylke, to which, therefore, he at once directed himself ready to introduce us. Having sent in our names we entered. Statly farm buildings formed

a spacious court in front of the high and somewhat antique castle. The Count bade us welcome, and was glad to make in me the acquaintance of his father's old friend; for with his father we had through the medium of others been in correspondence for several years in the study of mining, though it was mainly with a view to the explanation of problematic passages in old authors that the father cultivated a knowledge of nature. If in this study he might be accused of temerity, no one could yet deny him the possession of remarkable acumen.

Facing the garden, the somewhat old, ornate, respectable castle had a particularly fine situation. Stepping from it you at once entered on smooth, fair levels girdled in by hills of soft ascent shadowy with bushes and trees. Convenient roads next conducted you to cheerful views of neighbouring heights, and your eye gradually took in the wide sweep of the domain, resting in particular on the well-stocked woods. Fifty years before the grandfather had given himself earnestly to the cultivation of forests, endeavouring also to naturalise North American growths in the German soil. We were now guided to a well-stocked wood of Weymouth pines, grown respectably strong and tall, within whose confines, as so often before in the Thuringian woods, stretched on the moss we enjoyed a good breakfast, delighting our eyes, too, on the regular arrangement of the plantation. For this ancestral forest yet showed the style of the first planting, the trees disposed in rows all grouping themselves into squares. In the same way in each division of the forest, in each species of tree, the intention of the provident grandsire could be quite distinctly read.

The young countess, just near her confinement, remained, unfortunately, invisible, denying us the personal testimony, we should have been so glad to have had, of her celebrated beauty. With her mother, however, a widowed Frau von Lauterbach from Frankfort-on-the-Main, we enjoyed agreeable conversation on the family relations of the old free town.

The best entertainment, the most graceful intercourse, instructive conversation, in which gradually, point after point, the advantages of so large an estate came more

distinctly to view, especially in the present case, where so much was done for the tenantry and dependents; all this evoked the silent wish to continue our stay there for some time longer, a wish which, unexpectedly, was met by a kind pressing invitation to that effect. Our dear fellow-traveller, however, the excellent Wolf, who found here no incitement in his pursuit, and was therefore soon violently overtaken by his customary impatience, demanded a return to Helmstädt with such urgency, that we were obliged to determine on parting from so agreeable a circle. It was destined, however, that at our parting a mutual relation should be formed. The friendly host, out of his fossil treasures, was pleased to honour my son with the gift of a costly encrinite, and we were afraid we should be unable to do any equal politeness by way of return, when a problem connected with forests turned up for discussion. In Ettersburg, near Weimar, namely, according to the information of a popular journal, a beech-tree had been found, which in size and other qualities evidently approached the oak. The Count, with his hereditary bias towards arboriculture, wished some twigs of it, and whatever else might contribute to a more precise knowledge of the tree, to be sent to him; particularly, however, if possible, some living plants. In the sequel we were so happy as to procure him the gratification of his wishes and ourselves the fulfilment of our promise, having the pleasure of sending him living offshoots from the tree, and years later of hearing the glad news of their thriving.

On the way back, as on the way thither, we had a great deal to hear respecting the great achievements of the old enchanter who conducted us. We now learnt from his own mouth what had already been narrated to us concerning his earlier days. Critically regarded, however, there was a perceptible monotony in the legend of this saint. As a boy, bold determination; as a scholar, teaching self-defence; academic quarrels, expertness in the use of the rapier, artistic skill in riding, and other bodily accomplishments. Courage and skill, strength and endurance; constancy, and love of enterprise—all that lay behind him in the obscure past. Three years' travels also lay veiled in mystery, and many other things hovered

indefinitely in his communications, and still more cloudy did they appear when you began to sift them.

Seeing, however, that the striking sensible result of his course of life was an apparently immeasurable accumulation of preciousities and incalculable wealth, he had no want of believers or adorers. Such preciousities and wealth are a species of house-gods, towards which the crowd devoutly and eagerly bend their eyes. When, now, such acquisitions are not hereditary and of obvious derivation, people in their obscurity regarding them are ready to admit any kind of wonder in association with them, and to leave the possessor to picture his fabulous existence in any colours he pleases. For a mass of coined gold and silver is a reality which imparts respectability and importance even to a lie; people let the lie pass and fall to envy the hoards of money.

The possible or probable means by which Beireis attained to such possessions are unanimously and simply accounted for. He is said to have invented a colour to take the place of cochineal, and to have communicated to the heads of factories more advantageous processes of fermentation than were till then known. The man conversant with the history of chemistry will judge whether in the latter half of the last century receipts of that kind could be smuggled about, and will know how far they have in modern times become matter of public and universal knowledge. May not Beireis, for example, have perhaps come to an early knowledge of the improvement of madder?

But over and above all this, the moral element in which and on which he worked must be borne in mind, I mean the time, its peculiar sense, its peculiar wants. The communication between citizens of the world was not then so swift as at present. Any one living in a remote place like Swedenborg, or in a small university like Beireis, had always the best opportunity of wrapping himself up in a mysterious obscurity, invoking spirits and labouring at the philosopher's stone. Have we not in modern times seen how Cagliostro, sweeping swiftly across large spaces, could now in the south, now in the north, now in the west, carry on his juggleries, and everywhere

find adherents? Is it then too much to say that a certain superstitious belief in demoniac men never dies out, so that at all times a place is to be found where the problematic true, for which in theory alone we have respect, may most conveniently in practice associate with a lie?

The agreeable company in Helmstädt detained us longer than we had intended. In every sense Hefrath Beireis showed himself kindly disposed and communicative, yet his chief treasure, the diamond, he had not yet spoken of, much less shown us. None of the Helmstädt academic people had seen it, and an oft-repeated fable that this invaluable treasure was not in the place served, as we heard, to excuse him from showing it even to strangers. In seeming confidence, he was accustomed to relate that he had made up twelve sealed packets completely alike, in one of which was the precious stone. These twelve packets, now, he distributed among friends at a distance, each of whom fancies he has the treasure. He himself alone, however, knows where it is. We were therefore afraid that to our inquiry also he would likewise deny possession of the wonder of nature. Happily, however, shortly before we departed, the following happened:

One morning he showed us, in a volume of *L'ournefort's Journey*, the picture of certain natural diamonds, which in the form of an egg, with partial deviation into the shape of a kidney and nipple, had been found among the treasures of the Indians. Having now well impressed on us this shape, he produced from the right pocket of his trousers the important production of nature. About the size of a modern goose-egg, it was perfectly clear and transparent, yet without any trace of its having been polished. On its side was seen a faint knob, a kidney-like outgrowth, giving the stone a complete resemblance to the inguinas above referred to.

With his usual composure he made some ambiguous experiments by way of testing its genuineness as a diamond. On its being moderately rubbed the stone attracted paper-clippings, and the English file seemed in no way to affect it. Still he went cursorily over these proofs, and related the oft-repeated story, how he had tried the stone on a ramble, and how in his admiration

at the splendid spectacle of the developing flame, he had forgotten to subdue and extinguish the fire, thus in a short time depreciating the value of his stone by over a million thalers. He nevertheless accounted himself happy in having seen an illumination denied to the sight of emperors and kings.

While he was thus expatiating over this theme, mindful of chromatic tests I held up the wonderful egg right before my eyes in order to take note of the horizontal window-bars, but found the colour boundaries not broader than in the case of a mountain crystal. I was therefore for the future justified in entertaining some doubts as to the genuineness of the celebrated treasure. Our stay was accordingly quite appropriately crowned by an exhibition of the most extravagant rodomontade on the part of our whimsical friend.

In the course of joyous confidential intercourse at Helmstädt, in which the peculiarities of Beireis formed the principal topic of conversation, another whimsical character, a nobleman, was several times mentioned. His seat lying not far off the road we should take, on our return-journey by way of Halberstadt, it was suggested that we might also pay *him* a visit, and so extend our knowledge of eccentric men. We were all the more readily disposed for such an expedition that the gay-tempered, ingenious Provost HENKE volunteered to accompany us thither, an addition which seemed to guarantee that in any case we should be safely tided over any rudeness or incivilities that might be offered us by the notorious man.

We, therefore, all four got into our carriage, Provost Henke, with a long white clay-pipe, with which alone he could enjoy a smoke, and which, as he assured us, he could carry uninjured in a carriage through long journeys.

In lively and instructive conversation we sped over the way, and at length reached the estate of the man known far and wide by the name of the MAD HAGEN, settled like a species of dangerous cyclops on a fair property. The reception we met was itself characteristic enough. He drew our attention to the sign-board of his new-built inn,

hanging to solid smith-work, a sign-board to serve for attracting guests. To our surprise, however, we here saw executed by no unskilful artist, a picture the counterpart of the one on that sign-board in reference to which the 'Traveller to the South of France' expatiates so circumstantially. Here, too, was seen an inn bearing a representation of the doubtful sign, and spectators standing around it.

Such a reception inspired in us no doubt the worst forebodings, and I was all the more on my heed that it just occurred to me how our new worthy friends at Heinstadt might have contrived this adventure for us in order that after the noble drama in which we had there played part they might entrap us as actors in a sorry satyrical farce, and enjoy the fun of seeing us hoaxed.

I scared away the suspicion, however, as soon as we trod the perfectly respectable-looking courtyard. The farm buildings were in the best condition, and the courts in proper order, though without a trace of any æsthetic tendency. The master's occasional treatment of his dependents could not be styled otherwise than harsh and rough, though a seasoning of good humour perceptible in it made it the more endurable. The good people, too, seemed accustomed to this manner, and followed their duties in all quietness, as though he had addressed them in the blindest terms.

In the large, clean, bright dining-room we found the mistress of the house, a slim, well-formed lady, who, however, the picture of mute suffering, seemed to take interest in nothing, thus at once betraying to us the heavy troubles she had to bear. There were, furthermore, two children; a Prussian ensign on furlough, and a daughter from the Brunswick boarding-school on a visit, neither of them yet twenty, mute like the mother, and going with an air of stupefaction when her looks betokened herifold's sorrow.

The conversation at once assumed a certain brusque soldierly tone, the burgundy got from Brunswick was really excellent; the mistress, by her well-served and well-appointed table, did the honours of the house. So far, then, all was quite tolerable, only you could not look much about you without becoming aware of the farm-ear which made itself conspicuous all through the household

management of a well-to-do country gentleman. In the corners of the room stood clean-kept casts of Apollo and other statues. Strange, however, it was to see how he dressed them. He stuck on them cuffs he had taken off, and which he thought helped, like fig-leaves, to adapt them to good society. Such a sight wakened no little apprehension in me, it being certain that one bad taste implies another, as in point of fact was also verified here. The conversation was still conducted, on our side at least, with some degree of propriety, yet in the presence of adolescent children it was not altogether becoming. When, however, in the course of the dessert the children had been sent away, our eccentric host stood solemnly up and removed the cuffs from the statues, by way of signifying that now it was time to allow oneself a little more latitude and freedom in his behaviour. We contrived, by a pleasantry, to procure our hostess, truly worthy of commiseration, furlough as well, for we suspected what our host might be driving at, when he set before us a yet better burgundy, from which we did not show ourselves averse. This, however, did not hinder us, when the dinner was finished, from proposing a walk, a gratification our host would concede to none of his guests till he had first visited a particular place of convenience. This place was of course common to the whole house. In a clean closet was found a cushioned easy-chair, and to induce a longer stay there you saw a manifold medley of lively engravings stuck all round, of satiric, scurrilous, indecent contents, facitious enough. These examples will suffice to depict the situation in which we found ourselves placed. The night setting in, he compelled his distressed wife to sing some songs of her own choice, in accompaniment to the harpsichord, which, being well executed, gave us some real pleasure. At last, however, he could not refrain from expressing his disgust at such insipid songs, and demanding something with more life in it, whereupon the lady was compelled to accompany with the harpsichord a highly inappropriate and absurd strophe. Indignant at this repulsive scene, and inspired by the burgundy, I now felt the time was come for me to show my paces, and give a specimen or two of the mad escapades with which in

the wantonness of youthful spirits I was wont to indulge myself.

After he had at my request several times repeated the detestable strophe, I assured him the poem was excellent, only he must endeavour, by skilful execution, to do justice to its precious contents, nay, even to enhance their value by due expression. Now the talk revolved first about forte and piano, then about the finer shadings and accents, till in the end the antithesis of lisping and shouting came to be discussed. Under all this folly, however, was hidden some germ of instruction, while I imposed on him a multitude of requisitions, which he seemed to dispose of as an ingeniously quaint man. Yet he sometimes tried to interrupt this pile of demands heaped on him by filling up our glasses with burgundy and offering us cake. Our Wolf, bored to death, had already retired. Abbot Henke walked up and down with his long clay pipe, and watching his opportunity, emptied the glasses of burgundy forced on him out of the window, awaiting with the greatest composure the close of all this nonsense. Nor did it come soon, for there was no end in my demands for arch expression on the part of my humourously learned pupil. At last, towards midnight, I rejected as naught all that he had yet achieved. He had only learned his lesson by rote, I said, and that was worth nothing. He must now, out of his own head, discover the true, which had remained hitherto concealed, and thereby, as an original, compete with poet and musician.

He was clever enough to catch some inkling of the fact that under all these follies a certain sense was hidden, nay, he seemed to find pleasure in such wanton abuse of really respectable doctrines. He had meanwhile, however, grown tired, and so to say mellow, and when I at last concluded that he must now seek repose, and await what light a dream might perhaps bring him, he readily yielded and let us go to bed.

The next morning we were all early astir and ready for our departure. At breakfast things passed in quite a human manner. It appeared as though he were not willing we should go away with wholly unfavourable notions of him. As land-councillor, he could give very pertinent,

though in his own way quaint, account of the condition and the affairs of the province. We parted in a friendly spirit, and could not enough thank our companion, who returned to Hehnstädt with unbroken pipe, for his kindness in conducting us on this doubtful adventure.

Entirely peaceful and rational, on the other hand, was a lengthy stay we made at Halberstadt. GLEIM had now some years ago gone over to the company of his earliest friends. A visit I had long ago paid him had left but a faint impression behind, the tumultuous, diversified life following on that visit having nearly blotted out of my memory the peculiarities of his person and circumstances. Nor could I then, as later on, ever succeed in knitting a relationship to him. His labours, however, had never been foreign to me. I heard much of him through Wieland and Herder, with whom he always remained in correspondence and vital connection.

On this occasion we were very kindly received into his dwelling by Herr KÖRTE. The house indicated clean well-to-doness, peaceful life, quiet, social comfort. His past achievements we celebrated in the works he had left behind him; much was related of him, a great deal shown to us, and Herr Körte promised, by a complete biography and an edition of his correspondence, to furnish every man with material sufficient to recall to his consciousness in his own way such a remarkable individual.

By his poems Gleim appealed most immediately to the general German character, discovering himself as an eminently loving and loveable man. Technically his poetry is rhythmic, not melodious. He, therefore, for the most part, makes use of the freer metres. His productions, now in the form of verse and rhyme, now of letter and treatise, convey the impression of a kindly-disposed common-sense working within conscientious limits.

More than by anything else, however, we were attracted by his temple of friendship, a collection of portraits of persons with whom he was associated in older and more recent times. It afforded a beautiful testimony to his appreciation of his contemporaries, and gave us an agreeable recapitulation of so many distinguished figures, a recollection of the noteworthy spirits they represented,

of their relations to each other and to the valued man who gathered most of them for a time around himself, and was careful to retain, at least by picture, about him the departing and the absent. In such contemplation, however, many a grave consideration was forced on you. Among all these poets and men of letters, numbering over a hundred, was not one single musician or composer. What, should the venerable old man who, as far as his word was concerned, lived and breathed apparently only in song, have no feeling of song in the peculiar sense? of the art of music, the true element, at once the origin and fruition of all poetry?

If now you tried to gather up into one conception all your sentiments in reference to the noble man, you might say the basis of his character was a passionate benevolence, which, both by word and deed, he endeavoured to make good and effective. Inspiring encouragement by speech and writing, diffusing abroad the general pure feeling of humanity, he approved himself a friend of every man, helpful to the needy, full of furtherance in particular to necessitous youth. In him, as a good *herrscher*, beneficence appears to be the one fond fancy on which he spends his superfluity. The most he gives is out of his own resources, seldom, and only in later years, did he make use of his name and reputation to acquire some influence for the furtherance of his projects with kings and ministers, and this without any great success. He is treated with honour, his active exertions tolerated and praised, a helping hand, too, reached out to him, but usually some scruples are entertained about joining heartily in his purposes.

On the whole, he must be allowed to have in every respect the most emphatic *burgess*-like mind. As man, he stands on his own feet, performing the duties of a considerable public office, and for the rest shows himself a patriot towards town, province, and *Kingdom*, a genuine liberal towards the German Fatherland and the world. Everything revolutionary, on the other hand, that is shown itself in his later years is highly hateful to him, as was everything which at an earlier period set its face as duty to Prussia's great king and his realm.

Further, while every religion should promote the pure, peaceful intercourse of men among each other, (but the Christian evangelical religion is specially qualified to effect this end,) Gleim innately, by a necessity of his nature, practising the natural religion of the upright man, could acknowledge himself as the most orthodox of men, and in the hereditary confession, as in the simple established *cultus* of the Protestant Church, find ample satisfaction for his wants.

After calling up these lively representations of the departed man, we were destined to see an image of him in the person of his dying niece, whom we greeted on her sick-bed. Under the name of Gleminde she had for many years been the ornament of a poetic circle. Her graceful though sickly frame harmonised finely with the great purity of her surroundings, and we conversed with her on the good, by-gone days ever associated in her mind with the life and labours of her excellent uncle.

At length, to close our pilgrimage in an earnest and worthy manner, we entered the garden, and went round the grave of the noble old man, to whom, after many years' sufferings and sorrows, activity and endurance, it was granted to rest in the spot dear to his affections, surrounded by monuments of friends.

We repeatedly visited the desolate damp aisles of the cathedral. Though deprived of its former religious life, it yet stood unshaken in its original dignity. Such buildings have in them something peculiarly attractive. They bring home to us solid though sombre states of existence, and it being sometimes grateful to our spirits to wrap ourselves in the semi-obscurity of the past, we welcome the shudder and foreboding that close in on us bodily, materially, spiritually, affecting our feelings, imagination and disposition, and so moulding us into a moral, poetic and religious mood.

The *Spiegelberge*, heights overgrown with green bushes, outspurs of the neighbouring Harz, now through the strangest formations become an arena for hateful creatures, as though an accursed company returning from Blocksberg had, by God's unfathomable decree, here become petrified. At the foot of the ascent a huge

vat serves as bridal salon for an abominable race of dwarfs, thence through all walks of the grounds lurk monsters of every kind, so that the malformation-loving Prætorius might here see completely realised his *Mundus Anthropodemicus*.

The thought was here forced on you how necessary it is in education not to neglect imagination, but to regulate it, to awaken in it by the early presentation of noble pictures the love of the beautiful, the need of the excellent. Of what use is it to bridle sensuousness, to cultivate the understanding, to secure reason her sovereignty? Imagination lurks in the man as his deadliest enemy; by nature she has an irresistible impulse towards the absurd, an impulse which operates powerfully even in cultivated men, and, to the contempt of all culture, displays in the midst of the most becoming circles the inherited savagery which takes pleasure in caricatures.

Of the rest of my return-journey I need speak only in hasty touches. We visited the Bodethal and the long-known Hammer. Thence, for the third time in my life, I now passed along by the rushing waters shut in by granite rocks, and here it again occurred to me that in our thoughts we are never so much thrown back upon ourselves as when revisiting, after a long interval, highly significant objects, in particular decidedly characteristic scenes of nature. In such a case we shall on the whole remark, that on each successive visit the *object* ever assumes more prominence; that if in the earlier visits our *feelings* were in the ascendant, and the scene was associated with *joy and sorrow, cheerfulness and tumult*, our *self* now gradually retires into the background, and we do justice to the *external situation*, recognising its peculiarities, and ever more highly appreciating its properties, so far as our minds can penetrate them. The first kind of contemplation is conditioned by the artistic sense, the second by the sense of the natural philosopher; and though at first it gave me pain to perceive how the former mode of viewing nature was gradually waning in me, I was soon comforted by the discovery that the latter mode was all the more vigorously developing itself in my eye and spirit.

1806.

The interim hopes with which like Philistines we had for many years been beguiling ourselves, we still cherished in the present. No doubt all ends of the earth were in flames; Europe had become transfused into another shape; by sea and land fleets and towns were shattered to pieces. Middle and North Germany, however, still enjoyed a certain feverish peace, in the possession of which we resigned ourselves to a problematic security. The great realm in the West had established itself, and shot out roots and branches on all sides. Meanwhile Prussia had apparently conceded to it the privilege of fortifying itself in the North. It first garrisoned Erfurt, a very important halting-point, nor did we oppose the quartering of Prussian troops from the beginning of the year within our borders. The Ostin regiment was followed in the beginning of February by Fusiliers; next entered the regiments of *Bork*, *Arnim*, *Pirsch*; people had already become accustomed to this disturbance.

The birthday of our revered Duchess, the 30th of January, was this time celebrated pompously enough, it is true, yet still with sad forebodings. The Ostin regiment boasted an unequalled band of trumpeters; by way of welcome they entered the theatre in the form of a half-circle, giving proofs of their extraordinary skill, and at last accompanying a song, whose universally-known melody devoted to an island king, and by no means yet surpassed by any performance of the kind on the part of the patriotic Continent, exercised its full heart-elevating power.

A translation, or re-cast, of Corneille's '*Cid*' was next performed; then '*Stella*,' for the first time with tragic catastrophe. '*Götz von Berlichingen*' followed, also '*Egmont*.' Schiller's '*Ball*,' with all apparatus for casting and for finished representation, a feature we had now as matter of instruction long attempted, was given; the whole company taking part in it, the special dramatic, artistic, and artisan part falling to the master and the journeymen, the remaining lyric parts to the male and female members, an appropriate piece being allotted to each.

'Dr. Luther,' brought by Illand for representation, excited attention on the whole, though we hesitated to adopt it.

During our lengthened stay in Carlsbad, the next theatre season engaged much of our thought, and it was attempted to accommodate OEHELSCHLÄGER's meritorious tragedy 'Hakon Jarl' to our stage, clothes and decorations to this purpose having already been looked out and found. Later on, however, it appeared dubious at a time when crowns were played with in earnest to turn such a sacred ornament into jest. The past spring all that could be done was to maintain the extant repertory, and to a certain extent enlarge it. Towards the end of the year, when the pressure of war threatened the rupture of all ties, we deemed it our duty to keep up the theatre as a public benefit, an important part of the common weal of the town. Only two months were our representations interrupted, our scientific pursuits but a few days, and Illand's 'Calendar' for the theatre served to reanimate the German stage with fresh bounding hopes.

The projected new edition of my works compelled me to a revision of them all. I devoted to each single production the attention I deemed due, but held fast by my maxim to make no essential recast of anything nor even alterations to any great extent.

The two divisions of the 'Elegies,' as they are now to hand, were disposed of, and 'Faust,' in its present form, fragmentarily treated. In this way I reached the fourth part inclusively, but a more important task was engaging me. The epic 'Tell' again stirred in me in the form in which in 1797 I had conceived him in Switzerland and afterwards set aside in favour of Schiller's dramatic 'Tell.' Both Schiller's and my 'Tell' could very well exist together. Schiller was well acquainted with my plan, and I was satisfied with his having used my main conception of a self-dependent 'Tell' independent of the other conspirators. In the execution, however, in obedience to the tendency of his talent and the necessities of the German theatre, he had necessarily to pursue another road than mine. The epic-peaceful-grandiose treatment still remained wholly at my disposal, while the two

bodies of motives, even where they touched on each other, assumed in the two works entirely different figures.

I longed once more to try my hand at hexameters, and my good relationship to the Vosses, both father and son, inspired in me the hope that in this splendid form of verse, also, I should progress with ever greater assurance. The days and weeks, however, were so full of foreboding, the last months so stormy, revealing so little hope of a free breathing-time, that a plan conceived in unrestrained nature on the Vierwaldstätter lake, and on the way to Altorf, did not well admit of execution in an anguished Germany.

If publicly we had now renounced our relationship to plastic art, it yet inwardly remained dear and precious to us. Sculptor WISSER, an art-associate of Friedrich Tieck, worked with Glück at the bust of the Duke of Brunswick, who died here, a bust which, standing in the public library, gives a beautiful testimony to his much-promising talent.

Copper-plates are, in general, the handiest form of art for the entertainment of connoisseurs and amateurs. I accordingly received from Rome, at the hands of GMELIN, the excellent print inscribed 'The Temple of Venus according to Claude.' It was all the more valuable to me that the original did not become known till after my departure from Rome, so that I was first able to convince myself of the excellencies of the work from this artistic copy.

In quite a different province, yet cheerful and talented enough, appeared RUPPHAUS's prints to 'Genoveva,' with the original drawings of which we had before been acquainted. These young men, who had formerly practised themselves on Polygnotus, now turned towards the romantic, a direction which literary talent had rendered popular, and thus proving that to a greater degree than is supposed the plastic artist is dependent on the poet and author.

In Carlsbad I found instructive entertainment in a collection of copper plates in the possession of Count LUDL. The large water-coloured pen-drawings of RAMBERG no less testified to the talent of that artist, a talent cheerful, happy in its conceptions, disposed occasionally

for extempore efforts. These, as also some works of his own, besides very beautiful landscapes in opaque colours, belonged to Count CORNEILLAN.

The collections here were increased by an addition of drawings of a high class. CARSTENS' artistic legacy was inherited by his friend FERNOW, and a fair arrangement having been come to with the latter, our museum was enriched by several drawings of the most various size: larger cartoons, smaller pictures, studies in black chalk, in riddle, water-coloured pen-drawings, and other things to which an artist is induced from various motives.

WILHELM TISCHBEIN, who on his removal from Naples had, under the favour of the Duke of Oldenburg, nestled into a peaceful happy situation, let us hear occasionally from him, and this spring sent us no little of a pleasing nature.

He was the first to communicate the remark that pictures the swiftest in execution are often the happiest in thought, an observation suggested to him by the sight of many hundred paintings by excellent masters, splendid in thought, but not the most careful in execution. And truth it is that the most finished pictures of the Netherland School, with all their wealth and luxury of detail, sometimes disappoint you on the side of *genius*, of *intellectual invention*. It would appear as though the artist's careful conscientiousness and determination to satisfy completely every demand on the part of the connoisseur and dilettante impeded the free flight of his spirit. On the other hand, the artist knowing nothing of these considerations, but yielding himself freely and wholly to the conception which dominates him, is apt to deliver himself all the more happily and immediately. Tischbein sent us some water-colour copies, two of which remain. *Diggers for Treasure in a deep Tournament and Cascades*—night time, and quiet exercises, evil spirits molesting them, loss of the treasures which had been discovered and half-seized. Greece et al. it is not entirely studied in this picture. The latter represented and the execution both suggest dread and ecstasy. Still more, perhaps, is this the case with the same picture. *A Horrible Scene of War* killed and plundered men, diseased wives and children, in the

background a cloister in flames, in the foreground ill used monks: a picture likewise to be preserved in a case.

Tischbein further sent the Duchess Amalia a moderate folio volume of water-colour pen-drawings. Here Tischbein is particularly happy, his practised talent giving visuality to thoughts, chance ideas, whimsies, without any great expenditure of labour, and without danger of losing his time.

The representation of animals was always a passion with Tischbein, and here may be mentioned an ass of his, eating with all comfort pine-apples instead of thistles.

In another picture your eye is carried over the roofs of a large town towards the rising sun. Quite close to the spectator, in the fore-front, sits by the chimney-stack a sweep-boy. Everything on him capable of receiving colour is glorified by the sun, and it is in truth a charming thought that the son of the most miserable trade should yet be the only person among many thousands favoured with such a heart-rejoicing view of nature.

These communications of Tischbein were imparted under the condition that a poetic or prosaic interpretation should be given to his moral-artistic dreams. The little poems we sent him in return are to be found in my collection. Duchess Amalia and her circle took their due share in these things, and responded by their own hand to the friendliness of the donor.

I, too, was induced in Carlsbad to impress the various important subjects coming under my observation on my memory by means of imitations. The more perfect sketches had some value for me, and I began to collect them.

A cabinet of medals, giving a sufficient view of the course of sculpture from the second half of the fifteenth century onwards, was considerably increased, offering ever more complete representations on the subject.

A collection of autographic leaves of distinguished men was in like manner considerably enlarged. An album of the family of Walchi, dating from about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in which Maffei has a prominent place was highly valuable, and I expressed my

great obligations to the friendly givers. An alphabetic list of the autographic collection was printed, and I inserted one such in every letter I wrote to my friends, and in this way the album was ever more and more extended.

As to artists, Rabe from Berlin again visited us, and commended himself as well by his talent as by his politeness.

A letter from HACKERT, however, could not but sadden me. This excellent man, having been struck down by an apoplectic fit, had only so far recovered as to be able to dictate and sign a letter. I was distressed to see the hand which was wont to pen so many firm strokes able only tremblingly and incompletely to indicate a name formerly flourished off so joyously and happily.

The Jena museums were swelled by the influx of so many new subjects that an extension had to be taken in hand and a different arrangement adopted.

Barsem's reliques entailed on us new trouble and inconvenience. He had founded the Natural Research Society, and conducted it through a series of years, collecting also for its instruction a museum of all kinds of subjects, a museum increased both in bulk and importance by his own private collection in the liberally distributed through it. After his death the directors and members of the society demanded a part of the property, in particular the museum specially belonging to it. The heirs demanded the rest, a demand which, as the hitherto director was only *supposed* to have made a present of his collection, could not be refused. On the side of the ducal commission it was determined to interfere, but an arrangement with the heirs having failed there was no help for it but to divide and distribute the lot. What arrears had to be paid were made up, and the Natural Research Society had a room assigned it in the castle, whither the specimens belonging to it were conveyed. People engaged to do something towards their preservation and increase, and so this business was set to rest in rather a hopeful state.

When I returned in September from Carlsbad I found the mineral cabinet in the fairest arrangement, also the geological orderly disposed.

Dr. SEEBECK spent the whole year in Jena, and forwarded in no small degree our insight into physics generally, and in particular into the theory of colours. While in reference to those subjects he laboured at galvanism, his other experiments on oxidation and deoxidation, on warming and cooling, on kindling and extinguishing, were for me of the greatest importance in a chromatic sense.

An experiment by our worthy GÖRTLING to turbify glass-panes did not succeed, but in fact only for the reason that his efforts were too laborious, this chemical effect, like all effects of nature, proceeding from a breath, from the most delicate of conditions.

With PROFESSOR SCHELVER one was able to exchange truly beautiful observations. The tender and solid qualities of his nature came very amiably to light in conversation, the converser in this respect having the advantage over the lecturer, who, as in the case of all too recondite monologues, always felt himself so far estranged from his audience.

SÖMMERING'S 'Diagrams of the Human Organs of Hearing' carried us back to anatomy. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT'S kind missives called us into the wide open world. SIEFFEN'S 'Principles of the Philosophical Natural Sciences' offered sufficient matter for thought, people living generally in dissentient unity with him.

To instruct myself in mathematics to the limits of my capacity, I read MONTUCLA'S 'Histoire des Mathématiques,' and having again cleared up to myself, as far as possible, the higher views from which each particular is derived and attempted to plant myself midway between the kingdoms of Nature and Freedom, I drew up the scheme of the 'General Science of Nature' in order to find a sure standpoint for my special chromatics.

In the domain of antiquity, whither I am so disposed to retreat, I read ARRICOLA'S 'De Ortu et Causis Subterraneorum' for the sake of again impressing on my mind the model of a common-sense contemplation, and in doing so remarked that, while in this way wandering backwards into the past, I found the most credible intelligence of a meteor stone in the *Thuringian Chronicle*.

Nor must I omit mentioning two beautiful incitements I experienced in the province of botany. The large

Charte botanique d'après Ventenat rendered the family relations of plants more striking and impressive to me. It hung in a large room of the Jena Castle, in the first floor of which I lived, and remained there on the wall when I suddenly made way for Prince Hohenlohe. It served for the occasional entertainment of his educated staff of generals, as also, later on, for Napoleon's, and when after so much storm and commotion I again took possession of my peaceful lodging, I found the chart hanging in the old place still uninjured.

CORTA'S 'Observations on the Sap in Vegetables,' with specimens of cut woods appended, was for me a very pleasing gift. They again resuscitated in me those tendencies of mind I had followed for so many years, and were the principal cause that, turning anew to 'Morphology,' I determined on re-printing the 'Metamorphosis of Plants' and other things attaching themselves thereto.

My preparations with the 'Theory of Colours,' labours which had employed me without interruption for twelve years, had now made so much progress, that the various parts began more and more to round themselves into each other and to figure forth the near-approaching whole. The *Physiological Colours* were now completed to the full scope of my intentions and capabilities, the beginnings of the historical part also lay in finished form before me, and the printing of the first and second parts of the work might, therefore, at once be taken in hand.

I now turned to the *Pathological Colours*, and in the historical section investigated PLINUS'S 'Observations on Colours.'

While thus the single parts were in progress, a scheme of the whole was in constant execution.

The *Physical Colours* now in their turn claimed my whole attention. The consideration of the means and conditions of their appearance absorbed all my faculties. Here now I had to pronounce my long confirmed conviction that colours appearing *only through and in media*, the doctrine of Turbidity, as the most delicate and the purest material to be treated, is the initial rudiment whence is developed the whole science of chromatics.

Convinced that in the earlier part, within the circle of

the *Physiological Colours*, this truth must inevitably demonstrate itself even without any assistance on my part, I advanced to the redaction of all I had thought and established with myself and others on the subject of refraction. For here, in fact, was the citadel of that bewitching princess who in an array of seven colours had befooled the whole world; here lay the grim sophistic dragon threatening everyone who presumed to try his fortunes with these illusions. The importance of this part and the chapters devoted to it was great. I endeavoured in the execution to do the work full justice, and was under no apprehensions of neglecting anything. It was firmly established that if on refraction colours came to light, an image, a boundary must be shifted. How in the case of subjective experiments black and white images of every kind appear at their boundaries when looked at through the prism, how the same happens with grey images of all shades, with bright images of every colour and degree, in the case of stronger and lighter refraction—all this was strictly demonstrated, and I am persuaded that the competent man examining all these appearances in experiments will miss nothing either in the phenomenon itself or in the presentation.

Next followed the *Catoptrian and Paroptian Colours*, and in respect of the former it was to be remarked that in the case of the mirage, colours only then appeared when the reflected body was brilliantly taken in a scratched or thread-like form. In the case of the paroptian the bow was denied and the coloured stripes were derived from double lights. That each of the edges of the sun throws a shade of its own was strongly evidenced in the case of an annular eclipse.

The Sensuously-moral Effect of Colour was then taken in hand, and in the historical part GAUTIER'S 'Chromogénésie' considered.

With the printing we had reached the thirteenth sheet of the first part and the fourth of the second, when the most dreadful havoc broke in upon us, threatening the entire destruction of the papers which had been prematurely hurried away for safety.

Happily enough we were able, when shortly afterwards

we had rallied our spirits, to take up this task anew, along with other business, and in composed activity again to prosecute our daily work.

The necessary tables were now, before everything else, carefully elaborated. A correspondence carried on with the good and worthy RUSSE enabled us to append his letter to the conclusion of the 'Theory of Colours,' as Seebeck's increased experiments also proved of advantage to the whole.

With lightened heart we thanked the Muses for the aid they had so manifestly deigned us. Hardly, however, had we to some extent fetched a free breath, when we found it necessary, if we were not to stand still, to take up the repugnant polemical part, and to compass within practical compass and conclude all our arguments in respect of 'Newton's Optics,' as also the examination of his experiments and the inferences drawn from them. The introduction of the polemical part was accomplished by the close of the year.

With the poetical merits of strangers, sympathy was at least inwardly felt if not in large measure publicly expressed. 'The Wunderhorn,' antique and fantastic, was appreciated according to its merits, and a review written out in a kindly spirit. HUMBOLDT'S poems of nature, of quite an opposite character, belonging wholly to the present and the real, were with fair criticism received according to their style. OMIRUS'S poems: 'Abdlin' met no less with a good reception, though everything belonging to it, especially in the course of the fable, could not be commended. And if among the studies of an earlier time I find the 'Persians' of Æschylus mentioned, it appears to me as if a presentiment of what was in preparation for us had impelled me thither.

To quite a national interest, however, had the 'Nibelungen' grown. The appropriation of them was the passion of several meritorious men sharing equal predilection for them with us.

SCHUMMER'S remains continued a principal concern, though remembering with pain that former attempt at mine. I at once unconditionally renounced all participation in an edition of his works and a biographical sketch of my excellent friend.

ADAM MÜLLER'S lectures came to my hands. I read and studied them, but with divided feeling, for if an excellent mind is really patent in them, you also became aware of many uncertain steps which must gradually by logical sequence lead the best *naturel* on false ways.

HAMANN'S writings were from time to time brought forth from the mystic vault in which they rested. The strong spirit here operating through the strange garment of language in which the thoughts are clothed always anew attracted the lovers of pictures till tired and confused by so many riddles, one laid them aside and yet could not suppress the wish for a complete edition of the works.

WILLAND'S translation of Horace's Epistle to the Piso's really seduced me for some time from other employments. This problematic work will appear differently to one from what it will to another, and differently to the same person again every ten years. I ventured on bold and whimsical interpretations of the whole as of single parts, and could wish I had them written down if only for the sake of the humour of the views. These thoughts and fancies, however, like so many thousand others expressed in conversation, passed away like so much vapour.

The great advantage of living with a man devoting himself to the thorough cultivation of a subject, was richly imparted to us by FERNOW'S abiding presence. By his treatise of the Italian dialects he this year transplanted us into the midst of the life of that remarkable country.

The history of modern German literature had also much light shed on it; first by JOHANNES MÜLLER'S 'Autobiography,' which we greeted with a review, then by the publication of GLEIM'S letters, for which we had the well-informed Körte to thank; next by HUBER'S 'Life,' due to his faithful and in so many respects highly valuable wife.

Of older historical studies I find nothing remarked except that I read LAMPRIGUS'S 'History of the Emperors,' and I still vividly recall to mind the horror which seized me in the contemplation of the anarchy there disclosed.

To keep alive my interest in the higher, moral-religious

life, DAUB AND KREUZER'S studies came to hand, as also the seventy-second part of the 'Halle Missionary Reports,' gifts which I owe to the kindness of DR. KNAPP, who, convinced of my sincere sympathy in the spread of moral feeling by religious means, had now for years forwarded me news of the blessed progress of an ever vital institution.

On another side I was instructed in the present political situation by GENTZ'S 'Fragments from the History of the Political Equilibrium of Europe,' while I still remember the light that was thrown on particular events of the time by an Englishman of mark living among us, MR. OSBORN, who circumstantially and graphically set forth the strategy of the battle of Trafalgar, its great plan and bold execution.

Since 1801, when after serious illness I went to Pyrmont, I had visited no watering-place for the sake of my health; in Lauchstädt I had spent much time attending to the theatre, in Weimar attending to the Exhibition. Meanwhile, however, many ailments had announced themselves in my body, but of which with patient indolence I took little heed till, now at last urged by friends and physicians, I determined on a visit to Carlsbad, all the more that an active and dexterous friend, Major von HENDRICK, offered to take upon himself the whole care of the journey. At the end of May, accordingly, I drove off with him and Riemer. On our way we had the adventure of seeing the 'Hussites before Naumburg.' Another embarrassment was occasioned us in Eger, where we found that we were not provided with passes, these having been forgotten in the hurry and bustle of starting, and through a strange complication of circumstances not been demanded at the frontiers. The police officials, however, at Eger, with the politeness and expertness which such junctures are apt to call forth, managed to help us over our difficulty. They gave us a paper of safe conduct to Carlsbad against our promise to forward them the passes.

In this watering-place, where, in order to recovery, one should leave all cares behind him, we arrived just in the midst of anxiety and apprehension.

PRINCE REUS NIEL, always graciously disposed towards me, was there himself and was pleased to open up to me

with diplomatic skill the havoc threatening our situation. The same confidence was shown me by General RICHTER, who enabled me to throw many a glance into the past. He had experienced in his own person the hard fate of Ulm, and I was favoured with a diary of the events dating from the 3rd of October, 1805, to the 17th of October, the day of the surrender of the fortification. In such circumstances July came round; one important item of news followed the other.

Towards the advancement of geological studies JOSEPH MÜLLER had been faithfully working throughout the years I did not visit Carlsbad. This worthy man, born at Turnau, and trained as a lithographer, had tried many things in the world, and at last settled in Carlsbad. There he was practising his art of lithography, when the thought struck him to cut and polish the stones of the Carlsbad fountain in tables, whereby a knowledge of these celebrated stalactites was gradually spread among the lovers of nature in the world. From these productions of the warm fountains he turned to other striking products of the mountains, collecting the twin-crystals of the felspar to be found detachedly in the surrounding country.

Years ago he had accompanied us in our walks, when with BARON VON RACKNITZ and other lovers of nature I investigated important species of stone, and later on he had spared neither time nor trouble to set up a manifold characteristic collection, number them, and in his own way describe them. As he had followed the structure of the mountain, it was found that the things he had collected fitted pretty well into each other, and it did not require much labour to arrange them in an order more available for scientific purposes, a re-arrangement which with some little reluctance he complied with.

Of all his investigations that which promised to yield me the greatest profit was the attention he had devoted to the transition-stone which precedes the granite of the Hirschsprung, presents a granite veined with hornstone and containing pyrites, as also, finally, calcareous spar. The hot springs gush immediately out of this stone, and people were not disinclined to explain

the heating of the waters and the solution in them by the mingling of water with this remarkable geologic formation, and so solving the mysterious problem.

He carefully showed me the traces of the above stone, a thing not easily done, seeing that the boulders of the Schlossberg rest on it. We then proceeded together through the district, visited the basalt's reposing on the granite above the Hammer, and close by a field where the twin-crystals are to be found opened up by the plough. We drove to Engellans, observing in that place the lithographic granite and other stone deviating only in a little degree from granite. The clinistone rock was counted and duly hammered, and the character of the wide, though not cheerful prospect, fairly noticed.

To add to our good fortune, Councillor of the Embassy Herr von STRUVE, as erudite in this province as he is communicative and polite, showed us, to our edification, his beautiful grabs he had brought with him, taking an important part also in our geological observations, and himself producing an ideal cutting of the Lessau and Holderf chain of mountains. This cutting clearly demonstrated the connection between the subterraneous fire and the under and latter volcanic eruptions of him. The specimens before us, not only confirmed our theory, but its attraction by the earth's slowly emanated heat, traces the fact of that connection.

Walks among a wealth of scenery to this quarter were at once instructive and cheerful, while the guides seemed to direct our minds from the mountains to the sky.

Later on, Count de la Motte Weyss and August von Hiltner joined us, the former for a short time, and latter for a shorter time. The latter was formerly the physician and the discussions, given him, may, one should always come to the conclusion, as it always did, will always be expected to be a great deal always good. I should. Weyss's declaration of the flame in the red stone is incorrect, even as it was to a little extent, that I should have avoided her committing the following error. To the truth, the stones of rock, often, though not always, for me was of some value, but not of any great value. August von Hiltner, an educated man, and an

tiful observations on the contents of the mountain-veins, which are different according to the different directions in which they run. It is always a beautiful experience to see the incomprehensible embodied before one's eyes.

In reference to a pedagogic-military institution in the French army, we received exact intelligence from an excellent clergyman from Bavaria. A kind of catechization, it was explained to us, was held on Sunday by officers and under-officers, in which the soldier was instructed not only in his duties, but also in knowledge which might be serviceable to him within his sphere. The object here aimed at was plainly the training of thoroughly acute and expert men accustomed to rely on themselves. This, no doubt, presupposed a great mind in the leader, which in spite of all instruction on the part of his subordinates, towered conspicuously above each and all, faring nothing from *raisonnances*.

Anxiety and danger, however, were increased by the brave stubborn spirit of German patriots, who zealously and undisguisedly bent on organizing and effecting a popular rising, passionately concerted the means to this end. While threatened by heavy thunder-clouds in the distance, we thus saw our immediate firmament overcast with cloud and vapour.

Meanwhile, the German Confederation of the Rhine was concluded, and its consequences were easily to be overseen. On our return journey by Hof we also read in the newspapers how the German Empire was dissolved.

In the midst of these disquieting subjects of conversation, we were, nevertheless, in many ways diverted. LANGEVON KEATZ VON HILDES, and along devoted to deeper studies, liked to converse on the primitive history of mankind, and was not averse from acknowledging higher views, although, by still enlarged steps, one could not arrive at unanimity with him.

Cardinal Metternich gave one the feeling of living in the Land of Gog and Magog. Austria was compelled to make ostensible peace with France, and in Bohemia at least you were not, as in Transylvania, every moment alarmed by hordes and count-raideries. But secretly had you reached home when you heard the threatening thunder actually rolling.

in your ears, the most decided declaration of war by the marching hither of immeasurable masses of troops.

A passionate commotion revealed itself in the minds of men, according to their different circumstances, and fables being a never-failing product of such a temper, a report spread of the death of Count HARTOWITZ, an old friend of my youth, formerly recognised as an active and polite minister, but now hateful to the whole world, he having drawn on himself the indignation of the Germans by the declaration wrung from him of adherence to the French supremacy.

The Prussians continue to fortify Erfurt, and our Prince, as a Prussian general, prepares for departure. It would be difficult to express the anxious negotiations I carried on with my faithful and for ever unforgettable business friend, the State-Minister VOX VOIGT, as also the pregnant conversation with my Prince in the headquarters at Niederrossla.

The Dowager Duchess occupied Tiefurt. Leader of the orchestra HIMMEL was there, and music was performed with a heavy heart. Even in moments of so much seriousness, pleasure and work are wont to follow each other with the same sad regularity as eating, drinking and sleeping.

The Carlsbad specimens of the mountain stone series had arrived in Jena. I repaired thither on the 29th of September to unpack them, and with the assistance of Director LENZ to catalogue them for the present. A list, too, was written out for the *Jena Literatur-Intelligenzblatt* and sent to the printer.

Meanwhile I had withdrawn to the side-wing of the castle to make room for Prince HENSTEN, who was reluctantly moving hither with his division of troops, though he would rather have been marching on the way towards Hof to meet the enemy. In spite of all these sad views, many a philosophic chapter was, in the old Academic way, gone through with HEERL. SCHMIDT published a declaration, answered by TUS. I dined with Prince Hohenlohe, met again many important men and extended my acquaintance; not one of us felt assured, but, on the contrary, all were in despair, a feeling betrayed, if not by words, at least by demeanour.

I had a wonderful scene with the hot-headed Colonel VON MASSENBACH. With him, too, the inclination for writing came in the way of political prudence and military activity. He had composed a strange work, nothing less than a moral manifesto against Napoleon. Everybody apprehended and dreaded the ascendancy of the French. The printer, therefore, accompanied by some advisers, came to me, and all pressingly entreated me that I would divert the printing of the manuscript, which, if published, would on the entrance of the French army inevitably bring destruction on the town. I had the work given over to me, and found a series of periods, the first of which began with the words, "Napoleon, I loved you;" the last, however, ending with, "I hate you." The interval between these periods was taken up with the expression of the hopes and expectations men at first cherished regarding the greatness of Napoleon's character, it being supposed that such an extraordinary man must be actuated by morally human purposes. At last, in strong language, he was reproached with all the wrongs which in recent times people had to suffer at his hands. With a few alterations, the paper might have been interpreted as the expression of the vexation felt by a jilted lover at the infidelity of his lady-love, the composition thus appearing as ridiculous as it was dangerous.

Urged by the importunities of the worthy Jena citizens with whom I had for so many years stood on a good footing, I broke through the rule I had prescribed for my conduct not to mix myself up in any public quarrel. I took up the sheets, and found the author in the large, antique rooms of the Wilhelm-Dispensary. After renewing acquaintance with him, I advanced to the delivery of my protestation, and found, as was to be expected, that I had an obstinate author to deal with. I, on my side, however, showed myself as obstinate a citizen, and with vehement eloquence assailed him with all the arguments at my command, which, to be sure, were sufficiently weighty, till at last he yielded. I remember a tall straight Prussian, apparently an adjutant, was present on this occasion, standing in unmoved posture and with unchanged features, but who might, inwardly, well be

surprised at this boldness on the part of a citizen. In short, I parted from the colonel on the best terms, weaving into my thanks all the persuasive reasons which properly should have been sufficiently indicated by themselves, but which now produced a mild reconciliation.

On Friday, the 3rd of October, I waited on excellent men. I found Prince Louis Ferdinand and his family according to his nature; Lieutenant-General von Grawert, Colonel von Massow, Captain Bumpstien, the list, half a Frenchman, friendly and cordial. At noon to dinner with them all at Prince Hohenloë's.

Amid the great confidence expressed in the Prussian strength and skill in war, my ear was every now and again strangely assailed by remembrances to the effect that people should endeavour to hide their valuables, their most important papers, &c. In those circumstances, divested of all illusions of hope, I called out just as we commenced eating forks, "Now, should the heavens fall, there will be no death of these creatures."

On the 6th I found Wolmar all in commotion and consternation. The strong characters were composed and decided, it was now time to consider and make resolutions. Who should remain? Who should flee? That was the question.

1807.

At the end of last year the theatre was again opened; balconies and boxes, pit and gallery, were soon filled, as a sign and signal that in town and state everything had resumed its old course. It was fortunate for us to be sure that the Emperor remained true to his main maxim, to live in peace and goodwill with all bearing the *Saxo* name, without allowing any subordinate circumstances to interfere. General DIXMID, whose many years course had studied theology in Jena, and on account of excellent knowledge was summoned to that great expedition, showed himself as commanding quite equalled to his task as a friendliness. The younger Münnich, elegant, charming, and attached to many a house by the ties of friendship, was appointed *Commissaire-Ordonnateur*,

and his mild procedure gradually appeased the excited minds of the people. Every one had something to relate of the evil days, and felt some complacency in the remembrance of the havoc he had survived. People, too, submitted willingly to many a burden, being no longer under apprehensions of a sudden visitation of fresh horrors.

I and those immediately associated with me, therefore, endeavoured to revive the old vitality of the theatre, and in an accidental way, though not without preparation, it attained to a new splendour by means of a representation which served to re-establish the truest harmony among ourselves. 'Tasso' was performed, having been learned, certainly not amid the storms we had just passed through, but long ago in private; for as it was a custom with young actors entering our boards to practice many parts they were by no means ripe to exhibit in public, so our old actors often conned pieces not at all suitable for immediate representation. In this way 'Tasso' had for a long time been concerted among the actors, its parts distributed among them and studied, while I would frequently surprise them in the act of perusing it, without, however, feeling my obstinate scepticism on the subject of its suitability for public performance in any way shaken by that circumstance. Now, however, when much seemed on the point of coming to a standstill, when both occasion and spirit failed for undertaking anything new, and when festival-days imperatively demanding celebration at our hands pressed close upon us, my dear pupils began anew to importune me, so that at last, half angrily, I yielded to a request I should have eagerly and thankfully hastened to meet. The applause the piece enjoyed corresponded completely with the maturity which through cordial and long continued study it had attained in the minds and persons of the actors, and I willingly confessed my error when the project I had stubbornly refused to entertain as being impossible, was by our company presented as a sensible and complete success before my eyes.

With persistent faithful oversight the theatre was directed throughout the next months, young actors being guided and instructed in everything pertaining to their

professional culture, trained in particular to observe a certain natural moderation and to free themselves from all mannerisms. Of higher importance in the future for us was the 'Resolute Prince,' which having once engaged our attention, continued in private constantly to occupy our minds. Another problematic theatrical piece of quite a different character, the 'Broken Jar,' also attracted us: and notwithstanding the many misgivings it excited in us, we brought it to our boards where, however, it met with a most unfavourable reception. Not however till after its transference to Halle and Lauchstätt and a lengthy stay there, where, subjected to the criticism of a cultivated public, it was stimulated to its utmost capacity, did our Weimar theatre recover its former vigour. The repertory of its representations this summer, is, perhaps, the most important that our staff can boast of within such a short period, a repertory to which, perhaps, no other theatre could produce a match within the same limits of time.

Very soon after the performance of 'Tasso'—so pure a representation of court and world scenes, tender, intellectual and loving—Duchess Amalia, to the grief of us all, and to my special sadness, left her native soil, which for her had been so deeply disfigured, nay even defaced beyond recognition. A lasty composition I threw off, more in the way of business than in any higher sense, was intended only as an acknowledgment of my far greater obligations to her. The sketch, however, will shortly be communicated.

To rid myself, however, of all these distresses and enable my mind to recover its wonted freedom I returned to the study of organic nature. More than once reassured and reached me testifying how the mode of thought which rendered *me* happy was developing itself in *Leopold's* firm. I therefore felt myself induced to reprint my 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' and to rummage many old topographical papers to see whether I could not light on something pleasant and profitable for the lovers of nature. I thought I had so far succeeded as to be justified in announcing it in the catalogue of the Easter Fair. 'Georg's It is an Organic Structure,' as a work that might strictly

appear. The observations and studies connected with this subject were now, therefore, pursued more earnestly than ever. I set myself especially to master KASPAR FRIEDRICH WOLF'S 'Theoria Generationis.' The old osteological views, especially the discovery made by me in Venice in 1799, that the skull is formed from the vertebrae, were more minutely set forth and discussed with two sympathetic friends, VON JÜNIER and RÜMER. These two in astonishment brought me the news that this high significance of the skull bones had, in an academic programme, just been sprung upon the public, a fact, as to which, seeing they still live, they can testify. I besought them to compose themselves, seeing that it was all too palpable to the scholar that in the programme referred to the matter was not ably handled nor drawn from its source. Many attempts were made to induce me to a public utterance, but I was too knowing to break silence.

All adherents to the doctrine of organic metamorphosis were, next, favoured by a happy accident. The *monoculus apus* is sometimes, though seldom, to be found in stagnant water in the neighbourhood of Jena. Some specimens were brought to me, and nowhere is the transformation of one member always remaining the same into another form more strikingly illustrated than in this creature.

While for so many years ascending mountain after mountain and hammering rock after rock, I had not neglected either to inspect pits and excavations. The natural appearances in the latter direction I had in part myself taken a drawing of, for the sake of impressing their character and manner on my senses, in part caused to be drawn, in order to gain and preserve more accurate diagrams. In the course of these observations there always hovered before my mind a model which would serve to render into more distinct visuality the impression I had received from nature. On the surface a landscape should be represented rising from a plain to the highest chain of mountains. A section of this whole ascent having been made and its various parts discriminated from each other, the inner profile should show the depressions, the strata and other desirable characteristics. This first plan I kept for a long time with me, endeavouring from time to time to give it

greater completeness. While so engaged I encountered problems not so easily solved. I was therefore much pleased with an offer on the part of the worthy natural historian HAYASHI, whom Counsellor of the Embassy BARNET had introduced to me. I laid my work before him, requesting him to prosecute it further. After talking the matter over with him, however, I all too soon became aware that we could not agree on the mode of treatment. I nevertheless committed the plan to him, hoping for his further labours with it, but he having left Weimar from irritation at some false views in meteorology, I never saw it again.

In the first half of this year I felt myself highly favoured by Herr ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT's dedicating to me in a distinguished manner a work of great importance illustrated with diagrams, 'Ebens towards a Geography of Plants, with a Diagram of the Vegetation of the Tropics.'

Out of friendship for the noble author, a friendship dating from the earliest days, and strengthening with the advance of time, and in response to this latest and so flattering challenge addressed me. I hastened to study the work, but the profile map belonging to it was still wanting and only announced as shortly to follow. Impatient that my full appreciation of such a work should be kept in suspense, I at once undertook, in neediness with ill data, to transform a certain area of paper into the figure of a landscape with mountain-masses at the side. Following his directions I first elaborated the tropics on the right side, as the side of light and sun, and then constructed the European heights on the left, as the side of shade. In this way arose a symbolic landscape not according to the eye. This product of accident, so to say, I dedicated with an inscription to the friend to whom I had owed its conception and execution. The *Leb. Leb. comp.* is published here, of it with a portion of a volume of travel was received with so much favour abroad that it is being republished at Paris.

With a certain trouble and endeavour, after receiving a clearance of the long prepared tables of the 'Theory of Colors' was actually finished and engraved, while the printing of the book was steadily prosecuted and at the

end of January completed. The field was therefore so far cleared for the polemical part. Newton, by joining together several instruments and preparations, having perpetrated an *experimental incoherence*, the phenomena produced by prisms and lenses operating on each other were explained, and in general Newton's experiments minutely examined, one after the other. The polemical parts could thus be sent to the printer, while the historical part was by no means lost sight of. NUGER 'On Colours,' in the *Journal de Trévoux* was highly welcome. A retrogression was also made into the middle ages; ROGER BACON came up for discussion, and by way of preparation the scheme of the fifteenth century was written.

Friend Meyer studied the colouring of the ancients and began to write an essay on the subject. The merits of those old classic men, never to be enough appreciated, were honestly set forth in their perfect naturalness. An introduction to the 'Theory of Colours' and then a preface to the introduction were penned. A sympathising friend attempted a translation into French, and the sheets of this translation, still in my hands, ever remind me of the pleasantest hours. The polemics had, meanwhile, to be continued, and the printed sheets of both parts corrected. At the end of the year thirty proof-sheets of the first and five of the second part were in my hands.

Subjects long meditated and appropriated become almost like familiar friends, till at last they accompany us into all provinces, and may be introduced into all manner of topics either in the way of jest or earnest. I shall thus have occasion in my literary communications to mention a couple of happy thoughts which occurred to some lively friends.

The manuscript of my writings is despatched piece by piece. The first printed copy arrived.

I hear of Hæxlius's death. Biographical essays and sketches are sent me according to his direction. I write his life in epitome, at first for the *Morgenblatt*.

My stay in Carlsbad last year had so far improved my health that unquestionably I may ascribe the fact of my not having succumbed to the great havoc of war which burst upon us to the careful use I then made of that watering-

place. I, therefore, determined on another journey thither, and that soon, arriving there in the latter half of May. This season was rich for me in smaller stories planned, commenced, continued and completed. Slung together on a romantic thread, under the title of 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,' they were to compose a strangely attractive whole. To this purpose are marked *Conclusion of the New Melusine, The Man of Fifty, The Willless Wanderer.*

I was no less happy with JOSEPH MÜLLER'S Carlsbad Collection. The preparations of the past year were careful and adequate; I had acquired a sufficient supply of specimens of the rocks to be found in that district, and resolutely following out my purposes, I had them deposited in the Jena Museum, conferring with Counsellor of Mines Lenz on their nature and their arrangement in accordance with the order in which they had been found.

This time, therefore, I arrived in a well-furnished state at Carlsbad, where Müller had amassed an abundance of stones. With little deviation from last year's order, in which I found a specimen-collection still to hand, but with goodwill and conviction on the part of the old stone-lover, the decisive, new order was adopted, an essay being at once composed and repeatedly and carefully revised.

Before, however, the little essay could be printed it had to receive the approval of the upper authorities at Prague, and on one of my manuscripts, therefore, I have the pleasure of seeing the "Vidi" of the Prague Censor. These few sheets were intended to serve myself and others in the future in the way of a guide and to induce a more special examination. Another purpose aimed at by this publication was that of smuggling certain geological convictions into the acknowledged science of the day.

For the good Joseph Müller it had also the happy effect of drawing attention to his collection, so that, shortly after, he received several orders. Yet so deep was his secrecy on the sources of their supply (a secrecy rendered necessary by the competition for them), that he would never discover even to me the place where certain minerals were to be found, but rather contrived the strangest excuses to mislead his friends and patrons.

In riper years, when one is no longer so impetuously hurried far and wide by the distractions of his nature, when one is no longer so desperately nailed by his passions to one spot, a season at a watering-place offers an excellent field for the study of human life in the manifold assemblage there from all quarters of so many important persons. This year in Carlsbad proved in this respect highly favourable to me, not only affording me the richest and most congenial entertainment, but enabling me to form a connection very fruitful in the future. Here I met VON REINHARD, who with his spouse and children had chosen this as a place of residence where to rest and recruit themselves from the hard blows of fate. In earlier years entangled in the French Revolution he had successively accommodated himself to a series of generations, and by ministerial and diplomatic services had risen to a high position. Napoleon, who did not love him, yet knew his value, sent him to an ungrateful and dangerous post at Jassy, where he stayed for some time, abiding faithfully by his duties, till seized by the Russian she was conducted with his family over many tracts of country, and at last on suitable representations again set free. Of all these things his highly cultivated wife, a Hamburg lady, the daughter of REIMARIUS, had composed an excellent narrative, imparting a more precise insight into the complicate and anxious situation, and exciting true sympathy.

The moment which brought before me a new, worthy countryman of Schiller's and Cuvier's was itself important enough to induce at once a nearer relation. Both husband and wife, truly upright and German in their dispositions, cultivated on all sides, the son and daughter, too, graceful and amiable, they soon drew me into their circle. The excellent man attached himself all the more closely to me that, being the representative of a nation which at the moment was working woe on so many men, he could not be regarded with kindly feelings by the rest of the social world.

A man of business accustomed to attend to the most foreign affairs, in order to attain with the utmost swiftness a clear comprehension of them, lends every one his ear, and so this new friend indulged me with continuous attention, while I could not deny myself the gratification of ex-

pounding to him my 'Theory of Colours.' He very soon became conversant with it, and undertook the translation of some passages. Nay, we made the strange experiment of a mutual communication, I, one morning, extemporaneously delivering to him the history and fortunes of the 'Theory of Colours,' from the oldest to the most recent times, and all the pains I had subjected myself to on this matter, and he the next day relating, likewise in a summary way, the history of *his* life. We thus at the same time became acquainted, I with what befell him, he with what most vitally concerned me, and in this way a more heart felt participation in our mutual interests was facilitated.

I have next to take note of the PRINCESS SOLMS, a princess of Mecklenberg by birth, who always wherever I met her showed me gracious attention. On each occasion she pressed me to read something to her, and I always chose the product which had most recently issued from my head and heart. The poetry I read to her being, therefore, each time the expression of a *true* feeling carried with it the evidence of *truth*, and proceeding from the heart also penetrated to the heart. A friendly-minded court-lady, Fräulein L'Escoq, was present with her good understanding at these confidential communications.

The name of Reinhard was now, again, to sound gratefully in my ears. The chief court-preacher of the kingdom of Saxony was visiting the warm springs with the object of recruiting his very infirm health. Painful though it was to see this worthy man labouring under such serious bodily illness, it was yet enjoyable to have conversation with him. His beautiful moral nature, his well cultivated mind, his upright will, his practical insight into everything worthy of being desired and sought after, shone forth everywhere with a dignified amenability. Although he could not entirely sympathise with my way of expressing myself on forthcoming matters, I had yet the happiness of completely agreeing with him on certain main points in opposition to ruling views; and he might well perceive that my apparent liberal indifferentism, practically at one with him in all that was most deeply earnest in his nature, might be but a mask behind which I endeavoured to protect myself from petulant and self-righteous

I gained his confidence in a high degree and thereby shared in much that was excellent. Our moral communications with each other touching the imperishable served to turn away or blunt the sting of the war-news which day after day reached our ears.

Renewed intercourse with the meritorious prefect of the district, VON SCHILLER, likewise afforded me many an agreeable hour, notwithstanding the manifold labours falling to the lot of this overburdened man of business. I was also surprised by the presence of Captain BLUMENSTEIN, whom a year before, on the dreadful eve of our unhappy days, I had found sympathetic and sincere. Full of insight, good humour and happy ideas, he was the best of company, and we bandied many a jest with each other, though as a passionate Prussian he could not forgive my too confidential acquaintance with a French diplomatist. Yet with the help of some merry fancies the dispute between us was soon happily composed.

Another circle, however, was opened for me. PRINCESS BAGRATION, beautiful, charming, attractive, gathered about her a considerable company. Here I was introduced to PRINCE LÉON, whose name had been familiar to me for so many years, and whose personality, from his relation to friends of mine, had become highly interesting to me. His presence made good his reputation: he appeared ever in good spirits, inebriated, equal to all occasions, everywhere welcome and at home as a man of the world and of action. The Duke of Coburg distinguished himself by his handsome figure and his gracefully dignified manner. The Duke of Weimar, whom in relation to myself I should have first mentioned, seeing it was to him I owed my honour and place in this circle, inspired it with his animation. Count GOSNUTAN, by his earnest quiet demeanour and his pleasant conversation on works of art, was also very welcome. In front of the Princess's residence, in the middle of the month w, were at all times to be found some members of this company; among them, too, Heffath von GERTZ, who with great insight into and comprehension of the recent events of the war very frequently communicated his thoughts to me, describing the positions of the armies and the consequences of the battles, and

finally giving me the first intelligence of the Peace of Tilsit.

Carlsbad was at this time blessed likewise with doctors. I first mention Dr. KAPP from Leipzig, who made my time at the bath uninterruptedly happy for me, his conversation being altogether instructive and his care of those entrusted to him most conscientious. Hofrath SEIZER from Ronneburg, a faithful scientific investigator and diligent mineralogist, attached himself to us. Dr. MIRMERBACHER, as far as his business would allow him, was also ready with his counsel. Dr. FLORIAN, a Bohemian from Manetin, was likewise of our company. We thus had the opportunity of becoming initiated into more than one method of medical thought and treatment.

The town and government, too, seemed disposed to do more than they had hitherto done towards honouring the warm springs and rendering the locality agreeable to the strangers who had been enticed hither. A hospital set up at the side of the Bernhard rock suggested hopes for the poorer classes, while the higher classes rejoiced in the anticipation of a more convenient and becoming walk to the new fountain. I was shown the plans, which could not but be approved, and with many thousands others I was gladdened by the near prospect of exchanging a place of resort crowded to a degree extremely unpleasant for a stately hall.

My taste for mineralogy was promoted in many ways. The porcelain factory in Dabwitz again confirmed me in my conviction that geognostic knowledge in general and in particular is of the greatest moment in every undertaking in this direction. What used to be thought peculiar to this and that country alone is now to be found almost everywhere; for example the porcelain Saxony clay was prized as a secret, but now everywhere to be met with.

Towards a better knowledge of precious stones, ZACHAR from Prague, staying at the baths, told me many of great interest, though I brought but little of value to his conversations, while a pleasure to me at the time, and yet profitable, came in the future.

I will not omit mentioning the notice I took in my diary of the honour and confidence with which our

company received the narrative of Dr. HAUSMANN'S journey to Norway.

The presence of Werner, Counsellor of Mines, at Carlsbad was, too, during the last days of my stay there, as always, animating in the highest degree. We were acquaintances of many years' standing, and harmonised with each other, perhaps more, however, from mutual forbearance than from agreement in our principles. I avoided touching his derivation of the wells from coal layers, though in other things I was open and communicative, while with a politeness really exemplary he would out of his rich experience readily help me with my dynamical theses, though he regarded them as fanciful.

I was then more than ever intent on bringing forward the porphyritic formation in opposition to the conglomerate, and though this view of mine found no response in him, yet in answer to my question, he made me acquainted with a highly important stone, which with an excellent definition of his own he called *granulous date-quartz*, a stone to be found at Prieborn in Silesia. He gave me a drawing of the style and character of the phenomenon, and thereby induced many years' investigations.

It is a curious experience we make in our travels when meeting with strangers or persons we had long before lost sight of, that we find them altogether different from the idea we have been accustomed to associate with their names. We think of this or that public man as peculiarly and passionately attached to this or that branch of knowledge, we meet him and desire instruction in his particular department, and lo! his mind has taken quite a different direction, and the inquiries we address him are completely out of his horizon. This was now my experience with Werner, Counsellor of Mines, who rather avoided oryctognostic and geognostic conversations, and directed our attention to quite other subjects.

Philology was now his peculiar field, the origin, derivation and relationship of languages giving full scope for his sharp-sighted industry, and he did not need much time to interest us in his pursuit. He carried about with him a set of bandboxes, in which, methodically arranged (as becomes such a man), he kept a whole library of books

pertaining to this subject of inquiry, thereby facilitating for himself a free intellectual communication.

That this, however, may not appear too paradoxical, let one think of the necessity which impelled this man into such a department. Every branch of knowledge requires a second, a third, and so on; we may follow the tree in its roots, or in its branches and twigs; the one always issues out of the other, and the more vital any branch of knowledge grows in us the more are we driven to pursue it in its connection forwards and backwards. In his department, Werner, as he advanced, employed for the naming of particular objects such terms as had been in favour with his predecessor; but new subjects pressing daily on his attention, he felt the necessity, for the sake of distinction, of inventing names himself.

Naming is not so easy a business as is commonly supposed, and a right solid philologist would be incited to many strange reflections were he to write a criticism on the usual oryctognostic nomenclature. Werner was very sensible of all this, and no doubt made a wide circuit when in order to name the subjects of a certain department he resolved to study languages in general in their origin, development and structure, and so learn from them what he required for his purpose.

No one has the right to prescribe to an intellectual man the field of his study. The mind shoots its rays from the centre to the periphery: if it encounter a terminus at this point, it retires into itself and shoots forth again out of the centre new lines of endeavour, so that if it cannot transcend its orbit it may yet become acquainted with it and fill it out to the utmost possible degree. And even if Werner in his elaboration of the means had forgotten the purpose he originally intended by them, a thing we can by no means assert, we were yet witnesses of the joy with which he pursued the business, and learned from and by him how one should set limits to himself in any undertaking, and find for a time within those limits happiness and satisfaction.

Otherwise I had neither leisure nor opportunity to enter into more ancient treatises of the history of Nature. I studied 'Albertus Magnus,' but with little success. It

was necessary to realise the character and features of his century in order to comprehend in any measure what was here intended and accomplished.

Towards the end of my stay in the watering-place, my son came to Carlsbad, as I wished to indulge him with the sight of a place so often the subject of conversation at home. This gave occasion for some adventures disclosing the inner disquietude of society. At that time, it was fashionable to wear a kind of short shooting-coat, green, and largely set with lace of like colour, very convenient for riding and hunting, so that its use soon became widely extended. This attire several Prussian officers, dispersed by the war, had adopted as an interim uniform, with which they might roam about unrecognised among farmers, landlords, hunters, horse-dealers, and students. My son had put on a coat of this kind. Meanwhile, in Carlsbad some of these masked officers had been scented out, and in a very short time this dress came to be taken as the indication of a Prussian.

No one knew of the arrival of my son. I stood with Fräulein L'Estocq at the Tepel-wall before the Saxon Salon; he passes by and greets us; she draws aside and says vehemently, "That is a Prussian officer, and what frightens me is that he looks very like my brother." "I will call him hither," I answered, "will examine him." I was gone when she shouted after me, "For God's sake, no pranks." I brought him back, presented him and said, "This lady, sir, desires some information. Would you discover to us whence you come, and who you are?" The two young persons were both embarrassed, the one as much as the other. My son was silent, puzzled as to the meaning of it all, while the lady likewise silent appeared to be meditating some plausible escape. I therefore took up the word and with a jocular turn declared it was my son, and we must esteem it a fortune of the family, if in any measure he resembled her brother. She did not believe this representation, till in the end the fable assumed the air of probability, and at last of certainty.

The second adventure was not of so happy a nature. We had now reached the month of September, the season when the Poles are wont to assemble more numerous in

Carlsbad. Their hatred to the Prussians had for a long time been intense, and after the last misfortunes had passed into contempt. Under the green jacket, properly Polish, being of Polish origin, they might on this occasion have scented out a Prussian. My son goes about on the spire fronting the houses on the meadow: four Poles walking in the middle of the sandy way meet him, one of them parts from his companions, passes by my son, looks him in the face, and then rejoins the others. My son makes a manoeuvre so as to meet them again, walks up to them in the middle of the sandy way, and passes through the four, at the same time explaining quite curtly what his name was, where he lived, and that as he intended leaving next morning, whoever had any business with him should despatch it with him that evening. We passed the evening without any disturbance, and set off the next morning. It looked as though this comedy of many acts might, like an English comedy, not end without an affair of honour.

On my return from Carlsbad the singers gave me a serenade, in which I could read affection, goodwill, progress in their art, and much else of a gladdening nature. I was now pleased, for the sake of enlivening society, to wed known melodies to new songs, the contents of which were drawn from present events. Mademoiselle Engels rendered them with appreciation and life, and so we gradually appropriated the most popular melodies, as though they had been originated for our circle. We diligently rehearsed musical pieces for several voices, and the first Sunday thereafter, the 30th December, was celebrated before a large company.

The Weimar theatre gained at Michaelmas an agreeable and promising tenor voice, Merzwin. His culture was pointed out by an older musical friend, who was distinguished for his particular skill of his own in leading concerts, and who with the violin would assist the song, infusing a sense of melody, courage and pleasure into the singer. This was a valuable and useful instruction. By way of showing the propriety of the case of dramatic pieces, the director of the theatre was obliged to parts which only tenor and light parts could be assigned to him in public. It

was also intended by this means to render persons whose voice was not first-class, available for light simple operas, which are always welcome as a break. Out of this proceeded practice in songs of several voices which was bound sooner or later to redound to the advantage of the theatre.

Nor as poet would I remain idle for the stage. I wrote a prologue for Leipzig, where our actors were to figure for a time; further, a prologue for the 30th September, to celebrate the reunion of the princely family after that repugnant separation.

As the most important undertaking, however, I remark, that I began to work at 'Pandora's Return.' I did it for the sake of two young men, friends of many years' standing, LEO VON SECKENDORF and Dr. STOLL. Both being of literary aspirations, they thought of bringing out a 'Musenalmanach' in Vienna, and the mythological crisis at which Prometheus appears being ever present with me and indeed grown to a living fixed idea, I set to work on this subject not without the most earnest intentions, as any one will be convinced who attentively considers the piece as far as it goes.

To the volume of my Epic Poems, 'Achilleïs' was to be added. I again took the whole in hand, but had enough to do to mature the first book to such a point that I was able to commence it formally.

I must now mention another work which was called forth by a feeling of friendship. JOHANNES VON MÜLLER had at the beginning of the year written an academic oration to the memory of King Frederick II., and was violently attacked for doing so. Now, since the first years of our acquaintance, he had shown me much love and faithfulness, having rendered me essential service. I therefore thought of doing him some politeness by way of return, and believed it would be agreeable to him if the approval of his undertaking were testified from any side. A friendly response in the shape of a harmless translation appeared to me most suitable; the translation appeared in the *Morgenblatt* and he thanked me, though the matter was not thereby improved.

'Pandora's Return' was planned, and the execution went on bit by bit. Only the first part was finished, but

that alone will show the intention with which this work was undertaken and carried out.

The little stories already repeatedly referred to occupied me in happy hours, and the 'Elective Affinities' were also in this way to be briefly treated. They, however, soon extended themselves. The material was altogether too important, and had struck too deep root for me to be able to dismiss it in so light a fashion.

'Pandora,' and the 'Elective Affinities,' both express the painful feeling of Resignation, and could therefore very well advance side by side. The first part of 'Pandora' arrived at the right time towards the end of the year in Vienna. The plan of the 'Elective Affinities' had advanced far, and many preliminary labours were in part completed. Another interest appeared in the last quarter of the year; I turned to the 'Nibelungen,' of which indeed much were to be said.

Through BOLMER's labours I had long known of the existence of this poem. CHRISTOPH HEINRICH MÜLLER sent me his edition, unfortunately in an unstitched state; the precious work remained in my hands in this unsatisfactory form, and involved in other business, tendencies, and cares, I continued as insensible to its merits as the rest of the German world. Only by accident I read an outside page at the place where the mermaids prophesy to the bold hero. The passage struck me, without however stimulating me to dip deeper into the whole: I rested satisfied rather with humming to myself an independent ballad suggested by the contents, a ballad which would again and again sing itself in my imagination, though I never brought it so far as to conclude and complete it.

But as everything tends towards maturity, the interest in this important product of antiquity became, through patriotic exertions, more general and the access to it more convenient. The ladies to whom I had still the happiness of giving readings on the Wednesdays made inquiry about this work, and I did not neglect acquiring for them the desired knowledge. I immediately got hold of the original and worked my way into it with so much success, that with the text before me I could read off line for line an intelligible translation. The tone, the course of the poem was

duly rendered, nor did the contents suffer anything at my hands. Such an exercise comes off most happily when purely extempore. You must have all your senses about you, your mind must be in full swing, it is a kind of improvisation. While in this manner I went the whole round of the poetical work, I did not neglect a critical study of it to such a degree, that when questions were put to me I could give satisfactory account of its details. I drew up a list of the persons and characters, made hasty sketches of locality and history, morals and passions, harmony and incongruities, planning at the same time a hypothetic map for the first part. By this means I gained much for the immediate purpose, more for the future, rendering myself better able to judge, enjoy, and profit by the earnest continuous labours later on of German students of language and antiquity.

Influence from Munich in the person of Dr. NIETHAMMER urged me to two works of wide research; a historic religious book for the people, and a general collection of songs for the edification and enjoyment of the Germans. Both of them were meditated for a time and planned; but, on account of many misgivings, the enterprise was dropped. Still the papers in connection with those two works were collected and laid past, so as to be serviceable for me in the event of my undertaking a similar task in the future.

I made earnest preparations for a biography of Hackert. The task was a difficult one, for the papers delivered to me were to be regarded neither as entirely raw nor as entirely worked-up material. The data committed to me were neither wholly to be taken to pieces, nor in their present form were they completely available. The work, therefore, gave me more trouble and pains than if it had been an entirely original production, and it cost no little perseverance, as it also required all the love and respect I had for my departed friend, to keep me from abandoning the undertaking. The noble man's heirs, who set a very high value on the manuscript, often met me, not in the most friendly way.

The polemical as also the historical part of the 'Theory of Colours' advances slowly, to be sure, but yet steadily. Of the historical studies there remain as the chief authors

ROGER BACON, AGUILLÓNUS and BOYLE. At the end of the year the first part is mostly finished, the second corrected down to the ninth sheet.

The Jena institutions, after the storms of war from which happily they were miraculously saved, had completely recovered themselves. All persons interested had set themselves zealously to work, and when in September they were all inspected, their founder, our gracious master, on his happy return, received a satisfactory account of them.

1808.

The social personalities in Carlshad had this summer assumed quite a different character for me. The DOCTORS of CARLSHAD, graceful herself and with a graceful surrounding, FRAT VOX PER REXI accompanied by THISEN, and others attaching themselves to these, formed a highly joyous centre of life there. You met each other so often in the same place, in the same relations, finding your friends ever in the old style and fashion: that you seemed to have lived years with them: you confided without properly knowing each other.

The family of ZILBERBERG seemed another more decided, more ineluctable circle. Parents and children I knew through all their ramifications: the father I had always highly respected, I may well say revered. The joyous activity of the mother, her activity knowing no decline, permitted nobody to be in her company without being satisfied. Children, on my first entrance into Drackendorf not yet born, here met me in the figure of grown-up, stately, amiable persons. To these were attached acquaintances and relations. A more united, a more congenious circle, could nowhere be found. FRAT VOX SUMMER, by EPHRAIM ULLMANN, and FRAT VOX GUTH, were small ornaments of this company. Every one came round to praise the other and was pleased with the other: the company naturally resolving itself into pairs, and excluding everything like envy or misundersanding. The numerous partnerships produced a mode of living where where each person's interests would have adorned another.

My friends and I saw, were, and lived, in united rooms,

such relations appear quite natural, and in the case of social wanderings quite inevitable. The intercourse between Carlsbad and Franzensbrunn, regulated as a whole by calculation, but in particular always induced casually, at first arranged by the prudence of the parents, but in the end confirmed by the passion of the younger members, caused even the mischief produced by such communication to be ever delightful, as also in remembrance highly agreeable, everything in the end being made up and happily composed.

From the first, and still more within the last few years, convinced that the peculiar function of newspapers is only to amuse the public and beguile them in regard to the aspects of the day—whether the reason be that the editor is prevented by an external power from telling the truth or that his inward partisan feeling forbids his doing so—I ceased reading them. Of the main events of the day I was informed by friends, who took pleasure in learning and communicating news, and otherwise in the course of this period I had nothing to make inquiry after. The *General Gazette* (*Allgemeine Zeitung*), however, regularly sent me by favour of Herr Cotta, accumulated on my hands. The impressions of 1806 and 1807 having been nicely bound by the good offices of an order-loving Chancery colleague, I found them in this state just as I was about to set off for Carlsbad. Though now I had been taught by experience to take few books with me on such occasions, as being not at all likely to be read, yet as one is disposed to read those casually given him by friends, I found it convenient and pleasurable to take this political library with me; and not only did I find unexpected instruction and entertainment in it, but friends, who became aware of the volumes, begged them of me in turns, so that at the end I could not gather them together again. The particular merit of this paper consisted, perhaps, in the fact that though with prudent delay it occasionally kept back news, it did not fail conscientiously to communicate, piece by piece, as much as enabled the thoughtful observer to understand the situation of affairs.

Meanwhile, the present outlook was still sufficiently full of anxiety, so that the different peoples meeting at such a

health resort were not without certain apprehensions the one of the other, and therefore avoided all political conversation. All the more must the reading of these newspapers in the way of substitute for political conversation be felt as the satisfaction of a want.

I must not forget the ruling Duke, AUGUST VON GOtha, who was pleased to present himself in a problematic light, and under a certain soft exterior to show himself sometimes agreeable and sometimes repugnant. I have no reason to complain of him, but it was always a matter of anxiety to accept an invitation to his table, it being impossible to foresee which of the guests he might by chance be disposed to treat in an unsparing manner.

I will next mention the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, and a mysterious Swede, in the list of visitors called VON REITERHOLM. The former was in bad health, but with a truly personal dignity, friendly and obliging. With the latter the conversation was always important, but people desiring to respect his secret, and yet afraid of touching on it by accident, we came little in contact with him—we not seeking his company, and he avoiding us.

Prefect of the District VON SCHILLER, always showed himself disposed to avoid rather than attach himself to the Spa visitors, a line of conduct very necessary in his place, as in the event of any police cases occurring, he was at liberty to regard people only in so far as they were in the right or in the wrong, and no personal relationship inclining one to be favourable or unfavourable could be permitted to come into play.

With VON HERBER, Counsellor of Mines, I continued the customary conversations as though we had but a little before parted from each other; as also with WILHELM VON SCHÜTZ, who soon let it be seen that he was likewise advancing steadily on his course.

Counsellor of Mines WERNER joined us as usual later on. His presence was always instructive, whether you considered him and his mode of thought, or made acquaintance through him with the subjects to which he devoted himself.

A lengthy residence in Franzensbrunn enables me to pay frequent visits to the problematic Kammerberg,

(Chamber-mountain) at Eger. I collect its products, make accurate observations of it, describe and draw it. I find myself impelled to deviate from Reuss's view, which regards the mountain as pseudo-volcanic, and to hold it for volcanic. In this sense I write an essay which can speak for itself. The question, however, may not be quite solved by this treatise, and a return to Reuss's interpretation seem very well advisable.

In Carlsbad it was gladdening to see how Joseph Müller's collections were gaining in favour, though the constantly convulsed war-like times were prejudicial to all scientific pursuits. Müller, in no way discouraged, gathered his heaps of stones, and accustomed to the new order, he cut them so neatly that in his collections of greater or smaller size, the pieces of each heap were of like proportions, lying clean and instructive before one's eyes. Among the stones broken under the hammer the fit or important one was always to be found, and those of no value having been cast away, he could always provide the amateur to his entire satisfaction. But there was no inducing him to put his raw store in order, his fear of losing his monopoly and his habituation to the disorder made him deaf to all good counsel. With every fresh collection he began to pick the stones out of the chaotic heap, and according to the new order distribute them in numerical sequence on boards divided by bars into squares, and so gradully fill up the cases. I daily visited him on the way to the New Well, enjoying ever an instructive conversation, for there is no district of Nature, however limited, but will always offer something new, or at least present some striking aspect of the old.

After such subjects, appearing perhaps all too dry and material, renewed relations with worthy artists were to stimulate and animate me in a peculiar manner.

The presence of KAAZ, the excellent Dresden landscape-painter, gave me much joy and instruction, especially as he knew how to transform in a masterly way my dilettante sketches into a fair-looking picture. Making use of a style which easily conjoined water and opaque colours, he roused even me out of my fantastic scrawling to a freer handling. And as a proof how the presence of

a master raises and supports one, I still keep in my possession some leaves from that period, which, like illuminated points, indicate that in such circumstances one can accomplish what would appear impossible before and after.

I next had the agreeable surprise of an impetuous visit in the old style from a friend who had attached himself to me for many years. It was the good, talented Bury, who in the suite of the hereditary Princess of Hesse-Cassel had put up for some time in and around Dresden, and now on furlough, came hither for some days.

I wrote a poem to the honour and pleasure of this worthy lady, who was also friendly to me, a poem which, written in fair hand in the middle of a large sheet of paper, was to be enclosed in the most pictorial frame, representing the districts through which she travelled, the subjects to which she devoted the most attention, and which afforded her the most enjoyment. A complete sketch was devised and drawn, and everything so zealously taken in hand that there could be no doubt of a happy result. The poem is to be found printed among my others. On this occasion Bury again drew my portrait in small size and contour, a portrait which my family in the future prized as a joyous memento of that time. This summer-residence was thus enriched for me on the side of plastic art, and though it assumed quite a different character from that of the former summer, it was also valuable and fruitful in results to me.

On my return I was summoned to still higher art-contemplation. Moxer's invaluable plaster of Paris casts of Greek deities had arrived. You here looked into an abyss of the past, and were astonished at the most splendid pictures. You were awed in the midst of this wealth to attain to a true appreciation, and felt befuddled that here you had means of instruction and edification for many years. One series of importance added to my collection of rings, Albert Dürer's pen-drawings, in lithograph, came repeated and increased tons.

Russia, where Russian pictures, valuable efforts had found great success, with us sent me the original drawings of his best artists, and lithographs, which I also so

faithfully and carefully executed in copper-plate, yet in natural, immediate expression showed to great advantage in the original. To these were added other sketches, mostly half-complete, of no less value. All were thankfully returned, though there was much which, had it been possible to do so without indiscretion, we would willingly have retained among our collections, in memory of an excellent talent.

In autumn, too, the most agreeable contemplation and entertainment were afforded by a number of landscape-drawings by FRIEDRICH. His beautiful talent was known and appreciated by us, the thoughts of his work were tender, nay, pious; but from the stricter artistic point of view not altogether to be approved. However that may be, many beautiful testimonies of his merit have become incorporated with us. At the close of the year we were visited by the everywhere welcome KÜGELGEN. He painted my portrait. His personality must necessarily exercise the tenderest influence on our cultivated social circle.

A serenade given me by the singers before my departure for Carlsbad, assured me at the time of their affection and persevering diligence even in my absence, and on my return accordingly I found everything in the same good course. The private musical practice was continued, and social life by that means acquired a highly joyous harmony.

Towards the end of the year manifold differences came to light in the theatre, which, though not interrupting the course of the representations, yet embittered December for us. After many discussions a new arrangement was agreed to, in the hope that this would hold good for some time.

Much of a personally joyous nature was apportioned to me this year. To our young master and mistress PRINCESS MARIE was born, to the joy of all, and me especially, who here saw a new twig sprout forth from the princely tree to which I had devoted my whole life.

My son AUGUST went to the Academy of Heidelberg full of vigour and good spirits; my blessing, my cares and hopes, following him thither. With introductions to important friends formerly of Jena, Voss and Thibaut, he might be considered there as under his parents' roof.

On his way through Frankfort he greeted his good grandmother, just in time, as later on in September she was snatched away from us, to our grief. Towards the end of the year also occurred the death of a man, comparatively young, whom we regretfully blessed. Frazow died after much severe suffering. The distension of the artery of the neck tormented him through long distressed days and nights, till one morning sitting upright he was found, as is usually the case in such troubles, to have suddenly breathed his last.

His was a great loss for us, as the source of the Italian language, which since Jagemann's decease had sunk into comparative neglect, now dried up for us the second time. People will not appreciate and appropriate a foreign literature till it is pressed upon them, till it is made cheaply and easily accessible to them. Thus on account of neighbourhood or other influence we find in Eastern Germany the Italian, in Western the French, and in Northern the English language particularly cultivated.

The Congress of Erfurt, which first assembled in September in the neighbourhood and then advanced to our quarters, is of such great importance and the influence of this period on my situation so weighty, that a particular description of these few days may well be given.

SKETCH.

September.

In the first half of the month the news is confirmed of the meeting of the monarchs at Erfurt.

23. March of the French troops thither.

24. Arrival of the Grand-Duke Constantine in Weimar.

25. The Emperor Alexander.

27. The Princes to Erfurt. Napoleon comes as far as Munchenhadzen.

29. The Duke called me to Erfurt. In the evening 'Andromache' in Théâtre Français.

30. Grand dinner at the Duke's. Evening, 'Britannicus.' Then great tea at Frau Präsidentin von der Reck's. Minister Maret.

October.

1.

Levée at the Emperor Napoleon's.

Government. Stair, ante-room and room.

Great bustle.

The familiar old place and the people all different.

Medley.

Old and new acquaintances.

Poet as Prophet.

The prince of Dessau remained to audience.

Many assembled in the convoy-office at the Duke of Weimar's.

The Prince returns and relates a scene between the Emperor and Talma, which might occasion misconception and tittle-tattle.

I dined at Minister Champagny's.

My neighbour at table was Bourgoing, French Ambassador at Dresden.

2.

Marshal Lannes and Minister Maret had probably spoken in favourable terms of me.

The former knew me since 1806.

I was ordered to the presence of the Emperor at 11 A.M.

A stout chamberlain, a Pole, intimated to me to stay.

The crowd removed.

Presented to Savary and Talleyrand.

I am called to the cabinet of the Emperor.

At the same moment Daru sends in his name, and is at once admitted.

I therefore hesitate.

Am again called.

Step in.

The Emperor sits at a large round table, taking breakfast: at his right stands Talleyrand at some distance from the table, at his left, rather near, Daru, with whom he converses on the contribution affairs.

The Emperor nods to me to come forward

I stand at becoming distance from him.

Having looked at me attentively, he said, "Vous êtes un homme." I bow.

He asks, "How old are you?"

"Sixty years."

"You carry your age well."

"You have written tragedies?"

I answered what was necessary.

Here Darn took up the word. In some measure to flatter the Germans on whom he had to work so much woe, he spoke of German literature: being also well conversant with Latin and himself editor of 'Horace.'

He spoke of me in much the same way as my patrons in Berlin might have spoken: at least, I recognised in his words their mode of thought and sentiment.

He then added that I had translated from the French, and that Voltaire's 'Mahomet.'

The Emperor replied, "It is not a good piece," and set forth with great detail how unsuitable it was for the conqueror of the world to make such an unfavourable description of himself.

He then turned the conversation on 'Werther,' which he seemed to have studied thoroughly. After various very pertinent remarks he pointed out a certain passage and said, "Why have you written so? It is not according to nature;" opening up his nose in great large and setting forth the matter with perfect accuracy.

I listened to him with an expression of pleasure, and with a smile of gladness answered that I, indeed, was not aware that any person had made me the same reproach; but I found his censure quite correct, and confessed that in this passage there *was* something demonstrable as untrue. Only, I added, it might, perhaps, be pardoned the poet if he made use of an artifice not easily to be discovered in order to produce certain effects he could not have accomplished in any other way.

The Emperor seemed satisfied with this, returned to the dramatic and made very important remarks, in the manner of a critic, on my verses, remarked on the tragedy, with the greatest attention, having clearly felt the deviation of the poet from the nature and truth.

He then turned to the other plays with disapproval, they

had belonged to a darker time. "What," said he, "have people now to do with fate? It is politics that is fate."

He next turned again to Daru, and spoke with him of the great contribution affairs. I retired a little, and came to stand just at the corner where more than thirty years ago, along with many a glad hour, I had also experienced many a sad one, and had time to remark that to the right of me, towards the entry door, Berthier, Savary, and yet another person stood. Talleyrand had removed.

Marshal Soult was announced.

This tall figure with a profusion of hair on his head entered. The Emperor inquired jocularly about some unpleasant events in Poland, and I had time to look round me in the room, and to think of the past.

Here, too, was yet the old tapestry.

But the portraits on the walls were vanished.

Here had hung the likeness of the Duchess Amalia in masquerade dress, a black half-mask in the hand, the other likenesses of governors and members of the family, likewise all gone.

The Emperor rose, went up to me, and by a kind of manoeuvre separated me from the other members of the row in which I stood.

Turning his back to those, and speaking to me in a lower voice he asked whether I was married? have children? and other personal matters of usual interest. In the same manner, likewise, he inquired after my relations to the princely house, after the Duchess Amalia, the Prince, the Princess, &c. I answered him in a natural way. He seemed satisfied, and translated it into his own language, only in a somewhat more decisive style than I had been able to express myself.

I must remark, generally, that in the whole conversation I had to admire the multiplicity of his expressions of approval, for he seldom listened without some response, either nodding reflectively with the head or saying, "Oui," or "C'est bien," or such like. Nor must I forget to mention that when he had finished speaking, he usually added, "Qu'en dit Mr. Göt?"

And so I took the opportunity of asking the Chamber-

lain by a sign whether I might take leave, which he answered in the affirmative, and I then without further ado took my departure.

3.

Much conferring as to a representation to be given in Weimar. In the evening 'Œdipus.'

4.

To Weimar for arrangement of the theatre.

6.

Great hunt.—The French actors arrive with their Director.—Evening, 'Death of Cæsar.'—Minister Maret and those connected with him lodged with me.

7.

Marshal Lannes and Minister Maret.—Particular conversation on account of the imminent Spanish expedition.—From the Jena-Aspölda hunt all back and farther.—Hofrath Sartorius from Göttingen and Frau call on me.

14.

I receive the order of the Legion of Honour.—Talma and Frau and Minister Maret's secretary, de Lorgne d'Idonville, meet in my house.

1809.

This year in consideration of the beautiful results it yielded me must ever remain dear and precious in my memory. I spent it without any stay abroad, partly in Weimar, partly in Jena. It thus gained more in unity and compactness than other years, which mostly split in the middle by journeys to watering-places suffered in number of distractions.

My work in Jena would, I hoped, be favoured by a quiet and long residence there, but this, however, was not intended for me. Unexpected events of the war penetrated to our quarters and compelled me to change my place of abode several times.

The fire of war far and near in Spain and Austria could not but excite the apprehensions in every man. The

march of our *Chasseurs* on the 14th of April for the Tyrol was sad and serious. Immediately on the back of that came the quartering of soldiers. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo as leader of the Saxon Army Corps moved towards the borders of Bohemia, and on the 25th of April marched from Weimar to Kranichfeld. Long accustomed, especially during the last years, to shut myself completely off from the outer world, attend to my own affairs and cultivate the productions of my mind, I now repaired on the 29th of April to Jena. There I worked at the 'History of the Theory of Colours,' fetched up my review of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and wrote the history of my own chromatic conversion and progressive studies, a work which, concluded for the time being on the 24th of May, I laid aside, and did not resume till towards the end of the year, when RUGE's 'Globe of Colours' set our chromatic contemplations again in motion.

In this epoch I brought the 'Theory of Colours' down to the end of the eighteenth century. At the same time the printing of the second part continued without interruption, and attention was next directed to the controversy with Newton. In all these labours Dr. Seebeck was sympathetic and helpful.

To come, now, to poetical labours, the 'Elective Affinities,' the first conception of which engaged my mind a long time ago, had not again been out of my thoughts since the end of May. No one fails to see in this novel a wound of deep passion which nurses itself and shuns healing, a heart which dreads recovery to soundness. Some years ago the main thought was seized, but the execution evermore extended and developed in many directions, threatening to transgress the limit of art. At last, after so many preparations, the resolution was taken, the printing should now begin, many a doubt would be put an end to, the one point held fast, the other at last determined.

In the swift progress which now ensued I was however all at once disturbed. The news of the powerful advance of the French into Austria having been heard with dread, the King of Westphalia began a march towards Bohemia, so that on the 13th of June I returned to Weimar. The intelligence as to this strange expedition was very un-

certain when two diplomatic friends following the headquarters, VON REINHARD and WANGENHEIM, unexpectedly visited me, puzzling me with the announcement of an inexplicable retreat. On the 15th of July the King comes to Weimar. The retreat appears to degenerate into flight, and on the 20th the roving Oels corps inspire us and the neighbourhood with anxiety. This thunder-cloud, too, however, soon draws off in a north-west direction, and on the 23rd of July I go back to Jena.

Immediately thereafter the 'Elective Affinities' gradually gets printed. This impelling me to diligence, the manuscript soon definitely shapes and rounds itself, and the 3rd of October relieves me from the work, though I did not yet feel completely freed from the personal interest of its contents.

In social conversation the interest turned almost exclusively on the early times of the north and of romance in general. The extempore translation of the 'Nibelungen,' evermore succeeding, entirely chained the attention of a noble company who constantly gathered every Wednesday in my house. 'Fierabras' and other heroic sagas and poems, 'King Rother,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' followed each other to their mutual enhancement. Attention was, however, specially directed to the 'Wilkins Saga' and other northern relations and productions, when the strange pedestrian Rune-antiquarian ARNDT called on us, and by his personal communications and discourses endeavoured to make himself tolerable to our company if he did not gain us over to his side. Dr. MAJER'S 'Northern Sagas' contributed their part to make us feel well at ease under the dull sky. At the same time nothing was more natural than that the antiquities of the German language should come into prominence and be evermore prized, a tendency promoted by GRIMM'S stay among us, while a thorough study of grammar was revived in a charming manner by 'The Boy's Horn of Wonder.'

Cotta's publication of my works likewise demanded much of my time. It appeared and gave me the opportunity, by the sending of copies, of calling my patrons and friends to memory. Of this mention will be made at another place.

That part of my labours this year, however, which pointed most decidedly to the future, were my preparations to the considerable undertaking of an 'Autobiography.' In view of the misgivings attending the endeavour to recall long elapsed seasons of youth, the work had to be proceeded with carefully and circumspectly. Yet the resolution was at length taken, with the determination to deal sincerely with myself and others, and to strive after the truth to the utmost degree, as far as memory would help me to it.

The new arrangement, too, which in view of the main business devolving on me was lately chosen, required my longer stay in Jena this year. Our gracious master had, namely, appointed that all institutions having for their immediate object the cultivation of science and art should be put under one head direction, be paid out of one treasury and be relatively conducted in one spirit. His Highness had confided to Privy-Councillor von Voigt and me the faithful and judicious fulfilment of these intentions. The institutions above referred to (in no way connected with similar institutions or involved in older relationships, but wholly dependent on the will of the Prince, who out of his own means defrayed their expenses) comprise in Weimar the library and cabinet of coins, as also the free drawing-school; in Jena, the different museums and other scientific establishments founded since the beginning of the Duke's government, and set up without the co-operation of the other high gentlemen supporting the Academy. With the union now of all these institutions formerly under separate jurisdictions, it devolved on the officials appointed to superintend them to determine each time where, according to circumstances, money was to be expended and assistance given to this or that branch, an arrangement which under immediate supervision and the influence of unprejudiced sentiments was all the more feasible that the Prince did not so much wait to hear proposals in respect of what should be done as to receive reports and obtain personal knowledge of what was being done.

The Jena institutions above specified, and which had been founded and regulated within the last thirty years,

having suffered little by the French invasion, we were animated with all the greater zeal to restore them completely to their former vigour and even to erect others in connection with them. The extension, however, of too confined places and the judicious revision of existing arrangements demanded thorough individual inspection, and rendered necessary the personal presence of him who was authorized to decide these questions, all the more that no final comprehensive plan could for the present be entertained, and what was needed was tact in dealing with the momentary situation.

In Weimar, again, it became necessary to add to the building of the ducal library, in order to supply new rooms for the ever-increasing stock of books, copper-plates, and other articles of art. The Prussian architects GENTZ and RABE, at present in Weimar superintending the completion of the castle, assisted us with their advice, and so arose a building useful as it was both pleasant in outward aspect and well-adorned inside.

Yet the extension of rooms and the increase of collections did not absorb all our care. Our treasury, thanks to economy, was now in such a good state that we were enabled to send a young natural historian, Professor Voigt, at the proper time to France, who being well-instructed and making the best use of his stay in Paris and other places returned well-furnished in every respect.

The theatre, after weathering the light storms which had assailed it, pursued its quiet course. In commotions of this kind, the question never is who is to effect some settlement? but who is to influence and command? If differences are only *composed*, everything is just where it was, at most no better if not worse. The repertory was well provided and pieces were repeated, so that the public became accustomed to, without getting tired of, them. The latest productions, 'Antigone' by RECHTITZ, KNEBEL's translation of AUMER's 'Saul,' the 'Daughter of Jephtha' by RECHTITZ, were in turn well received. To favour Werner's considerable talent, a representation of the 'Twenty-fourth February' was carefully prepared, while the pleasing cheerful pieces of STEIGENTREICH insinuated themselves into the favour of the public.

Mademoiselle HÄSLER, a singer of much promise, and MOLTKE, a highly agreeable tenor, joined our stage, taking part in the instructions which were faithfully and zealously carried on. Werner attempted tragedies great and small, though there was little hope of seeing them become available for the theatre.

The household musical entertainments through more earnest arrangements grew ever more in value. The chorus of singers under the leadership of EBERWEIN more and more improved. Thursday evening was rehearsal, after which came mostly a merry repast: Sunday, performance before a large good company, with breakfast. These private exercises suspended for some time during the summer were at once resumed towards the end of harvest, while, in the meantime, the theatre and the public musical performances were animated and regulated through the accession to us of orchestra-leader Müller. Nor must it be forgotten what gratification was afforded us in the course of this year by the varied talents of Fräulein AM S DEN WINKEL.

Plastic art, too, to which we were always most heartily devoted, brought us this year the most beautiful fruits.

In Munich were published the hand-drawings of ALBRECHT DÜRER, and now for the first time, it may be said, did we recognise the talent of the highly revered man. Liberated from the painful conscientiousness which cramps both his pictures and his woodcuts, he here moved freely in a field where work was but a subordinate element, where he had but so much space given him to adorn. Here appeared his splendid *naturel* in all its cheerfulness and humour; we had here, indeed, the most beautiful present of vernal lithography.

Painting, too, came to our homes in quite a friendly manner. KÜGELGEN, the good artist, whose company is so prized by all, stayed with us for several weeks. He painted Wieland's and my portrait from life, Herder's and Schiller's from tradition. Man and painter were united in him, and these pictures, therefore, ever present a double value.

As by his presentation of the human figure Kugelgen directed attention both to his own work and to the subjects

of it, so KAAZ exhibited several landscape pictures, in part his own idea from nature, in part in imitation of the best predecessors. The exhibition gave the happiest occasion both here and in Jena for intellectual social unions, and brought people together who otherwise were not wont to meet.

HUM's work, 'Architecture according to the Principles of the Ancients,' stimulated us to new attention and interest in this direction, his restoration of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, as also of Solomon's Temple, carrying our thoughts back to those past ages. The imagination was compelled to take her flight into ancient history and survey erections now in ruins. We took a lively part in these studies and were incited to similar attempts.

A present of the greatest importance in respect of ancient art was given us by Herr DR. SIEGMUND. He honoured us with sulphur casts of his considerable collection of coins, and in this way as also by the appended list he did no small service towards research in the field of ancient art.

Our medal departments were at the same time enlarged by medallions of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. Studies of them were taken in hand by way of programmes for the *General Jena Literature-Gazette*. The able artist SCHWENDEBACH with conscientious precision engraved some outline-tables for this purpose.

To all these things was added a collection of metal utensils of unknown shapes dug out at Köstritz, and to which I devoted much attention. I made a great deal of research in reference to them in the older history, particularly in that epoch when Heathendom and Christendom reeled against each other in Franconia and Thuringia. Among the books I then consulted, the 'Antiquitates Norðgædenses' were especially remarkable to me, and induced a minute consideration of the heathenish customs which were banned by the first Franchish Councils. I convinced myself anew that our nation forefathers had superstitious customs, based on dismal presettiments of nature, but no grinning idols. A written essay on these subjects was received in a friendly manner by the princely Reiss-proprietor, and I was honoured in return

with a copy of the puzzling antiquities which had been found.

My collection of autographs of important persons was also, this year, considerably increased through the favour of friends. They tended to confirm the belief that the handwriting has a decided relation to the character of the writer and his situation at the time, though one could account to himself and others for the fact more through presentiment than by a clear conception, just as in the case of all physiognomy which though it has a genuine basis in nature fell into discredit through the attempt to make a science of it.

Of events in nature I mention the violent storm of the night of the 30th–31st of January, which raged far and wide, and wrought me also a very sensible damage, throwing down an old venerable juniper-tree in my garden on the Stern, and thus tearing from my side a faithful witness of happy days. This tree, the only one in the whole district—in which the juniper is found almost solely in the form of a bush—had probably come down from those times when horticulture was not yet practised. All sorts of fables were abroad respecting it. A former possessor, a schoolman, was said to have been buried under it. Between it and the old house near which it stood, ghosts of maids, it was pretended, had been seen sweeping the place clean. In short, it formed part of the wonderful complexity of that residence in which so many years of my life had passed, and which through affection and habit, through poetry and illusion, had become so dear to the heart of myself and others.

I had the overthrown tree drawn by a young artist a drawing still to be seen at the Duke's library. Below it is the following inscription:

“The tree above drawn stood in the garden of Herr Privy-Councillor von Goethe on the Stern. Its height from the ground to the point where it parted into two branches was 12 feet, its whole height 43 feet. At the base on the ground it was 17 inches in diameter; at the place where it divided into two branches 15 inches. Each branch 11 inches, and then it narrowed upwards, till it ended in tender twigs at the top.

"Of its extreme old age no one ventures to say anything definite. The trunk was dry inside, its wood cut through by horizontal fissures, as is wont to be seen in coals, its colour yellowish, worm-eaten.

"The great storm which raged during the night of the 30th-31st of January, 1809, tore it up. But for this extraordinary event it might have stood for a long time yet. The tops of the branches and the ends of the twigs were entirely green and vital."

1810.

An important year with alternations of activity, pleasure and profit, so that with a superabundant whole I feel embarrassed how to present the parts in due order.

Above everything else the scientific part deserves particular relation. In this direction the beginning of the year was tedious enough. So great progress had been made with the printing of the 'Theory of Colours,' that it was deemed not impossible to accomplish the conclusion of it before the Festival. I closed the polemical part, as also the history of the eighteenth century. The tables engraved according to my careful drawings were coloured, the recapitulation of the whole was finished, and with pleasure the last leaf was seen going to press.

This happened eighteen years after first waking to a sense of an error of very old date, and in consequence of increasing efforts and the discovery at last of a point round which the whole must cohere. So great was the burden I had hitherto borne that I regarded the 16th of May, when I stepped into the carriage to drive to Bohemia, as the happy day of my deliverance. About the results, I was little concerned, and did well in being so. Such a complete want of sympathy, such an offering of the cold shoulder, I was still, however, unprepared for. I pass it over in silence, and rather mention how much in the case of this and of my other scientific and literary works I owed to an inmate of my house for several years, a fellow-traveller, a fellow-worker, as learned as skilful and friendly, DR. FRIEDRICH WILHELM REISSER.

Seeing, however, that once accustomed to toil and

travail one lightly and readily imposes new tasks on himself, there arose in my mind while again surveying the plan of the 'Theory of Colours' the kindred thought whether the theory of sound could not also be comprehended under a similar view. And in this way there originated a table in which were represented in three columns, subject, object and copula.

And seeing that none of our faculties is to be easily enticed out of the way it has once struck in, whether conducting to a true or a false goal, the same mode of representing things was applied to physics universally; the *subject* in exact consideration of its organs of apprehension and knowledge; the *object*, over against it, as a something in any case knowable; the *appearance*, through repeated and manifold experiments, in the middle. In this way a quite peculiar kind of inquiry was prepared.

The experiment, as proof of any subjective judgment, was rejected; there arose what has long been called 'Inquiry addressed to Nature.' And inasmuch, then, as all invention may be construed to be a wise answer to a rational question, one could convince himself at each step that he was on the right road, seeing, as he did, in particular and in general, only gains on either hand.

How very much, however, my happy surroundings favoured my steady assiduity in this study will be seen from the fact that Dr. SLEBECK, both at home and abroad, was almost ever by my side. PROFESSOR VOIGT returned from France, and communicated many a beautiful experience and insight. From his lips in our own mode of speaking and thinking we heard of the scientific situation in Paris, and with pleasure we acknowledged that he had made a good use of his time both for himself and us.

As to cultivation of music for the good of the theatre both in the first and last months of the year, I have shortly to report that the volunteer band continued their practice regularly. On Thursday evening we had rehearsal before some friends; on Sunday morning, performance before a large company. Theatre singers, younger and older, choristers and amateurs took part. ELLIOWAY conducted these performances in a masterly

manner. Pieces for several voices by ZELTER and other great Italian composers were introduced and anew impressed on our memories. Pleasure and profit, practice and progress went hand in hand.

The fact that the rehearsal was kept completely separate from the performance entirely excluded all slovenly dilettanteism which will content itself with trying its parts in the very moment of the performance, nay, will leave unsettled to the last moment the question what it can and is to perform.

Thursdays were critical and didactic; Sundays, days of fruition and enjoyment for every one.

Towards the end of the year public entertainments could be given in the theatre by this company. Such musical pieces were performed as the public have otherwise no opportunity of hearing, and from which every cultivated man should draw, at least once in his life, refreshment and enjoyment. As an example I mention 'Johanna Sebus,' composed by ZELTER, a piece which leaves an ineffaceable impression on all hearts.

The instructions were commensurately carried on with the reciting players: with the most instructed only in the case of new pieces, with the juniors on each fresh practice of an old part. This latter point is, properly, the most important part of the instruction: only by such repetition and revision will a harmonious *ensemble* be maintained.

'Zaire' translated by PRUCHER again proved the ripeness of our *personnel* in pure recitation and declamation. The first rehearsal was so perfect that a cultivated public might have been present at it all through.

The 'Twenty Fourth February' by Werner, performed on this day, was a complete triumph of perfect representation. The dreadful aspect of the material vanished before the purity and precision of the performance. The attentive connoisseur found nothing wanting that was desirable.

Sliding tableaux were represented to us by the distinguished talent of Frau Hubert Schütz. Earnest representation in public, and cheerful, jocular, nay comic entertainment in private, afforded new views of art and a great deal of enjoyment.

The presentation towards the end of the year of the opera 'Achill' by BRIZZI in the Italian language opened up to us a new field, and at the same time, under the most earnest and faithful exertions of the actor WOLFF and his highly improved talent, the 'Resolute Prince' was brought near the longed-for performance.

In respect of plastic art, there likewise occurred a remarkable epoch. The Brothers BOISSLEFF sent me from Heidelberg by the hands of the bookseller ZIMMER, who was travelling to the Leipzig fair, their precious drawings of the Cathedral. With pleasure I recalled the feelings of those years when the Strasburg minster forced admiration from me and impelled me to strange enthusiastic yet deeply-felt utterances. The study of that more antique peculiar architecture was now again seriously and integrally revived in me, while this important subject excited the interest also of the Weimar lovers of art.

A fit which came over me to draw sketches of landscapes I did not try to throw off. During walks in spring, especially near Jena, I seized hold of some subject or other suited to a picture and then endeavoured at home to reduce it to paper. In equal measure my imagination became easily excited by narratives, so that I was at once seized with a longing to design places described in conversation. This experience continued vital in me throughout the whole of my journey and up till my return, when it left me never to visit me more.

Nor in the course of this year was there any want of opportunity of dedicating many a poem and many a representation to festal days. The 'Romantic Poesy,' a great masquerade act, was dedicated to the 30th of January, and repeated on the 16th of February, on which occasion there figured a characteristic row of Russian tribes, while the piece was likewise accompanied by poetry and song. The presence of the Empress of Austria in Carlsbad called forth agreeable services at my hands, and many more smaller poems unfolded themselves in private.

HACKERT's biography was, meanwhile, earnestly taken in hand, a work which cost much time and trouble, in which, however, the remembrance of our departed friend

sustained me. For although the papers intrusted to me were important and furnished sufficient material, the dissimilarity in its form was difficult to master, resisting re-fusion into a coherent whole.

Dissipations of the journey, the passing sympathy of friends I met in smaller compositions, put me in mind of the many details still detached and awaiting conjunction with each other in order to present themselves partly anew, partly for the second time, to the public. The thought of the 'Travels,' so naturally following the 'Apprenticeship,' matured more and more, occupying me in odd hours which could not otherwise have been utilised.

With respect to the copyright of authors, it could not but be deemed remarkable that Minister PORTALIS should ask me whether I could give my consent to a Cologne bookseller's reprinting the 'Elective Affinities.' I answered "with all my heart as far as myself is concerned," but referred the matter to the lawful publisher. So much higher even then stood the French in their views of intellectual possession and the equal rights of the higher and lower classes, a height to which the good Germans will not so soon elevate themselves.

In Carlsbad I contemplated the waste caused by the Spring with great interest. From the back windows of the White Stag I carefully drew this strange situation from reality, and committed myself to the remembrance of many years' considerations and inferences of which I must here make but brief mention.

1811.

This year distinguishes itself by persistent outward activity. The 'Life of Philipp Hackert' was getting printed; the papers put into my hands carefully edited according to each particular requirement. By this work I was again attracted to the South; the events I had passed through in Hackert's presence or in his neighbourhood became active in my imagination; I had reason to ask why I should not undertake for myself what I was doing for another. Before the completion of that volume I therefore turned to my own earliest history. Here, to be sure, I found I had delayed the task too long. It

should have been taken in hand during my mother's lifetime when I should myself have been so much nearer the scenes of my childhood, and with the help of her powerful memory completely transplanted thither. Now, however, I had to conjure up by my own unaided exertions those vanished ghosts, and with toil and contrivance collect many a help to memory, thus furnishing myself, as it were, with a necessary magic apparatus. I had to represent the development of a child grown to be considerable, how in given circumstances the bent of my genius had asserted itself, presenting the history in such a way, moreover, as to satisfy the penetrating student of human nature.

In this sense, modestly enough, I called such a work executed with careful fidelity 'Poetry and Truth,' most inwardly convinced than man in Presence, much more in Remembrance, fashions and moulds the outward world according to his peculiarities.

This business plunging me for a long time in historical studies, in recalling places and persons, so absorbed me when at rest and when in motion, at home and abroad, that my actual situation assumed a subordinate character, although wherever and whenever summoned out by the demands of life I at once re-asserted myself there and then with my full force and with all my senses.

For the theatre much was done, the ever-rising talent of the excellent WOLFF appearing in the best light. The 'Resolute Prince' was acted with general applause, and quite a new province was thus conquered for the stage. Wolff appeared also as 'Pygmalion,' and his representation made one forget how inadmissible and unsatisfactory this piece is.

ALFIERI'S 'Saul,' translated by VON KNEBEL, the 'Daughter of Jephthah' and 'Tasso' were repeated. 'Romeo and Juliet' was prepared for the theatre, a task in which both Riemer and Wolff zealously co-operated. For the immediate future, also, CALDERON'S 'Life a Dream' was prepared.

Mlle. FRANK from Mannheim earned as 'Emeline' and 'Fanchon' great applause. BRIZZI repeated his visit. The representation of 'Achill' again went its

brilliant course. The second great 'Opera Ginevra' could not come up with the former. Here, too, was verified the old lesson that a worthless text will secretly work the ruin of the music and representation. A villain and traitor everywhere, at last a sorry figure, worst of all on the theatre where the course of his villainies is unravelled and displayed before our eyes.

The newly-built theatre at Halle afforded all the advantages of the Lauchstädt one. Its dedication gave occasion for a prologue which met with a good reception.

I was not so happy in respect of music. I became sensible that my house-chorus, as I had ventured a year ago to call it, was inwardly in danger of breaking up. No one else perceived any change, but certain elective affinities had begun to operate in it which at once gave me apprehension, though it was out of my power to provide a remedy. At the beginning of the year things still went their usual course, yet no more with the same regular weekly sequence. We still produced genuine old pieces, while several new canons by FRIEDMAN sustained the pleasure of the singers and provoked the applause of the hearers. I had, however, already resigned myself to the loss, and when at the end of April, as I was about to enter on my summer tour, a break had to occur, I resolved not to resume the course. This was a very great loss for me, and I had to look earnestly about after compensation elsewhere.

While this edifying entertainment was still active I wrote the cantata 'Rinaldo' for his Seren. Highness Prince Friedrich of Gotha. It was composed by the meritorious leader of the orchestra, Winter. Executed by the graceful tenor voice of the Prince and accompanied by choruses it afforded a beautiful enjoyment.

Particular attention was paid to older plastic arts. Meyer laboured without intermission at the history of Arts, and all investigations prompted by this study furnished material for instructive conversation. Mionet's plaster at Paris casts of old Greek coins as the worthiest documents of that time opened the most assured prospects.

The pleasure of realising the past continued operative, and with the help of a good calculator we endeavoured to

re-erect the funeral-pile of Hephæstion, especially however the huge amphitheatre in the midst of which it was set up, and to which the walls of Babylon had to contribute earth and rubbish, as also bricks for the rokus. The whole of the Grecian army looked without inconvenience on the solemnity.

We had next many centuries to shoot across when Dr. SULPIZ BOISSERÉE visited us with an important series of drawings and copper plates calling our art-contemplations into the Middle Ages. We lingered there very willingly, while a well-considered series of accordant monuments lying before us transported us into a time gloomy no doubt, yet worthy of honour and sympathy. The lively interest of the exhibitor and his thorough knowledge of the conditions and intentions of that period were communicated to us. As by a change of the theatrical decorations you were here carried away pleasurably into times and places in the irrevocable past. In this way we entered into an alliance of mind and heart with our noble guest, an alliance which promised to be fruitful of consequences for the rest of our lifetime.

Dr. Sulpiz Boissérée had also brought with him drawings by Cornelius, illustrative of the 'Nibelungen' poems. Their antique brave sense, expressed with a technical skill quite incredible, excited our high admiration.

As an echo of our former Weimar Art Exhibition, and in consequence of good relations with living artists originating in that undertaking, a great deal in this department was sent us. The meritorious NAUWERCK at Ratzeburg sent drawings and paintings. Drawings left by Kaaz, the too-early departed landscape painter, were forwarded to us. PRINCESS CAROLINE OF MECKLENBURG, herself possessing a fine sense for landscape drawing and a graceful hand in execution, procured a selection from both the above sets.

We also became acquainted for the first time with the hopeful talent of a man who died in his youth, of the name of WEHLE, whose artistic remains had been bought by BARON SCHÖNBERG-ROTHSCHÖNBERG. Both in sketches and in completed designs after nature there was here

revealed a happy artistic glance into the world, and the interest in these leaves was enhanced by the strange foreign localities represented. He had penetrated as far as Tiflis, and objects distant as well as near he had committed to paper with characteristic ease.

In reference to scientific studies we were disposed in some measure to discretion. Still, at intervals, I studied the history of physics, in order to bring home to myself to the utmost degree possible the course of this highest science, for only through comprehension of the past is the present intelligible. Like every human institution and arrangement, a science is a monstrous juxtaposition of truth and falsehood, of freedom and necessity, of sanity and disease. All that we perceive from day to day we can yet in the end regard but as symptoms which, in order to genuine instruction, must be reduced to their physiological and pathological principles.

I withdrew myself personally from experiments of every kind, but an Indian white fire, kindled on the Landgrafenberg by Professor DÖRRNER, lighting up the valley, and especially the mountains on the other side, formed a highly surprising phenomenon.

After this splendid effulgence, the shining comet which next riveted our attention could be seen for a long time, serving to delight our eyes and summon out our inward faculty into the all-wide world.

My stay in Carlsbad this year assumed quite a different character from that of former years. The love of dogging nature, of drawing and copying, had wholly forsaken me, nothing in this direction would any longer succeed with me, and as for rummaging among and hammering all too well-known masses of rocks, I was completely tired of it. Muller, far advanced in years, no longer stimulated me, and with indifference I looked at the efforts made to wrest the fountain into its old channel, consoled by the remark that though people were fond of flattering old-established prejudices they yet longingly desired to prevent a like evil.

In the company of jovial friends of both sexes, I gave myself up to a day of dissipation. The usual promenades and carriage-drives offered sufficient scope for excursions on

all sides. Places of pleasure, near as well as distant, were visited, while a new resort was added to the number through an almost ridiculous accident. In Weheditz, a village over the Eger, and lying towards Dadwitz, a peasant, having carted goods to Hungary, and returned laden with new savoury wines, had set up a tavern. The low value of the paper-money, standing in the proportion of almost ten to one, enabled you to get a bottle of good Hungarian wine for a few pence. The novelty, the rarity, the very inconvenience of the house, joined to the cheapness of the wine, gave a certain charm to the affair. We got out, laughed, made merry with ourselves and others, enjoying ever more of the insinuating wine than was altogether good for us. In reference to such a pilgrimage, the following anecdote went abroad. Three aged men went to Weheditz to drink wine:—

Colonel Otto, aged	87 years.
Librarian Miller, aged	84 „
An Erfurt Man, aged	82 „
253 years.	

They caroused lustily, and only the last on his way home betrayed some traces of tipsiness. The two others seized their younger boon companion by the arms, and brought him safe back to his house.

Such a general frolic was favoured by the great depreciation of paper money. A patent was issued which confused everybody. The existing notes had lost all value; new, so-called anticipation notes were expected. Sellers and receivers could not keep pace with the declining value of the paper. Buyers and spenders also lost by it; they squandered away their groschen, and so gradually got rid of their dollars. The situation was of a kind to put the best head at fault.

The day, however, is too long to be passed without some useful employment, and therefore, with RALPH'S assistance and by dint of constant conversation on the subject, I continued my task of the 'Autobiography,' writing out the immediate matter on hand in full, and drawing up plans of the more distant parts. In the way of reading and study, too, I had the shorter writings of Plutarch always

by me, while the great confluence of important persons in this place, enjoying unlimited leisure, and delighting to converse on the subjects they had most at heart, could not fail to supply me with a great deal of experience and instruction.

As to persons who this year called on me in Weimar, I find the following mentioned. ENGLHARD, architect from Cassel, on his way to Italy. It was asserted that he had been the prototype of my artist in the 'Elective Affinities.' RYAB, as skillful as he is polite, stayed some time with us, and painted my portrait in oil on a copperplate. Ritter O'HARA, the best of company, a good host, and a man of honour, chose Weimar for some time as his place of residence. The stories of his many years' wanderings, which he knew how to season with jests on himself, diffused a pleasant confidential tone round his table. It was no small merit on his side that his cook prepared capital beef-steaks, and that his banquets were crowned with the most genuine mocha coffee. LEFEVRE, French Secretary to the Embassy coming from Cassel, and introduced by BARON REINHARD, resuscitated to our most agreeable entertainment, French speech, poetry and history. Professor THULSEN paid us a passing visit, leaving behind him, and also taking with him it is to be hoped, good impressions. The married couple von ARNIM took up quarters for some time with us. Our old confidential relations with each other were at once renewed: but through this very freedom and unreservedness of communication, there came to light a difference which had developed since our former unanimity. We parted in hopes of closer union at a future time.

Of important books whose influence was lasting, I read St. Croix's 'Examen des Historiens d'Alexandre,' Heeren's 'Idees on the Politics, Intercourse and Trade of the most distinguished Peoples of the Ancient World,' and Dr. Gerando's 'Histoire de la Philosophie.' They all forced the reader to extend and widen his views in the domain of antiquities.

Lesser of 'Divine Things' made on me an impression the very opposite of beneficial. How could the book of a friend so dear to my heart be grateful to me, a book endeavouring to prove that *nature hides God*? With the

sincere, deep, structural and habitual sentiment and thought of my whole nature, a sentiment, a thought impossible to call in question, the very basis of my existence, namely, that *God is in Nature and Nature in God*—with this as a primary and ultimate fact—how was it possible that such a *de-tached*, unsupported, lifeless judgment should not alienate me for ever from the noblest man whose heart I reveringly loved? Yet I did not give way to the feeling of pain and vexation, but turned for relief to my old asylum, to Spinoza, in whose *Ethics* I found daily entertainment for several weeks, and as since the date of my last acquaintance with him, my culture had been deepened and purified, I now found to my admiration a great deal in him new and unexpected, exercising on me an influence fresh and all its own.

UMAROFF'S project for an Asiatic Academy attracted me to those regions whither, without that attraction, I was for a considerable time disposed to wander. HEBEL'S new 'Alemannian Poems' gave me the agreeable impression we always feel on being introduced to family relations. This was not the case with VON HAGEN'S 'Book of Heroes;' here an all-transforming period had intervened between me and the book. BUSCHING'S 'Poor Henry,' a poem considered by itself highly valuable, also pained me both physically and aesthetically. It is scarcely possible to get rid of the loathing we feel towards a leprous man, for whom the bravest girl sacrifices herself: in fact a century in which the most repulsive disease had continually to furnish motives for passionate deeds of love and daring fills us with aversion. The horrible disease which in the above poem is made the basis of heroic acts, works, on me at least, so repulsively that I feel myself infected by the very touch of the book.

By a peculiar accident there next came to my hands a work from which an immoral infection might have been dreaded. Seeing, however, that from a certain presumptuous self-conceit a man feels more confident in guarding against spiritual than bodily influences, I read the volumes with pleasure as also with haste, seeing they had to be returned in a short time. They were the 'Novella galanti,' by Verrocchio. In poetical and historical value

they are about equal to those of the Abbate Casti, though artistically Casti is more compressed and more master of his material. On the suggestion of a friend, I immediately thereafter took up the *Novelle del Bandello*, 'The Adventures of the Knights Gironx and Maçon l'Escoit,' as of a kindred nature, were next tackled. Still, to do myself justice, I must testify that after all this course of wicked reading, I returned at last with innocent enjoyment to the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

1812.

The family of KOBUR opened the year with highly graceful ballets. 'Romeo and Juliet,' next 'Turander' are repeated, the representation of 'Life a Dream' prepared. The exertions required for the worthy representation of such pieces gave new occasion for deeper and more searching study, and raised our acting altogether to a higher level. A young actor of the name of DE VANT joined us, furnished with all the accomplishments heart could wish in a young man, except that one missed a certain inward fire, the enthusiasm which should have carried him out of himself and forced him on the public, *compelling* their sympathy and recognition. It was, however, hoped he would soon himself become sensible of this defect.

The same Kobur had come forward as a dramatic author. His 'Tom,' 'Zriny' and 'Resurrection' (used as a period strictly past, were easily taken up and popular by the actors, and being in style and sentiment in sympathy with the public were also favourably received by it. For theatrical purposes GARTNER'S 'Great Zenobia' was studied, — or through GARTNER'S translation 'The Wonder-working Magnus' was brought home to us.

WINTER and RUMER drew up a plan for the representation of 'Fanny,' causing the poet to occupy lines of anow with the actress, and to link himself of necessity into the very same piece, and to make decorations and other improvements, to be made by the friends, with the increasing activity, to be made by the friends of 'Fanny,' restoring the beauty of the play, which they would have made and otherwise. The representation of 'Fanny' gave rise to the representation of 'Fanny' and 'Fanny' closed the year in

the most successful manner, appearing in several parts. From the 20th of December to the end of the year, the following pieces were acted. 'Clementine,' 'Self-Control,' 'The Jew,' 'The Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage,' 'Don Ranudo,' 'The Poor Poet,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'The good-hearted Roisterer.'

The following actors from our well-appointed company took parts along with him, and their performance as a whole having done no dishonour to his high art, we mention their names. Gentlemen: DURAND, DENY, GRAFF, GINEST, HADEL, LÖRZING, MALCOLM, OELS, UNZELMANN, WOLFF; Ladies: BECK, EBERWEIN, ENGELS, LÖRZING, WOLFF.

The second volume of the 'Biography' was prosecuted and concluded, the third volume commenced, planned as a whole, and some pieces of it completed. In consequence of the Mosaic history having been introduced into the first volume, I took up from old papers my account of the 'Wanderings of the Children of Israel through the Wilderness.' The work was, however, set aside to be used for other purposes.

Three poems for their Imperial Majesties, written in the name of the Carlsbad Citizens, furnished me with an honourable and pleasant occasion of once more trying my hand at verse.

On the field of plastic art much that was favourable occurred. The news of the discovery at Aegina opened out new prospects for the history of art, on which with our Friend Meyer, who was constantly advancing in his pursuits, we instructed and delighted ourselves.

The thought of supplying from the stock of old medals we had in hand the remembrance of lost works of art had so great a charm for us, and had moreover such a solid basis in fact that, following the lines marked out in the essay on 'Myron's Cow,' we zealously endeavoured to restore the Olympian Jupiter, the Polydectian Juno, and every other worthy image.

A little silver centaur, about a span long and admirably executed, called forth a lively dispute whether it was antique or modern. The Weimar lovers of art, convinced that in such things there was no possibility of unanimity and decision, admired it, edified themselves by it, and then

took sides with that party which contended that it was old and dating from the time of the Emperors.

I acquired an old Florentine copy of Michael Angelo's 'Sitting Moses,' not quite an ell high, cast in bronze, and by burins and other sculpturing instruments most diligently elaborated to the utmost completeness: a beautiful monument of careful, almost contemporaneous copying of a highly valuable work of art of that period, and an example of how a little image which though it cannot of course represent the greatness of the original may yet by elaborate execution in details attain quite a peculiar value.

Natural science had many a conquest to boast of. RAMBOUR on the 'Digestive Organs of Insects,' confirmed us in our views as to the gradual development of organic life. Otherwise, however, attention was more directed to the general field of Natural Science.

Dr. Seebeck, ever studious of chromatic matters, tackled the second Newtonian experiment, which in my polemics I had touched only so far as necessary. He elaborated the subject in my presence, and many important results were achieved, showing among other things how that doctrine of Newton's when once you pass from primary prisms to lenses becomes entangled in an almost inextricable labyrinth.

We were called to wide contemplation and to the elevation of our minds by the writings of JORDANUS BRUNUS of Nola, though to be sure the task of separating the solid gold and silver from the mass of metal layers so unequally furnished with the precious material, was almost more than human powers were equal to, and whoever feels innately impelled in that direction, would do better to turn himself immediately to nature, than exhaust his strength in grappling with the strata, perhaps the dross-heaps of past centuries.

In Carlsbad you found yourself again swept away by the current of geological studies. The extension of the space round the New Well, a bold undertaking, perhaps unprecedented in former times, confirmed us in the views we had hitherto entertained. A remarkable stone was also there obtained, the strong water of the Tepl and the violent bullition of the hot wells appeared simultaneously,

circumstances which seemed to point to the hypothesis that this great operation of nature was to be regarded as a vast galvanic experiment.

From Teplitz we visited Dr. STOLZ in Aussig and drew instruction from his excellent fund of knowledge and his collections. Fossil bones in Bohemia were also the subject of conversation.

Home again, we stayed first in Jena, to give our glad attention to the museums there on their first entrance on a favourable epoch. Her Imperial Highness the Hereditary Princess destined a considerable sum to this purpose, and the mechanician Körner was preparing an air-pump for the physical cabinet. Other instruments and provisions were likewise being fitted in, and to gain the more space the upper rooms of the Jena Castle were arranged for the reception of a part of the museum collection. VON TRILBY honoured us with plates of remarkable transition stones, as documents of his former geognostic wanderings on the Harz. His work, 'Observations in the Interior of the Mountains' is again taken in hand, giving rise to conversations on older and more recent views.

The so-called sulphur-springs in Berka on the Ilm, above Weimar, the drying of the pond in which they sometimes appeared, and their utilisation for a watering-place occasion the resuscitation of geognostic and chemical studies. On this occasion Professor DÖBEREINER took a most lively, cordial and influential part.

1813.

The presence of BRIZZI had again infused new life into the opera and made operatic representation in Italian possible. No singer is an entire stranger to this language, for he must frequently exercise his talent in it, and in general any person whom nature has favoured with a fine ear, will not find Italian difficult to learn. For greater convenience, and more rapid progress, a teacher of the language was engaged. IRLAND'S presence, too, roused the powers of our actors to the utmost, and they were all full of emulation to stand worthily by his side. To any one who saw far enough into the matter it was plain that the harmony and unity of our company

made it completely easy and convenient for this great actor to carry out all his own ideas here to their utmost scope, without stumbling on any impediment. After his departure everything was continued in the same earnest and faithful spirit. Every artistic tendency, however, was so far lamed by the dread of war-tumults pressing ever closer on us that we had to content ourselves with keeping within the bounds of the repertory we already had.

My poetic gains this year were not rich. Three romances, 'The Dance of the Dead,' the 'Faithful Eckart' and 'The Walking Bell,' deserve some mention. 'The Lion's Seat,' an opera founded on old tradition, which I afterwards embodied in the ballad, 'Die Kinder, sie hören es gerne,' came to a standstill and stuck there. The epilogue to 'Essex' may also be mentioned.

The third volume of my 'Biography' was finished and printed, and in spite of some untoward external circumstances enjoyed a good effect. The Italian journal was more minutely gone into, and preparations made for its elaboration. A composition to the 'Memory of Wieland' was read in the masonic Mourning Lodge, and for friendly communication sent to press.

In the field of literature, a great deal of old, modern, and of near interest was taken up and presented more or less to some definite goal. Here is specially to be mentioned the study devoted to Shakspeare in relation to his predecessors.

Geographical maps with a view to the serious representation of the distribution of languages over the world, were, with the participation of Wilhelm von Humboldt, elaborated, defined and coloured. In the same way I was induced by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT to draw a comparative landscape picture of the mountain masses of the old and new world.

It will now be opportune briefly to express how I endeavoured to earn the happiness of living in intimate connection with the most distinguished men of my time.

I found the strand point where God and nature had been pleased to meet me, and where, next, I did not neglect to carefully throw out according to circumstances, I looked

all about me to mark where great tendencies were in operation and lastingly prevailed. I, for my part, by study, by performances of my own, by collections and experiments, endeavoured to reach forth towards those tendencies, and faithfully toiling upwards to the level of the achievements I could not myself have accomplished; in all simplicity, innocent of all feeling of rivalry or envy, with perfectly fresh and vital sense I presumed to appropriate to myself what was offered to the century by its best minds. My way, therefore, ran parallel with very many beautiful undertakings till it would next turn towards others. The new accordingly was never foreign to me, nor was I ever in danger either of adopting it in a state of unpreparedness, or by reason of old-fashioned prejudice, rejecting it.

As indication of my attention to the most curious things, I may mention that I brought copy-tracings of pictures out of an old manuscript of the 'Sachsenspiegel' (a German law-book of the middle ages) to the hands of connoisseurs and amateurs, who then made the most praiseworthy use of them, and quite cleverly and convincingly interpreted the symbolism of an age completely childish in respect to plastic art.

To mention here the most recent of all occurrences, Abbate Monti, remembering former relations, sent me his translation of the 'Iliad.'

As art treasures there arrived at my house gypsum-casts of Jupiter's colossal bust, small hermae of an Indian Bacchus of red, antique marble, gypsum casts of PETER VISCHER's statues of the apostles on the monument of Saint Sebaldus at Nürnberg. Papal coins in particular enriched one of my most precious collections, doubly gratifying, partly because they filled up gaps, partly because they in general gave excellent insight into the history of plastic art and sculpture. Friend Meyer continued his 'History of Art': Philostratus's pictures shone with their original splendour; Heine's works on that subject were studied; the colossal statue of Domitian, described by Statius, it was likewise endeavoured to realise, restore, and set in its place. The philologists RIEMER and HASE were politely ready with their counsel. VISCONTI's 'Iconographie

Greece' was again taken in hand, while a highly welcome present carried me immediately into those old times. Herr BRÖNSTED presented me, in name of those who had travelled to Greece on so important a mission, with a palm branch from the Acropolis, fashioned into a walking-stick, a valuable large silver coin taking the place of the knob.

To hold one to correct views of these objects, opportunity was found of leisurely contemplating the Dresden collection of the originals as also of the casts.

The mastery which modern times have acquired in many branches of art was next feelingly regarded. On observing the RUYSDAEL works a small essay was penned, 'The Landscape Painter as Poet.'

Of contemporaries, opportunity occurred of making acquaintance with the works of KERSING, and one had cause to value them highly.

Natural sciences, especially geology, did not fall into neglect. From Teplitz I visited the tin works of Graussan, Zinnwalde and Altenberg. In Bilin I had the pleasure of being conducted by the experienced, clear-thinking Dr. Reuss: under his guidance I reached the foot of the Bilin rock, which, based in a mass of clinkstone, immediately towers up in the form of columns. A slight change in the conditions may easily have effected this change in its structure.

The garnets which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Bilin, their assortment and preparation, were likewise made fully known to me.

A visit of Dr. Stolz in Aussig was just as interesting on another side. You here become sensible of the great merit of a man who first makes himself thoroughly conversant with all the features of his district, and then in a trice communicates to the stranger visiting it more knowledge than a lengthy residence would have enabled him to acquire.

As to my manifold study of books, TERRAS'S 'Observations of the Interior of Mountains,' and CHARPENTIER'S works fall here to be mentioned. It was my way to attend especially to the views and convictions of contemporaries, and all the more when they did not chime with the penny whistle of the day.

The sulphur bath intended to be established at Berka gave rise to many discussions. We attempted what was seen beforehand to be practicable, and what was not to be achieved we let alone.

The Entoptic colours excited attention. Independently of this I had written a paper on 'Iceland Crystal.'

By way of conclusion I remark that the instruments for the Jena observatory were ordered, and KLUGE's work on 'Animal Magnetism' considered.

Important persons were met by me. In Tharand, Ranger of the Forest COTTA; in Teplitz, Dr. KAPP, Count BEÜHL, General THELMANN; Captain of the Horse VON SCHWANENFELD, Professor DETRICH of the Gymnasium at Korbuthau, the GRAND DUCHESSES CATHARINE and MARIA.

After the battle of Leipzig, I met in Weimar: WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, Count METTERNICH, State-Chancellor VON HARDENBURG, PRINCE PAUL OF WÜRTEMBERG, PRINCE AUGUST OF PRUSSIA, the ELDORFAL-PRINCESS OF HESSE, Professor of Chemistry JOHN HERRATH ROHLITZ.

I must here call to mind a peculiarity in my mode of procedure. When any momentous threatening event loomed forth in the political world I obstinately turned my mind to a subject as remote as possible from such a consideration. This will account for the fact that from the time of my return from Carlsbad, and onwards, I set myself earnestly to the study of the Chinese world. Having regard to the unhappy performance of 'Essex,' which had been extorted from me, and to please the actress WOLFF, as also to make her fatal part in some measure brilliant, I wrote, intermediately, the 'Epilogue' to that play on the very day of the battle of Leipzig.

On behalf of my own 'Biography,' I extracted from the Frankfort *Gelchrten Anzeigen* of the years 1772 and 1773 the reviews which in whole or in part belonged to me. To transport myself the more into those times, I studied MOSER's 'Fantasias,' then KLINGLER's works, which called very characteristically to mind the indefatigable activity of a quite peculiar nature. For more general instruction in æsthetic matters I continued the assiduous reading of EARNESTI's 'Technology of Greek and Roman

Oratory,' and contemplated myself there with a view to my own edification and entertainment, in no little degree composed by the fact here presenting its self as a striking proof of man's narrow limits—the inevitable recurrence, namely, after a couple of thousand years of the same virtues and faults in my own writings.

Of events I remark for the present: the French Ambassador is seized unawares in Gotha and escapes. A small body of Prussians occupies Weimar and will have us believe we are safe under its protection. The volunteers behave badly, and do not ingratiate themselves into people's favour. I depart: events on the way. In Dresden, Russians are quartered: at night torch-illumination. Likewise the King of Prussia. In Tepitz, confidential communications. Provisional indications of a general union against Napoleon. Battle of Lutzen. The French in Dresden. Armistice. Stay in Bohemia. Sham manoeuvres between Bilin, Osseck, and Duchs. Manifold events in Dresden. Return to Weimar. The latest French guard retires. General Traviers, whom I had known as the attendant of the King of Holland is, to his extreme wonder, quartered in my house. The French all march forward. Battle of Leipzig. The Cossacks slink hither; the French Ambassador here gets taken; the French pushing hither from Apolda and Unperförstelt. The town is fallen upon from Eitersburg. The Austrians march in.

1814.

In the theatre was represented Müllner's 'Guilt.' Such a piece, whatever else may be thought of it, is so far of great advantage to the stage that it compels every member to exert himself to the utmost if he is to do any justice whatever to the part he plays.

The happy solution of the problem imposed on us by the above piece encouraged us to several excellent representations of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Eugene,' Wallenstein's 'Camp,' and 'Death.' The change of parts which occurred in these pieces was turned to careful account in the way of instruction, in order to bring players of different degrees of cultivation into harmony with each other.

In looking about for fresh, foreign, and at the same time important pieces, something good, it was thought, could be made out of the plays of FOUQUÉ, ARNIM, and other humourists, their frequently very happy subjects, to a certain degree also dramatically favourable, being deemed capable of adaptation to the stage. The enterprise, however, did not succeed, any more than in the case of the earlier works of TIECK and BRENTANO.

The visit of PRINCE RADZIWIŁL likewise stirred up a longing difficult to appease. His composition to FAUST, full of soul and enthusiasm though it was, did not inspire us with more than a distant hope of seeing the strange piece on the stage.

Our theatrical company had the pleasure this time, as hitherto, of giving representations throughout the summer in Halle. The worthy REIL, to whom the stage there owed its origin, had died; a prelude was desired by way of paying the last honours to the excellent man. During my stay in spring at Berka on the Ilm, I thought out a plan for such a prelude. When, however, unexpectedly, on the challenge of Ifland, I undertook the 'Awaking of the Epimenides,' the piece in honour of Reil was handed over for elaboration to RIEMER. Leader of the Orchestra WEBER visited me on the subject of the composition of the 'Epimenides,' on which we came to an agreement.

The monodrama 'Proserpina' was, according to Eberwein's composition, studied with Madame Wolff, and a short but highly significant performance prepared, in which recitation, declamation, mimicry and plastic representation of noble figures vied with each other; at the end a great tableau representing Pluto's kingdom and crowning the whole—all this left behind a very favourable impression.

The 'Sages' Banquet,' a dramatic-lyric pleasantry, in which the different philosophers facetiously answer or rather evade those importunate metaphysical questions the common people often dun them with—not suited for the theatre, but very well adapted for social music—had, for fear of giving offence, to be disposed of among the 'Paralipomena.'

Musical enlivenment through ZELTER's presence and Inspector SCHÜTZEN's rendering of Bach's sonatas.

Celebrations in honour of the arrival of the Duke from the happy campaign induced preparations for the architectural ornament of the streets. Editing of a collection of poems and their publication afterwards under the title of 'Welcome!'

Meanwhile the new edition of my works was prepared. The third volume of the 'Biography' was published by the time of the festival. The 'Italian Journey' proceeded apace, the 'West-Eastern Divan' was laid. The journey to the Rhine, Main and Neckar lands yielded a rich booty in knowledge of personages, localities, art works, and art-remains.

In Heidelberg at BOISSERÉE's, study of the Netherland School, pictures of that class being collected there. Study of the Cologne Cathedral, and other old edifices after sketches and plans. The latter study continued in Darmstadt at MÖLLER's. The old high-German School in Frankfort at SCHÜTZ's. Of this rich material in respect of men, districts, works of art and art remains, communication is made in the periodical 'Art and Antiquity on the Rhine and Main.'

Natural science was greatly promoted by the polite communications of CRAMER, Chief Councillor of Mines at Wiesbaden, on Minerals and by his notes on mining in the Westerwalde. The Darmstadt Museum. Stay with Privy-Councillor VON LEONHARD in Hanau. On my return fears about Jena.

Of public events I remark the capture of Paris, and that I was present at the first celebration of the 18th of October in Frankfort.

1815.

As early as last year the complete poems of 'Hafiz' in VON HAMMER's translation came into my hands, and if formerly I could make nothing of occasional translations in periodicals of detached pieces of this splendid poet, the whole now produced all the greater impression on me, and I found myself urgently impelled to productive efforts in order to assert my own genius in conflict with this

new mighty force. The German translation unshined the full tide of its influence on me, and everything of kindred sense latent in me started up in emphatic response, and with all the greater impetuosity that it had now become a poignant necessity for me to fly the actual world and escape into an ideal world more conformable with my taste, capacity and will.

Not wholly a stranger to the peculiarities of the East, I turned to the language to naturalize myself, as far as indispensable, to the air of that clime; I turned to the written characters themselves, with their idiosyncrasies and ornaments. I betook myself to the 'Moallakats,' some of which I had translated immediately after their appearance. I familiarised myself with the state of the Bedouins. 'Mohamed,' by OELSSNER, with whom I had long stood on terms of friendship, again came to my assistance. My relation to VON DIEZ was tightened. The book 'Cabus' opened to me the theatre of foreign modes of life in a highly important time—a time having some resemblance to our own—when a prince had ample cause to instruct his son in a lengthy treatise how under the worst of fates one may get through the world with a business or trade. 'Medschnun' and 'Leila,' as examples of a boundless love, were again brought home to my heart and imagination; the pure religion of the Parsees was raised out of its decline and restored to its beautiful simplicity; the travellers PIETRO DELLA VALLE, TAVERNIER, CHARDIN, long before studied, were again carefully perused. The material thus accumulated, and my knowledge increased to such an extent that at last I was able without misgiving to seize hold of and appropriate out of the Eastern stores what at any moment I might need. DIEZ was politeness itself in answering my curious questions; LOESBACH highly sympathetic and helpful, bringing me into contact also with SILVESTRE DE SACY; and although these men could not distantly conjecture, far less comprehend, my proper drift, they all contributed towards speedily making me at home in a province into which I had occasionally sallied, but in which I had never stayed long enough to look seriously about me. Von Hammer's translation being daily in my hands, and becoming, indeed, for me the book of

books, I did not fail to pick many a jewel out of its treasures.

The political heaven seemed, meanwhile, gradually to clear up. The wish to roam about in the open world, especially in my free native district, to which my mind now fondly turned, impelled me to a journey. The blithe air and the nimble motion stimulated several growths in me of the new Eastern genus. A healthful stay at a watering-place, rural residence in a district I had roamed all over in youthful days, meetings with dear friends of cultivated mind—all this quickened and enriched me, raising me to the happy state which every man of feeling will find reflected in the ‘Divan.’

Towards the end of this pilgrimage my papers were so enlarged that I was able to distribute the matter according to a certain order, divide it into books, measure the proportions of the different branches, and bring the whole, if not to completion, yet nearer to a conclusion. And so, in the midst of lively distractions, I had gained more than the quietest days in an equal space of time could have yielded me.

Before my departure four volumes of the new edition of my works were sent me. I began, too, to edit the ‘Sicilian Journey,’ but my interest in the East soon absorbed all my powers. Fortunately enough! for had this instinct now been thwarted or diverted I should scarcely again have recovered the way to such a paradise.

With the exception of Persia, little that was foreign affected me. Still, I took great interest in modern Greek songs, which were communicated both in the original and in translations, and which I wished soon to see printed. Herren VON RATZMER and HAXTHAUSEN had undertaken this choice work.

In literary matters the *Göttinger Anzeiger* furthered me in no small measure, many volumes of which I found in the Wiesbaden library, and which I perused in order, with genial attention. Here you became aware of what you had experienced and lived through, and how important such a work is which, being the circumspicuous product of the time, continues to act on the times. It is highly agreeable from this point of view to contemplate

what is long past. You see what is being and what has been wrought in their connexion; everything of subordinate value is winnowed away, the false interest of the moment has vanished, the voice of the crowd has subsided, and the pure weighty matter which remains cannot be sufficiently appreciated.

The older German Architecture should next fall to be mentioned. My conception of it became more and more developed and purified.

A journey to Cologne in the flattering company of the State-Minister von Stein crowned this matter. With astonishment, for which however I was prepared, I saw the sad monument of incompleteness,* and was yet able to grasp with my vision the measure of the entirety it should have attained, though it still ever remained incomprehensible to one's mental capacities even at their utmost stretch. Of ancient painting much was to be seen and a great deal to be appreciated in the collection of Professor WALRAFF and other private persons. The stay, short though it was, left imperishable impressions behind. These were confirmed and raised by the pleasant company of SULPIS BOISERÉE, with whom on my travels from Wiesbaden by way of Mainz, Frankfort and Darmstadt, I carried on conversations almost exclusively on this subject. Arrived at Heidelberg, I found the most hospitable reception at his hands, and had the fairest opportunity of contemplating for several days his invaluable collection, of convincing myself of its characteristic excellence in detail, and gaining instruction as much historical as artistic. A great deal was written down to help my memory and to be turned to best account in the future.

In respect to architecture during my Cologne journey, there was so much important conversation, in presence of the objects, on ground-plans and designs of older German, Netherland and French buildings, that we managed to thread our way through a vast, often whimsical and confusing, mass towards the Pure and Beautiful whither the human mind under each particular form had been striving. The first two books of MÖLLER appearing at the moment

* [The Cathedral, at that time still unfinished.]

furnished us with the desired aid. As to technics, an old printed copy, 'The Stone-Cutters' Fraternity,' gave us remarkable testimony of the high importance of this guild. You here saw how workmanship and art co-operated.

On this journey, too, I became sensible to how small a part of my native country, owing to the unhappy prevalence of war and tyranny, I had been confined and how much, to my misfortune, I had missed and lost in the way of progressive culture. In Frankfort I was again able to admire STÄDEL'S treasures, and to rejoice in the patriotic sense of the collector. Yet I was seized with impatience at the sight of so many resources unused, for in my opinion with far less means the establishment might have been founded and erected and artists set in activity. Thereby, too, would art have been bearing beautiful fruit for years past—a rich compensation for all that might perhaps have been lost to the capital in the way of interest.

BRENTANO'S collection of paintings, copperplates and other works of art afforded double enjoyment on account of the living sympathy of the professors, and their friendly desire to share their treasures with others.

Dr. CRAMPS, who was disposed to add his art treasures to those of Städel, let us several times see in part his excellent possessions, paving the way to a more thorough knowledge.

Hofrath BECKER in Offenbach showed us important paintings, medals and gems, being generous enough, moreover, to give this and that valuable article to the amateur.

In reference to natural history we saw Hofrath MIXER'S collection of birds, not without fresh instruction on this splendid branch of the kingdom of nature.

The SENCKENBERG foundation in Frankfort was found to be in the best hands. The activity of the present suggested the near prospect of a new epoch for this beautiful institution.

In Karlsruhe, through the complaisance of Herr GMLIX, we got by an sufficient survey of the highly considerable collection which was arranged us there. The short time there in my opinion was, indeed, altogether usefully as it was already employed.

With all these journeys hither and thither, geognosy could but reap some profit. VOX HÖVEL's 'Mountains of the Mark Country' were, especially with the assistance of the officials of the place, instructive even in the distance. In Holzapfel, the highly remarkable vein there occasioned a discussion of WERNER's 'Theory of the Origin of Veins' (of 1791), as also of the 'Dislocation of Veins' (of 1810) by SCHMIDT, who had been placed there. This important phenomenon, so often contemplated by me and ever remaining mysterious, again appeared before my mind, and I had the happiness in the valley of the Lahn, nearly opposite a suppressed abbey, to find on a neglected declivity plates of clay-slate with quartz veins running cross wise, and shifting their direction more or less, where the ground-phenomenon was at least seen with one's eyes, if one could not account for it to oneself or explain it to others.

I had a peculiar happiness at Biberich in that the HEREDITARY DUKE KARL, R.H., after an interesting conversation, graciously honoured me with a description of his campaigns, and with highly accurate and neatly drawn maps. On these altogether valuable papers was traced the district of the Lahn from Wetzlar to Nienwied, and I remarked that a good military map is of the very greatest service for geognostic purposes. For neither soldier nor geognost inquires to whom river, land and mountain belong; the former being interested only in so far as those features will serve his operations, the latter so far as they may supplement or corroborate his observations. A journey into different districts on both sides of the Lahn, begun and for the most part completed with CRAMER, the head Councillor of Mines, furnished much happy knowledge and insight, and would well deserve to be ranked among the little geognostic excursions.

I shall ever look back with pleasure on my return-journey as well. The way from Heidelberg to Würzburg was traversed in company with SULPIZ BOISERÉE. Our parting being painful for us both, it was better it should happen on foreign than on native soil. I next travelled by way of Meiningen and the Thuringian Forest to Gotha, arriving on the 11th of October, in Weimar, having been away on those foreign travels for many weeks.

Arrived at home, I mention first the visit of Dr. Strenz,

the worthy physician of Teplitz, when we ardently renewed the mineralogical and geognostic conversations which had formerly given us so much instruction and delight in Bohemia. On my next stay in Jena, Professor DÖBLERER guided me into the secrets of Stoechiometry. He also made repeated experiments with the white fire which lighting up the country all down the Jena valley afforded a magically surprising sight.

In the 'Theory of Colours' some progress was also made. The Entoptic Colours remained a principal study. My meeting with Dr. SEEBERK was of great profit for me. Besides conversation embracing general principles, he brought clearly before us the theory of the Iceland spar, and the relations of the axes of such doubly refracting bodies. A further comparison was made of the theory of Sound with the 'Theory of Colours.' Professor VOTER pursued his observations, principally on the colours of organic bodies, and over my whole natural-historical endeavours hovered HOWARD'S theory of Clouds.

After so much said on the subject of nature it is proper to return to art. In the Weimar theatre we were constantly engaged with CALDERON. The 'Great Zenobia' was represented. The first three acts succeeded excellently. The two last having but a national-conventional and temporary interest, nobody could either enjoy or criticise them, and after this last experiment the applause which had been so richly bestowed on the first pieces partly died away.

The Monodrama 'Proserpina' with Eberwein's composition was happily performed; 'Epimenides' was prepared for Berlin; and to the memory of SCHILLER and IFFLAND a small piece was written in co-operation with PEUCER. In this epoch it might well be said that the Weimar theatre, in respect of pure recitation, powerful declamation, natural and at the same time artistic representation, had attained a considerable height of excellence. In outward respects, too, it gradually improved; the wardrobe, for example, through emulation, first of the ladies, then of the gentlemen. Exactly at the right time we gained in the decorator BEUTNER an excellent artist trained in the school of FUCHS, who by means of perspective was able to enlarge our small spaces endlessly, by characteristic

architecture to multiply them, and by taste and ornament to render them highly agreeable. Every kind of style he subjected to his perspective skill. In the Weimar library he studied the Egyptian as also the old German architecture, and thereby gave to the pieces requiring such illustration new attraction and peculiar splendour.

And it may, accordingly, be said, the Weimar theatre had at this epoch reached the acme of its development—a height promising, however, a desirable continuance for the immediate and subsequent future.

It would therefore here be opportune to add some well-weighed words on a business which for so many years had earnestly engaged my faculties.

The theatre, like everything about us, has two sides; an ideal and an empiric—an ideal, in so far as it continues to work in a regulated manner according to its inward nature; an empiric, which by reason of the most diverse changes to which it is subjected appears unregulated. We must therefore consider the theatre from both sides, if we are to form right conceptions regarding it.

From the ideal side, the theatre stands very high, so that almost nothing man produces by dint of genius, intellect, talent, technics and practice can be co-ordinated with it. If Poetry, with all its laws, giving rule and direction to imagination, is worthy of reverence; if Rhetoric with all its historic and dialectic requirements remains highly estimable and indispensable; while no less praiseworthy is personal oral discourse, which cannot be conceived of except in conjunction with a certain moderate degree of mimicry—we see how the Theatre absolutely comprises within its grasp these highest qualifications of man. Add to this the plastic arts—all that architecture, sculpture, and painting contribute to the complete development of the stage; take account, moreover, of the high ingredient of music—and it will be acknowledged what a host of human splendours are massed into this one institution.

All these great—nay, prodigious—qualifications pervade all representations, from the highest to the lowest, without visible effort, as if spontaneously; and the all-important question is whether the direction, with set

purpose and clear knowledge or from zeal and experience, determine on elevating their stage, in the whole or in parts; or, on the contrary, by their incapacity let it sink into contempt.

It is owing to the fact that I had all along, thanks especially to Schiller's influence, endeavoured to raise our stage *in the whole and in parts*, according to our powers, means and possibilities.—it is owing to this fact that for several years our theatre was looked up to as one of the most excellent in Germany.

And therein properly consists all true theatrical criticism—the observing, namely, whether the stage is rising or sinking; and to do this implies a comprehensive view of all requirements—a comprehensive view seldom to be found, and in consideration of the multiplicity of influences and changes to which the empiric theatre is subjected, almost impossible—for the present, which is ever under the influence of prejudice, and also for the past, the impression of which becomes indistinct.

It may now be allowed us to pass from the narrow playhouse stage to the stage of the great world. Napoleon's return terrified the world; we had to live through a hundred days pregnant with fate; the troops hardly gone away were summoned back. I found the Prussian guard in Wiesbaden; volunteers were called up, and the peacefully busied citizens who had scarcely recovered breath had to re-accomodate themselves to a situation for which physically they were not equal and about which morally they were not unanimous. The battle of Waterloo, reported in Wiesbaden as lost, to the great horror of everyone, was next announced as won—to overwhelming, nay, stupifying joy. In fear of the quick dispersion, as formerly, of French troops over provinces and lands, visitors at watering-places had made preparations for packing off, and recovering from their alarm could by no means regret their needless foresight.

As to persons, I have yet reverently and thankfully to name: The HEREDITARY DUKE KARL in Biberich, the GRAND DUCHESS CATHERINE in Wiesbaden, the DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND at Frankfort, the HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG, at the same place; in Carls-

rule, the COUNTS VON HOCHBERG, Herren WEINBRENNER and HEBEL; after reaching home, the whole suite of the reigning Empress of Russia; COUNT BARCLAY DE TOLLY.

1816.

The many important things I had a year before seen, experienced and pondered in my own mother-country, could not possibly fail to transfigure themselves somehow or other into a new body. A paper, 'Art and Antiquity on the Rhine and Main,' was undertaken, and at the end of last year more than one preliminary essay made in this business; the older Netherlanders, VAN EYCK and his productions, thoroughly studied; the former problematic picture 'Veronika' reduced in size and engraved for future use. BÜSCHING's *Wöchentliche Nachrichten* co-operated towards this purpose, and, sharing in the spirit which animated me, the Weimar lovers of art turned piously to the old pictures of the saints which we got fetched from Heilsberg in the Thüringian Forest and had repaired before our eyes. As, however, in modern complicated times one thing always works into another, and one extreme calls forth the opposite, we were transported into admiration of the great deeds of BLÜCHER, and the propriety of a heroic picture, as a likeness of his personality, suggested itself to our minds.

If the hero with danger of his life and reputation measures himself with the fates of the world, and happily comes off victorious, the astonished patriot, in order to find some expression for his admiration and worship, craves the aid of the artist.

After an interchange of writing with Herr Director SCHADOW, it was at last resolved to have a heroic figure moulded in accordance with the conception of the olden time, yet clad in costume approaching to that of the modern. The first model having been injured, the artist brought us a second, in regard to which, after many conferences, we heartily united on certain changes such as a fully executed work almost always suggests. This image stands, accordingly, as if on the line of demarcation between the ancient and the modern time: on the border on one hand

of a certain conventional idealism satisfying the memory and the imagination of the spectator; and on the other hand, of an absolute truth to nature, which binds art in spite of itself to an oppressive realism.

From Berlin I was glad to receive transparent pictures illustrative of my 'Hans Sachs.' For, as imitation of the faithful, earnest, characteristic poetry of the olden time had in a former period long delighted me: it was a pleasure to me to find it now reappear in the way of reaction on modern artists. Drawings to 'Faust' by CORNELIUS and RITZSCH had in their way a like effect; for though one neither can nor should recall a past mode of representing things, it is yet praiseworthy to exercise oneself historically on it, and by modern to revive the memory of an antique art, in order after recognising its merits to rise with the greater relief into freer regions.

In social circles the love of tableaux vivants had always increased, and if not immediately furthered they were yet occasionally accompanied by me with a few verses.

As an echo of the Rhine impressions the picture of St. Roch, when, stripped of all, he enters on his pilgrimage from his palace, was designed and sketched by the Weimer lovers of art, then carefully cartooned, and at last painted by a delicate lady-hand it was favourably received into the friendly Chapel of St. Roch. An engraved reduced sketch duly stands as frontispiece to the second 'Rhine and Main' volume.

From Offenbach I received some beautiful bronze medals, which again transplanted me back into the beginning of the sixteenth century. COXET CECILIANA'S 'Storia della Scultura' came at the right time to help me in these attractive studies. To higher regions, however, were we transported by QUASTENBERG and QUINCY'S 'Olympian Jupiter'; this was much to be learnt and pondered. The arrival of the Elbe's marbles excited great longing among all here. At the same time, too, BARNY'S 'Connaissance des Temples' which afforded us insight into another important subject, was not unneeded.

The collection of the Dresden pictures came under consideration. There was in some measure what a vast undertaking this was. I drew attention to the Restoration-

Academy in Venice, consisting of one director and twelve professors, which had occupied in its labours the large rooms of a cloister. Such a restoration and preservation of old works of art is more momentous than is supposed, and is not to be undertaken on the spur of the moment.

The Weimar drawing-school had to undergo a great change. The old building having been devoted to other purposes, and no place of like magnitude having been found, the classes were divided into two. For the first class, a building on the Esplanade was bought, the two others being relegated to the so-called Hunter's House in front of the Frauenthor. This change well deserved, like the preceding ones, a special notice, not remaining without good consequences for the institution itself.

At the same time a distinguished sculptor of the name of KAUFMANN was called from Rome, who infused fresh life into this art.

If I am to call to mind my own works, I have first of all to mention the 'Divan.' It was always attaining more fulness and definiteness of form, some of it being intended for the *Ladies' Calendar*. For the historical and explanatory part I was ever collecting more preparatory material. VON DIEZ's 'Memorabilia,' his dispute with HAMMER and the latter's 'Oriental Mines,' I studied attentively, everywhere inhaling fresh Eastern air. KNAX's 'Ceylon' came at the right time to hand; HYDE's 'Persian Religion' appeared to me, however, particularly valuable, and, in accordance with my nature, which involuntarily demanded a reconstruction of any important subject which engaged my mind, I designed an Eastern opera, and began to work at it. It would, too, have attained completion, the conception being really vital in me for a length of time, had there been a musician at my side and a large public before me, so that I should have been spurred to meet the capacities and accomplishments of the former and the taste and demands of the latter.

Fantastic folks, such as are to be found in this world, misled by Schiller's edition in chronological order, demanded the like of me, and had almost brought the impression already entered on into derangement. My

reasons for declining compliance with their solicitations were, however, approved, and the business went its course without further molestation. The ninth and tenth volumes were revised; the Italian tour, especially to Naples and Sicily, assumed ever more definite shape, and as one work always calls forth another, I could not omit adding some main events in the fourth volume, so long delayed and awaited, of 'Truth and Poetry.' The 'Rhine and Main' paper, second part, was pushed on, 'Reineke Fuchs' looked through, and the 'St. Roch Festival' written.

The second set of my works arrive. The 'Paralipomena' are of course attended to, and a song for the Berlin Artists' Festival written. On the other hand, owing to want of time and incitement, a large cantata intended for the Luther Festival was dropped soon after the conception, the drawing-up of the plan and a little execution; never to be resumed.

My interest in foreign works was specially directed to the poems of BYRON, who grew ever more significant and more attractive for me, though formerly his hypochondriac passion and violent self-hatred had repelled me, and while I was disposed to approach his great personality, I felt estranged from his muse. I read the 'Corsair' and 'Lara,' not without admiration and sympathy. At the same time appeared NELSON'S Letters, with his Life, giving much matter for melancholy reflections. GILES, by the publication of the second part of his 'Cadenay,' brought us into more intimate acquaintance with Spain of the seventeenth century. ANATOLE transferred us to a new Paris, and awakened our admiration for a beautiful romance. The 'Prisoners of Peace,' by LAWRENCE, one of the rarest productions, compelled us to pay all attention to a quite accursed situation. English travellers arrested in Verdun, according to modern maxims of international law, on the outbreak of a war with Albion; republican Frenchmen, especially a commandant and commandants, daily perished from a humble station during the Revolution; secret emigrants taken for English-royalists; a select people of distinction, and such like figures of the camp, a capital picture which deserves to go

down to posterity, since, under this condition alone could it have been conceived by a fellow-sufferer of ingenious observation, and completed more with hatred than love.

RÜCKSTUHL wrote on the German language, and the inexhaustible work of ERNESTI, '*Technologia Rhetorica Græcorum et Romanorum*' was always in my hands; for this latter work enabled me again and again to discover how far in my literary course I had done rightly and wrongly. I must not, however, omit a highly remarkable piece of description, perhaps without a rival; it is the diurnal and horal book of the battle of Leipzig by ROCHLITZ of which I have spoken elsewhere.

The immediate institutions in Jena devoted to natural science in general and natural history in particular, had to rejoice in the most attentive care bestowed on them. In almost all divisions the inward activity had so increased, that though with good management they could all be compassed within the limits of present arrangements, our thoughts were necessarily directed to a new and extended set of museums on a new scale. DÖBEREINER'S dwelling-house was finished, a piece of garden ground at the observatory bought, and added to this possession. The Veterinary institution in Jena took firm footing. PROFESSOR REXNER began his course, and I handed over my old horse-skulls sawn in pieces and otherwise prepared for an elementary course of lessons, for which they had formerly served me.

The long-interrupted diggings of the very old grave-hill at ROßSTUHL were continued, and yielded us several skulls. Through special care, too, a whole skeleton was brought to Jena, and carefully deposited in good order. A skull which from the swelling of the bones had expanded to quite a monstrous size was brought in gratis. Coats from Darnstadt through the kindness of HERR SCHULZE WÄCHTER.

I again called to remembrance KASPAR FRIEDRICH WOLF, and studied completely JUVEN'S '*On the Misgrowths of Plants*,' as also PHILIPART'S '*Diseases of Plants*.' VON HUMBOLDT'S work on the '*Division of Plants on the Globe*' was highly welcome, and NEES VON ESENBECK'S most

complete work on fungi and sponges made me regret an excellent telescope, which a strange fate had destroyed in the most pleasant moments of life.

Out of the animal kingdom, a wonderful creature, the *Proteus anguinus*, was shown us by Herr Professor COXIGLIACINI, who having carefully kept it in a glass of water in his bosom on the journey, had brought it alive to us.

In the mineral kingdom we were much favoured. The important collection of Privy Councillor HERR, at Meiningen, was kindly sent by him to Jena for our institution, where it was set up in accordance with his wishes. Of remarkable things the ball-syenite of Val-lineo from Corsica deserves special mention. In consequence of my journey last year there were added to my collection minerals from Westerwald and the Rhine, also a hyalite from Frankfort exhibiting the largest surface with which perhaps it has ever been met, seven inches in diameter. Privy Councillor VON LEONHARD'S 'Significance and Place of Minerals' enriched us on the theoretic side.

HOWARD'S Cloud Terminology was diligently applied to atmospheric appearances, and we arrived at particular expertness in parallelising them with the state of the barometer.

In other physical departments, an attempt was made to light Jena with gas: as through DEBERNARDI we also learnt the way of extracting different substances by pressure.

In Chromatics, the entoptic phenomena were the order of the day. I put together the observations I had hitherto made, and transferred them into a short essay, the inadequacy of which being, however, soon felt, compelled me to further investigations which brought me ever nearer the truth.

Professor PRAHL sent me his work on the theory of colours, with an impudent impertunity native to the Germans. I set it aside for a future day when I should have come to a final conclusion on the subject with myself. It is always most profitable to follow one's own way, for it is the happy advantage that it leads us from errors back on our own again.

Dr. SCHÖPENHAUER came as a kind friend to my side. We discussed a great deal in agreement with each other. At last, however, we could not avoid deviating from each other to a certain extent, like two friends who have kept company with each other up to a certain point, when they shake hands, the one to go north, the other south, soon to lose sight of each other.

Colour experiments with vegetable extracts repeatedly served to demonstrate the very high congruity of the theory of colours.

I must now, however, bring forward in its connexion an interlude in which a great deal occurs I would not like to have split up under different heads. On the approach of good weather I thought of again enjoying to my own heart's content such beautiful days as I had enjoyed last year in my native country. Friend Meyer was minded to accompany me; nature and art were to pour on us a superabundance of their treasures. Preparations were made, plans designed as to how everything was to be enjoyed and utilized. And so we sat snugly seated in a nice carriage. The half of our way to Erfurt was, however, not passed when we were capsized, the axle having broken. My friend had received an injury on his brow, and we were obliged to turn back. From vexation and superstition we gave up our intended journey, perhaps prematurely, and without long consideration we betook ourselves to Tennstädt, where a Thuringian mineral water (of sulphur) promised good effect. There, according to my usual humour, I became interested in the locality and history of the place; for the Thuringian fore-world had a great deal to do with the Unstrut. I therefore read the *Thüringian Chronicle*, which on the spot gave us many clear views of that quarter. The immediate and surrounding situation of the town was contemplated, and it was easily seen why, in the earliest time, tenements should have been planted there. We visited Herbsleben on the Unstrut, Kleinwallhausen and other near-lying places and found in the plain dried-up beds of lakes, tufa stone quarries and fresh-water conchylia. On almost all excursions we had the back of the Etterberg before our eyes and could easily think ourselves at home. A crowd assembled on

the occasion of a shooting at the popinjay, as also of a well-festival, which a procession of children made a right hearty affair.

'Agamemnon,' translated by HUMPHREY, had just come into my hands, and afforded me the comfortable enjoyment of a piece I had ever idolised. MARCUS CORNELIUS FRONTO, from NUREMBERG, paid me a visit. Privy-Councillor WOLF appeared unexpectedly. The conversation was important and edifying, and Meyer took a penetrating and artistic part in it. Both friends happened to leave me on the 27th August, and I had therefore time enough again to celebrate my birthday in still composure, and to consider the value of the garlands with which I saw my room decorated by my kind hostess. For the rest, I was indebted to the composure and quiet I found at this place for the full description of the St. Roch Festival.

I have further to celebrate the high enjoyment a Hermsstedt concert and private exhibition gave me, for, having been now a long time absent from musical friends, I had become almost a stranger to this splendid element of art and nature.

Public events which nearly affected me this year I mention with joyous and sad memories. On the 10th of January the order of the Falcon was founded, and the grand cross was at once apportioned me. DUKE BRUNSWICK'S marriage inspired the fairest hopes. On the other hand, the death of the Empress of Austria put me in such a state that the feeling of it has never left me. The States-Minister, VON ARNIM, a dear aged colleague and promoter of my well-intended undertakings, celebrated his jubilee of service—an occasion when I greeted with a poem and the most heartfelt good wishes.

On 1st I remark the following, all awaking remembrances of early and earliest times: MELLISH, Dr. HUBERUS, MAX JACOB, VON LATTUR, Dr. CHAMNI, ZETTER and WILHELM, COUNT and COUNTESS O'DONELL, Hofrathin K. and HOFFMANN.

But the year was favoured by the outward peace of the world, after freedom of the press had been granted. This was an error, and every right thinking soul must have anticipated with alarm and regret the

immediate consequences easily to be calculated and the further consequences not to be calculated.

1817.

I foresaw that for more than one reason I would this year have to stay a long time in Jena, and therefore had a great deal of my own manuscripts, drawings, apparatus and collections carried thither. First of all, the institutions were all inspected, and finding a great deal remarkable in reference to the formation and transformation of plants, I set up a botanical museum of my own, placing and disposing in order in it considerable collections of dried plants, the beginnings of a collection of all kinds of seed, also samples of the different kinds of wood, monstrosities of special importance being arranged in a long series.

The transference of the court mechanician, KORSER, from Weimar to Jena, placed in our neighbourhood an able, expert, active man. A transit instrument made by him in Weimar was, on account of some buildings which required to be provided at the observatory, first set up in the castle.

Further, the manifold gifts brought by his Serene Highness from the Milan journey were distributed among the different departments.

The expenses had increased, the state of affairs had again to be investigated, chapter by chapter: I, therefore, wrote a circumstantial report, and a clear summary was then presented at highest quarters.

In the last three months of the year, however, there again came into agitation a matter which had been a subject of our solicitude for years, but, on account of the great difficulties connected with it, we had always postponed taking effective measures towards its settlement. Among all the institutions which had been improved or even newly founded, partly on the sole initiative and at the sole expense of his Serene Highness, partly with aid from the Gotha court, one could not, unfortunately, reckon the University library. It lay hopelessly embarrassed, without its being possible to lay the blame of this bad plight on any one in particular. To its beginnings, which had been laid

three hundred years ago, there had gradually in manifold ways—by legacies, purchases and other contracts—been added a considerable number of separate book collections, as also single books, till now the whole stood heaped in layers, the one cargo above and beside the other in the most heterogeneous fashion, mostly as accident had directed. How and where a book was to be found was almost the exclusive secret of the library-attendant rather than of the higher officials. The rooms no longer sufficed: the Buder library was closed, scarcely accessible; according to the will of the founder, it was to remain for ever untouched.

But not these strange complications alone were to be unravelled and this chaos brought to order. The Büttner library, formerly in the castle, it was likewise sought to incorporate into the main mass. If you surveyed the whole, if you inspected particular parts, you would have to confess that on an entire re-arrangement of the library very few volumes, perhaps, would be left beside each other in the old order. In these circumstances nobody could well be censured if he hesitated about putting a precipitate hand to such a business. At last, however, on the 14th October I received by a gracious rescript the commission to undertake the affair without further delay. There was nothing, therefore, left for it but to think the matter through anew, and to defy all obstacles in the way, an attitude necessary in the case of every important undertaking, especially when one *must* set boldly to work under the clause, *non obstantibus quibuscunque*. And so I set to impetuously and proceeded without pause.

The dampness of the lower hall had for years long been a subject of lamentation; but still no remedy had been devised, far less carried out. This, then, was the first thing to be taken in hand. The confining wall, towards the meat, was, in spite of a lively, nay, underhand protestation, removed, and the accumulated rubbish carted away. Above everything else, however, the office-rooms were so arranged that one could work in them without disturbance. While other buildings were being prepared and arranged for, the year passed away.

The Veterinary School had now principally to be looked after. Step by step it was brought into order. On the

scientific side, I fetched my portfolio of comparative anatomy to Jena, and framed the drawings I found most important.

PROFESSOR RENNER demonstrated different things to me, especially in respect to the lymphatic system. A dead phoca is bought from the keeper of a strolling menagerie and dissected, important preparations being made.

SPIX'S 'Cephalogenesis' appears; on repeated use of it unpleasant obstacles are encountered. The method of general representation, and the nomenclature of the different parts, have neither of them been brought to maturity. You also notice in the text that more second-hand matter is presented than matter of original thought.

HEROLD of Marburg, in his 'Anatomy of Caterpillars and Butterflies,' makes us an agreeable present. How much progress have we not made in the thoughtful observation of organic nature, since the time of the diligent and over-exact LYONNET?

I work heartily on the second sheet of the 'Morphology,' and observe historically the influence of the Kantian doctrine on my studies.

Geognosy, geology, mineralogy, and kindred subjects were the order of the day. I thought over the doctrine of the veins generally, and made myself at home with WERNER'S and CHARPENTIER'S views. The remarkable clay-slate plates from the valley of the Lahn I put together in the order most adapted for instruction. Specimens of the coagulating of the rock masses I sought out everywhere, and thought I found much which testified to the porphyry-like origin of so many conglomerates. A complete set procured by his Serene Highness from Chamouny was arranged in order in the museum; no less were many Swiss rock species, models and panoramas, each in its way preserved, utilised and examined.

The neighbourhood of Baden, through CIMBERNAT'S examination and treatment, excited a growing interest, and his geological map of that district communicated to us from a high quarter, was altogether welcome for the immediate requirements of our studies. Brocchi's 'Valley of Fassa' challenged us to the study of the Wacke formation, in accordance with his views and those of others.

The most repugnant thing, however, which ever met my eyes was Biot's chapter on the entoptic colours, there called polarisation of light. Thus, according to the false analogy of a magnet, light was distorted into two poles, and colours, as formerly, explained by the differentiation of that which is most unchangeable and most integral.

Now, however, in order to brazen out a fallacy with demonstrations, the whole armoury of mathematics was put in motion to oust nature, bag and baggage, out of both the outward and inward sense. I was compelled to look on the whole affair as a pathologic case, just as if an organic body had got a splinter thrust into it, and a skilful surgeon, instead of extracting it in order to effect a speedy cure, took the utmost pains with the swelling to appease and divide it, while in the meantime the sore aggravated inwardly till it became incurable.

It was, accordingly, quite horrible to me when a university professor, after introducing a programme of Hofrath Meyer in Göttingen, with incredible composure and assurance flourished the most impudent juggleries before high and intelligent persons. After gazing and gazing, after blinking and blinking (with aching eyes), you were quite at a loss to know either what you had seen or what you were intended to see. At the first preparations I got up and went off, and on my return heard without surprise the course of this demonstration, as I had foreseen it. I was also taught on this occasion, by the illustration of billiard-balls, how the round molecules of light, if they strike the glass with the poles, penetrate quite through, whereas if they meet it with the equator they are sent back with protest.

Meanwhile I endlessly diversified the entoptic colours, so that at last I could not but discover the simple atmospheric origin. Toole's entire conviction the main conception was confirmed on the 17th of June under a clear sky. I now set to work to winnow away the many details as chaff and hulls, and by word spoken and written to communicate the kernel to friends of nature and art. I hereby, too, discovered that a light favourable or unfavourable to the painter is due to the reflection being direct or indirect. Professor Roux had the politeness to deliver me exact copies of the

contingent colour pictures. Both sides, the bright as well as the dark, you now saw in heightened succession beside each other; every spectator exclaimed that he saw the Chalcidian figures coloured before his eyes.

LA NARRE DE VINCI'S essay on the cause of the blue colour phenomenon on distant mountains and objects repeatedly gave me great satisfaction. Simply as a man apprehending nature by immediate observation, as an artist meditating on the appearance itself and piercing through it, he had hit the mark. No less came sympathy from several attentive and thoughtful men. State-Councillor SCHULTZ in Berlin sent me the second essay on physiological colours, in which I saw my main conceptions carried into life. Just as edifying for me was Professor HERRL'S agreement. Since Schiller's decease, I had quietly withdrawn from all philosophy and sought only to mature to ever greater certainty and precision the method innate in me, applying it to nature, art and life. It could not, therefore, but be of great value for me to see and consider how in *his* way a philosopher would understand that which I on my side had produced in *my* way. And in the present case I was allowed the most complete right to contemplate the mysterious clear light as the highest energy, everlasting, single and indivisible.

In the way of plastic art a great deal of instruction came this year. Of ERM'S marbles we heard ever more and more, and the desire to see with our eyes anything belonging to PLOMME was so passionate, that one fine, sunny morning, stepping out of doors without any special purpose, overtaken by a passion I turned on the spur of the moment, without any preparation, towards Rickstett, and there gazed for a long time on the truly astounding heads of M^{rs}. Cavallo. Nearer acquaintance with the Regina was likewise apprehended me through drawings of the artist, of R^{ickstett} commission I with the restoration, and the work itself, and turned to one of the most splendid monuments of modern art.

It was necessary to study more minutely VOSSI'S works on the subject. VOSSI'S *Suppl.* by means of the copy sent me by M^{rs}. Prince had brought with him from Munich. The study of them busied me a long

time, and otherwise a great deal was brought home to our contemplation. The architectural remains of Eleusis, contemplated in the company of our chief Building-Director COUDRAY, afforded views into an incomparable time. SCHINKEL'S great and admirable pen-drawings, the most recent Munich lithograph sketches to CASTI'S fables of animals by MENKEN, a copper-plate collection from a Leipzig auction, an estimable little oil-painting, with which we were honoured by ROCHLITZ, all these chained my attention on many sides. At last I found opportunity to procure an important collection of majolicas which, in consideration of their merit, might certainly be classed among modern works of art.

Of my own works I report the following. For the sake of the 'Divan' I always continued my studies of Oriental peculiarities, and spent much time on the subject. Hand-writing, however, being in the East of so great importance, it will hardly be thought strange that, without a special study of the language, I yet devoted myself zealously to caligraphy, and both in the way of jest and earnest, endeavoured to copy as neatly as possible, nay, with many traditional ornaments, Oriental manuscripts lying before me. The influence of these intellectual technic exertions will, on close inspection of the poems, not escape the attentive reader.

The third set of my works, from the 9th to the 12th volume, appears at Easter. The second 'Rhine and Main Sheet' is concluded, the third commenced and finished. The 'Journey to Naples and Sicily' is printed, the biography generally again taken in hand. I draw the 'Meteors of the Literary Heaven,' and busy myself with extracting the 'Critical Words of French Critics' from GRIMM'S correspondence. A paper on the hollow coins, called 'Regenbogenschüsselchen' (Rainbow Dishes), I communicate to the lovers of such curiosities. The celebrated Heilsberg inscription I get printed with an explanation by VON HAMMER, which however does not come off happily.

Of poetical works I have nothing to show but the 'Orphic Primitive Words,' in five stanzas, and an Irish death song translated from 'Glenarvon.'

In the way of knowledge of nature I here mention an important *aurore borealis* in February.

Agreement between the substance and the form of plants was the subject of an animated conversation between me and Heinrich Vögel, whose 'Natural History,' contributing so much to that study, was to be thankfully accepted. I directed a great deal of observation to the dissection of the seed of the barberry new-wood, and of the yellow cat-growths of older twig-leaves there indicated. Through the politeness of Johann DUMMER, I was able to make further progress in the Stoechiometric science in general. I usually set myself the task of purging an edition of Theophrastus' *De sensu rerum*, from errors of the press, in consequence of the extremely attentive reading I devoted anew to this important monument of his time. Count Balthasar rejoiced his absent friends, as well as those immediately about him, by further printed communications, in which his intellectual activity called forth the remark from us, that it again brought him to us his personal intercourse.

Close study of Hewitt's forms of clouds seeming to suggest the conjecture, that their different forms corresponded with their different atmospheric attitudes, by way of experiment they were carefully inserted into that former range of altitudes, and the mutual relations in general thus analysed, and thereby so far prepared for examination.

In speaking of books, the translation of the Indian 'Mahabharat' comes naturally and agreeably to mind. After a long and long on efforts and the forms of clouds we were enabled to lay in spirit with all the more certain conviction, this messenger of clouds in his thousandfold variety of forms.

In the poetry and literature took, this year, the pre-eminence of the productions of all other countries. Lord Byron's name excited the more interest the more one studied the difficulties of this extraordinarily mind. Many a wayfarer's instants and benches seemed to forget everything but common national. The procuring of his works being so facilitated, I also cruise myself with him. He was for me a dear contemporary, and I willingly

followed him in thought along the dubious courses of his life.

The novel of 'Glenarvon' would it was thought, yield us much light on many a love adventure of the poet; but the interest of the voluminous work was not commensurate with its bulk: it repeated itself in situations, especially in intolerable situations. You could not deny it a certain value which, however, you would have acknowledged more heartily had it been compressed within two moderate volumes.

Having so long heard of the name of PETER PINDAR, I wished to associate with it some distinct conception. I obtained satisfaction on that point, but only now remember that he appeared to me as a man of parts, inclining to the side of caricature. JOHN HUNTER'S LIFE seemed to me highly important, as a monument of a splendid mind which, with but little school education, developed itself in the sphere of nature nobly and powerfully. FRANKLIN'S LIFE had in general, the same character, though, in details, heaven-wide from the former. On remote, hitherto inaccessible, regions, ELPHINSTONE'S 'Cabul' gave us information, while the better known parts of the world had no ordinary light thrown on them through RAFFLE'S 'History of Java.' At the same time the splendid work on 'Indian Hunting' by HOWETT reached us, and its excellent pictures came to the help of the imagination, which, without such a basis of reality to confine it, would have lost itself in the indefinite. On North America manifold information was imparted to us.

Of books and other publications and their influence I remark the following. HERMANN, 'De Mythologia Græcorum antiquissima,' interested the Weimar philologists in a high degree. In a kindred sense RAYNOUARD'S 'Grammar of the Roman Language.' 'Manuscrit venu de St. Helène' engaged all the world. Its authenticity or spuriousness, its half or whole originality, was the subject of conversation and argument. That a great deal from the hero had been overheard was plain and indubitable. 'The Primitive History of Germany' by BARTH struck into our studies of the time; on the other hand, 'Whit Monday' by PROFESSOR ARNOLD in Strasbourg was

a highly amiable publication. It is a decidedly pleasing feeling we experience—a feeling it is well not to insist on rendering too distinct to the understanding—when we perceive a nation reflected in the peculiarities of its members. It is, indeed, only in specialities we recognise our relatives. In generalities we feel our relation to others only in the common derivation from Adam. I busied myself much with this work and expressed my satisfaction with it sincerely and circumstantially.

Of events I remark but little, though that little of importance for myself and others. Notwithstanding that I had wandered for forty years up and down in all directions through Thuringia, in carriage, on horseback and on foot, I had never yet come to the Paulina cloister, though often not many miles from that place. It was not then the habit to regard these church ruins as in any high degree important and venerable. At last, however, I heard so much about them, younger people both native to the quarter and who had travelled into it, praised so much the grandeur of the view, that on my birthday this year—a day I always liked to celebrate quietly—I resolved on a solitary excursion thither. A very bright day favoured the enterprise, but friendship too prepared me an unexpected festival. The chief forester, Von Fritsch, from Ilmenau, had arranged with my son a pleasant repast, where at our ease and to our glad content we could contemplate the old structure which had been put in order by the Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt authorities. Its origin dates in the beginning of the 12th century, when the half-circular arch still prevailed. The Reformation banished such a building into the wilderness where it had arisen. The clerical object for which it was intended had fallen into neglect; but it remained a centre of worldly privilege and income down to the present day. It was never destroyed, but in part ruined away, in part disfigured, for economical purposes. In the doorway, for example, you can still find some of the old red bricks and burnt and varnished; nay, I do not know even in the official and other buildings you find traces, for some of the primitive rafters of the thatched roof, of a primitive ring.

From a word came news of destruction and reestablish-

lishment. The Berlin theatre was burnt to the ground; a new one was erected in Leipzig. A symbol of Sovereignty was given to the people of Weimar by a striking ceremony. The Grand Duke from the throne invested the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, in the person of his deputy, with the postal revenues, on which occasion the whole body of us servants appeared in becoming attire according to our respective ranks, and on our side recognised the supreme authority of the Prince. Meanwhile, in the course of the same year, a general festival of German students on the 18th June, at Jena, and still more important, on the 18th October on the Wartburg, announced a counter-effect full of foreboding.

The jubilee of the Reformation disappeared before these fresh younger endeavours. Three hundred years ago, able men had undertaken great things. Now their great deeds appeared superannuated; and something altogether different might be expected from the latest open-secret aspirations.

Personal renewal of former favours and affection was destined to gladden me frequently this year also. THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF HESSE never knew me to be in her neighbourhood without letting me be personally assured of her continued graciousness towards me. State-Minister VON HUMBOLDT called on me, carrying on, on this occasion also, an instructive and stimulating conversation with me. Quite a peculiar influence, however, I received for a long time from a considerable number of young Greeks studying in Jena and Leipzig. They ardently wished to acquire *German* culture in particular, in order that their country might reap the benefit of this acquisition on their part. Their diligence was commensurate with their high aims; only it was noticeable that in regard to the chief idea of life they were ruled more by words than by clear conceptions and purposes.

PAPADOPOULOS, who frequently visited me in Jena, once in youthful enthusiasm praised to me the lectures of his philosophical professor. It sounds, he exclaimed, so splendid when the excellent man speaks of *Virtue, Freedom and Country*. When, however, I inquired what this excellent professor meant by all that, I received for answer

that he could not exactly tell me, but word and tone constantly resounded in the hearing of the soul: Virtue, Freedom and Country.

He is the same person who translated my 'Iphigenia' into modern Greek. And wonderfully enough, if you consider this piece in this language and under its relation you will find it expressing quite peculiarly the longings of a Greek in travel or in exile. The general longing for one's native country is here specifically expressed under the feeling of longing for Greece as the sole land of human culture.

A new and agreeable acquaintance I made in a Fellenberg assistant, of the name of Lath, whose calm clearness, decision of purpose, and confidence in the good result of his labours attracted my highest esteem, and at once confirmed me in the good opinion I had entertained of him and the institution to which he had devoted himself.

Of very manifold effect was the much desired visit of an old friend. WILHELM VON SEEFZ from Ziefingen renewed his former earnest and deep intercourse with me. We had quite a curious experience of each other. At the beginning of every conversation we entirely concurred in all premises. With the progress, however, of our exchange of views, we diverged ever more and more from each other, till at last no common understanding was any longer to be traced out. Generally the same thing happened in our correspondence, and occasioned me much pain, till in the end I had the happiness to eradicate this strange contradiction. That I might become acquainted with all kinds of occurrences, the very reverse experience now fell to my lot. HEINRICH HIRTH, with whom I could never agree on principles, glad to end me by a visit lasting five or six days, during the whole course of which never once did the least variance come to light between us. When I reflected on the two incidents just mentioned, I found that the explanation of them was the following: VON SEEFZ proceeded from general principles, on which I stood in conformity with him, to more general principles, where I was unable to follow him. HEINRICH HIRTH, on the other hand, let the mutually incompatible general principles of us diverge entirely alone, and entered into details

which he had thoroughly mastered; you listened to his thoughts with pleasure and heartily accorded with him in his convictions.

The visit of Berlin friends, State-Councillor HUFELAND, LANGERMANN, and VARNHAGEN VON ENSL, redounded in blessings on my head (to talk the language of the pious); for what is richer in blessings than the encounter of congenial, like-minded contemporaries uninterruptedly progressing on a course of culture of themselves and others.

A younger Bartsch, reminding you of his father both by his friendly, active demeanour, and by his correspondingly pleasing, intellectual personality, returned from Cairo, whither he had gone in connection with the business of some European merchants. He had brought home with him drawings of places there, accurate, indeed, but by no means artistic; also small antiquities of Egyptian and Greek origin. He looked like a man striving with all his active faculties to accomplish in practical business what his father had theoretically achieved in the domain of natural science.

1818.

Throughout the winter the 'Divan' had continued to be cherished and nursed with so much affection, love and passion, that by the month of March I no longer hesitated about sending it to press. Not that I then broke off my studies on this subject, for I continued writing notes and detached papers in the hope that they would contribute to a better understanding of the matter. I was, of course, quite prepared to see the German step-sister in perplexity when a phenomenon out of an entirely different world was presented on his notice. The trial, too, in the *Liedes-Cabinet*, had embarrassed rather than assisted the public. The uncertainty as to whether the union marriage was a translation, an imitation, or a new creation, did the enterprise no good. I did not, however, think it proper to enlighten them on this point. I was accustomed to seeing the German public eyeing a strange dish suspiciously before they would fall to and partake.

Above everything else, it appeared to me necessary to

enlighten myself and others on the seven chief Persian poets and their achievements. For this purpose I set myself to the faithful and earnest study of VOX HAMMER's important works. To ferry me into those distant times and places, I made requisition of all available crafts, ANQUETIL's 'Religious Customs of the Ancient Persians,' BIDPAI's 'Fables,' FREYTAG's 'Arabian Poems,' MICHAELIS's 'Arabic Grammar.'

Meanwhile the rarities brought by our Prince from Milan, the greater number of which referred to Leonardo's 'Supper,' had in the highest degree excited my attention. After zealous study of Vossi's work on this subject, after comparison of the copy-tracings lying before me, after consideration of many other works of art and events of that time, I at last wrote the treatise as it still exists in print and had it at once translated into French, to render it accessible to the Milan friends. At the same time a dispute as to antique and modern, such as was being agitated in Germany, was reported to us from that quarter; whence, too, we heard news of polemical discussions regarding classical and romantic.

Intermediately, at every pause occurring during all this affair, mightily attracted to Greece, I pursued an old pet thought, that MYRON'S 'Cow' in its main conception was preserved on the medals of Dyrachium; for what is more desirable than a distinct remembrance of the highest achievements dating from a time which will never return? This sentiment it was which prompted me to take up again PHELOSIRAT'S pictures, with a view to renovating the ruinous past by resuscitating in me the dormant soul of that period. What other things I endeavoured to explicate to myself is testified in 'Art and Antiquity,' fourth part.

A wonderful situation under bright moonshine brought me the song, 'At Midnight,' which is all the more dear and precious to me that its origin and drift both alike transcended my private consciousness. Summoned to produce a poem, I produced it at the end of the year—a poem older, therefore, than 'At Midnight' in its origin, but just as incalculable as the latter in its execution—demanded, conceived, introduced and finished all in a short time. In homage to her Majesty, the dowager

Empress, a masked procession was thought of to represent in separate groups the many years' poetical achievements of the Weimar Muses' circle. These groups flowing by in succession, lingered each for a moment in the presence of her Highness to recount its special characteristic in a becoming poem. The affair came off on the 18th of December, and rejoiced in a favourable acceptance and a lasting remembrance.

Shortly before, the 17th and 18th volumes of my works had reached my hands.

My stay in Jena was this time fruitful to me in more ways than one. I had quartered myself in the bow-windowed room of the "Taune" at Cambsdorf, and enjoyed at my convenience the free fair views extending before and around me, especially the characteristic cloud-appearances. In accordance with Howard, I observed them in relation to the barometer and acquired insight in many ways.

At the same time the entoptic chapter of colours was the order of the day, Brewster's experiments to impart to the glass, by pressure, as is otherwise produced by heat, the same quality of the regular display of colours which is seen in a mirage, succeeded perfectly well; and I, for my part, convinced of the agreement of the technical-mechanical with the dynamic-ideal, had the Seebeck crosses stitched on damask stuff, and could now, by changing the light at pleasure, see them on the same plane either bright or dark. Dr. Seebeck visited me on the 16th of June, and his presence was on this occasion, as always, helpful to me at the right time.

In Carlsbad, I saw, to my great regret, a well-wrought brazen tube with sextant, intended to prove the polarisation of light. It was made in Paris. Here in confined space you saw only partially what we had long known how to represent fully and completely in the open air. All the more agreeable to me, therefore, was an apparatus for the same purpose with which I was honoured on my birthday by Professor SCHWEGGLER, an apparatus performing everything that can be desired in this respect.

The most handsome contributions to geognosy, with important specimens, had come to us from Italy. Brocchi's works on Italian fossils, SÖMMERING's fossil lizards and

bats. Thence we raised ourselves again into older regions and studied WERNER's theory of veins and PRIESLEY's Saxon tin formation. A collection of minerals announced to us from the north arrives, also petrifications sent us from the island of Rugen by KOSCHARTEN, and minerals from Sicily and the island of Elba by OHLMEYER. The position of the celestine at Dornburg is investigated. By a special occasion we are brought into better acquaintance with the geognosy of the United States. The advantages thus accruing to us is returned in a friendly and creditable way.

In Bohemia, geognosy in general was all the more earnestly promoted through the short visit of a young but promising geologist of the name of LUTER, who had the politeness to illustrate for me a map of the kingdom, he having the intention, in a work of his own, to prosecute this branch of inquiry further and make it publicly known. We visited HAMBURG's porcelain factory in Elbogen, where, besides the material of the pure, disintegrated felspar, we also made the acquaintance of peat widely used for fuel, and were at the same time instructed regarding the mine of the hemitrope crystals. We visited Surveyor of Mines BISCHOWY in Seidlackenwald, received much pleasant instruction from his collection of minerals, and on the same day obtained, also, a kind of survey of the locality of the thaupe series. Portions embedded in granite, or rather embedded in it, and which through exposure to the weather have resolved themselves into distinct appearances—for example, men-balls—were observed and picked up. I had also very instructive, especially topical conversations with PUMPHORF. He conversed crystallised diamonds with him, with the assistance of which development he made me acquainted with his opinion with his higher views. A small collection of Minerals, especially instructive, was put together. ROSENFELD, from Bonn, did not reach me, while I was sojourning in Bonn, and I was disappointed. On my return I found at Bonn, from Coblenz and other distant native places, a number of fossils.

The collection of Bonn was peculiarly favourable to the study of the thaupe series, the resources of the latter, for it was a collection of new apparatus and fossils. The

The collection of Bonn was peculiarly favourable to the study of the thaupe series, the resources of the latter, for it was a collection of new apparatus and fossils. The

older statutes it was sought to bring into conformity with recent times; and I, too, in so far as the immediate institutions affected the University, had contributed my part by serviceable proposals. The affairs of the library, however, since the beginning of the year, demanded incessant and enlarged activity. The place of the library was carefully considered, the question being especially discussed both from an artistic and business-like point of view, how much room might be secured without incurring too great expense, and how far, in accordance with our plans, the necessary work might be begun and prosecuted. All our proposals in this business received the approval and sanction of the supreme authorities, and contracts with the tradesmen were at once concluded. The main requirement still continued to be the drying of the lower large hall. As externally, towards the moat and the garden, the ground had been cleared and opened to free ventilation, we now set to work to accomplish a similar result internally by deepening the court. Everything else likely to promote the security and dryness of the building was the subject of careful deliberation, and our decisions were immediately put in operation. Plastering the outside, for example, was at once taken in hand. After certain difficulties connected with the inside also had been energetically overcome, the castle library was transferred to the new quarter, a business conducted with the utmost care and precaution, the books being again set up in the old order not to disturb the use of them till the new arrangement was concluded. It redounds generally to the honour of the superintendents of this business, that with all the revolutions made in the whole and in single parts, the use of the library throughout the whole course of this change was not only not suspended, but, on the contrary, very considerably facilitated.

It is now my part to discharge a debt by mentioning the gentlemen who in this highly complicated and confused business approved themselves faithful and competent fellow-labourers. Professor GÜLDENAPFEL, hitherto Jena librarian, had suffered so much from the old imbroglio in this department, that he joyfully offered his aid

towards its improvement, and devoted to this object an almost hypochondriac degree of care. Councillor VULPIUS, librarian in Weimar, had hitherto superintended the Buttner library, which was kept in the castle, and did not refuse his services towards its transportation, furnishing us also, with great expertness, many new lists which had become necessary. Dr. WITTMER, a young, energetic man, undertook the management of the buildings, a task which was no sinecure, seeing that the employment of the different places to new purposes, and the reutilization of book-shelves and other wooden erections demanded incessant and skilled oversight and direction. The clerk of the Chancery, COMMER, and the keeper hitherto of the castle library, FÄHRIG, performed each in his place and in his way all that was possible; so that in this whole business I can not sufficiently praise the devotion of all to the common task, as also their personal attachment to me.

During this toilsome period, the sale of the highly important Gruner library was announced, and the commission was at once given to purchase the whole, and then afterwards get rid of the duplicate copies. Strongly averse from such a procedure, in which the gain at best would be problematic, I had the Gruner catalogue compared with the catalogues of the whole of our libraries, and had signified by letters on said Gruner catalogue what works were already in our possession, and where they were to be found. By this laborious and tedious job, oftenance ceased at the time, we learned what a large quantity of excellent works was already in our hands.

As to what had still to be acquired, inquiry was made of the faculty of medicine, and at moderate expense we found ourselves in possession of the contents of the whole of the Gruner collection. Now, however, that our library had acquired solidity and an academic reputation, it began to attract attention from abroad. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar sent us, accompanied with a friendly notice, the whole of the works published by him. In November the directors gave in their chief report, which enjoyed all the greater triumph at the hands of our patrons, that the censor, respect Prince had at every step personally informed himself of the course of the business.

The head direction over all the immediate institutions had another special duty to discharge in connection with internal matters. The activity in particular scientific departments had increased to such an extent, the claims they asserted had risen to such a degree, that the present administration no longer sufficed to overtake all the business. By good economy, no doubt, that could in some measure be compassed as a whole. Still it behoved all element of uncertainty to be excluded; nay, for the sake of greater clearness, new heads in the department of accounts and a new arrangement of the administration were become indispensable. At this crisis the officer of the exchequer acting hitherto as our accountant, was transferred from the ducal chamber to another post, and the troublesome task of closing the old accounts, finally winding up all past concerns, and establishing a new administration with a fresh system of accounts, devolved almost exclusively on me, who had been entrusted with the management of the whole, and who, on account of the peculiarity of affairs, was scarcely in a position to avail myself of the services of a competent man of business.

In this year, too, falls an undertaking which perhaps should not have been entered on—the removal of the Löber Gate. The new library building, of a cheerful aspect outside as well as inside, having provoked a desire to see the grounds immediately surrounding it tastefully laid out so as to gratify the eye of the spectator, it was proposed to take away both the outer and inner Löber Gate, to fill up the moats, to prepare a market-place for wood and fruit waggons, and over and above to open communication between the town and the ponds, so as to be serviceable in case of fire. The latter task was soon accomplished. When, however, we came to the inner buildings, by the removal of which we hoped to obtain a stately entrance from the town, we were arrested in our labours by opposition—opposition which obstinately based itself on the modern maxim that the claims of the individual are to be held sacred in the face of whatever advantage might accrue to the community from overriding them. An aggravating eye-sore had thus to be

left standing—an eye-sore which, in the near future, it is to be hoped, there will be an opportunity of removing, so that our posterity may not suffer from the same affliction.

In the way of insight into higher plastic art, this year opened a new epoch. Reports and drawings of the Aegina marbles had already reached us, the sculptures of Phigalia we saw before us in drawings, sketches and more complete copies. The highest, however, still remained remote from us; and we made diligent inquiry after the Parthenon and its pediment statues as they had still been seen by travellers of the seventeenth century. In reply to our inquiries we received from Paris a copy of that drawing, which, though but lightly executed, yet afforded us a more distinct conception of the plan of the whole than, after so much destruction, was possible in more recent times. From the school of the London painter, HAYDON, there were sent us copies in black chalk, of equal magnitude with the marbles; and the sight of Hercules and the figure resting in the bosom of another, together with the third figure in a sitting posture and belonging to the group, on a reduced scale, threw us into the astonishment they were calculated to produce. Some Weimar lovers of art had repeatedly seen the gypsum casts likewise, and maintained that here was to be witnessed the acme of aspiring art in antiquity.

At the same time a valuable consignment of copper-plates belonging to the sixteenth century enabled us to gaze into another epoch of art, likewise animated by thoughts of the highest earnestness. The two volumes of 'Barsch,' xiv. and xv., were studied in reference to these pictures. The things belonging to that period which we already possessed were looked through, and with our modest dilettanteism we bought only a few, the prices asked being very high.

Likewise highly instructive, though in another sphere, was a large packet of copper-plates from a Leipsic auction. For the first time I saw JACKSON'S woodcuts almost entire. After duly arranging them I contemplated this acquisition, finding it important in more senses than one. Every technical art becomes remarkable when it is directed on

excellent subjects, nay even when it ventures on such as go beyond its powers.

From the French school I received many drawings at the cheapest price. All neighbourly feeling towards France was at that time changed into such intense hate that nobody would allow her any merit, nor purchase anything derived from her. I therefore succeeded, at some late auctions, in procuring for a trifle important, large, well-engraved drawings, famous in the world of art and art-history, and enhanced in value through anecdotes and peculiarities of the artists; as also original etchings by several celebrated and popular artists at two groschens a piece. Among others I secured SEBASTIAN BOURDON's etchings, and thereby learned to appreciate in detail an artist I had always esteemed in general.

A medal the Milan people had stamped in honour of our Prince, as a remembrance of his stay there, gives me the opportunity of returning to plastic art. I acquired at the same time an eminently beautiful coin of Alexander's. Several small bronze coins of importance also came into my possession at Carlsbad, partly through purchase and partly in the way of presents from friends. COUNT Tolstoy's bas-reliefs, of which I knew but a few, were sent me by the benevolent artist through the hands of a passing courier, and, to grasp together some scattered crumbs, the copper-plate work of CAMPO SANTO in Pisa renewed the study of that older epoch, while, in strangest antithesis, the *'Omaggio della Provincia Veneta alla S. M. l'Imperatrice d'Austria'* brought before my eyes the wonderful sentiment and thought of contemporaneous artists. Of two horse-heads ordered in Paris, the one Assyrian, and the other Athenian, the former arrived first, enabling us to appreciate its merits before they were thrown into the shade by the arrival of the latter with its superabounding greatness.

1819.

Of personal events there are the following to report: the Queen of Würtemberg dies at the beginning, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg at the end of

giddy whirl of events, all the more when he confined himself more particularly to a picture of his professional work, his relations to people as physician, and the remarkable scenes which fall under the observation of a man, like him, a man of position, of the world, and of medicine. I thus learnt much that was new and foreign to me.

Privy-Councillor Bley was from Berlin, a medical man who not once awakened your confidence, was a neighbour naturalized by means also by my companion Dr. RABIN, a young doctor who, I think, it was as excellent as his character was conscientious. The widow of the Intendant of Mines, von Tötter, reminded me of the great loss I had sustained in the death of my mother but a short time ago, an aged lady as kind and as true as I could desire. In conversation with Professor Dörfler of medicine, I was enabled to refer to my pitiful experience, thus renewing my joys and sorrows.

regretting with inward affection their happy residence in the former place, calling to mind in a lively manner our former relations to each other in Jena, and looking forward to Berlin with joyful hope. A visit of Dr. SCHÖRENHAUER, a meritorious young man, mostly misunderstood, and difficult to understand, stimulated me, and was profitable in the way of our mutual instruction. A young man from Berlin, holding an official post, who by talent, temperance and diligence, had worked himself up from circumstances full of solicitude to a considerable position, economic ease and a pretty young wife. MAJOR VON LÜCK, the Mainz humorist, who, entirely like himself, dropped in on me unexpectedly, cut short his visit without any occasion, and in his precipitate haste missed the coach. FRANZ NEUBERTS, a dear relative, stayed longer, and gave me the opportunity of knowing and valuing a much youth full of promise. PRIVY COUNCELLOR VON WILLEMER, who was magnanimously endeavouring to divert the consequences of an affair of extreme sadness to himself, travelling to Berlin to entreat pardon of his Majesty the King for the opponent of his son. The Greek, GRIKY, visited me frequently. I had always received in a friendly way his countrymen who then came to Germany for the sake of higher culture. PRESIDENT VON WITTEK from Bayreuth, like every man in authority, much disturbed by academic troubles, visited me, and unfortunately nothing of a gladdening nature could be reported respecting public events, none of so pressing a character. The Weimar and Göttingen professors VOX COXY and VOX HOFF likewise spoke with me of academic troubles. A son of BACH gave me pleasure by his presence, and his unembarrassed conversation. ERNST VON SCHILLER, who could not get on here, was engaged in the Prussian service. I next made the acquaintance of a young man studying chemistry, of the name of REISER, who appeared to me on the right road.

I have now to mention the sympathy for me were plentiful, shown in many places and from many sides on the occasion of my seventieth birthday. From a strange feeling, mixed in self-willed embarrassment I was induced to send to some the celebration of my birthday. This time I spent the day on a journey between

Hof and Carlsbad; I arrived at the latter place in the evening, and in my narrow-mindedness I thought I had got happily through. On the 29th of August, however, I was invited to a supper in the Posthof, an invitation I had to decline on the solid ground of the state of my health. Much kindness also surprised me from a distance. In Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 28th August, a beautiful and important festival was celebrated. The Society for Older German Historical Intelligence had named me an honorary member; the paper formally conferring this honour on me I received officially. The Mecklenburg States honoured me on this day with a gold medal as a reward of the artistic share I had taken in the erection of Balthasar's statue.

1820.

After observing on the 20th March an eclipse of the moon, we directed our attention towards an annular eclipse of the sun, announced for the 7th September. At the observatory of Jena provisional drawings of it were got ready. The day came on, but alas! with a sky quite overcast. In the Princesses' garden, arrangements were made for the admission of several persons. His Serene Highness visited his dear grandchildren in good time; the cloud about the sun became lighter, beginning and ending could be perfectly observed, and to see the exit, too. At last, we betook ourselves to the observatory where Professor Posselt with other experts was busy. Here, the view was successful, and we had reason to be fully satisfied, while in Weimar a clouded sky balked observation.

On my journey to Carlsbad I studied without interruption the forms of clouds, and there systematised my observations. I continued such a nubiarium to the end of July, when, however, whereby I became even more initiated into the development of the visible atmospheric conditions out of confusion, and was able at last to undertake a tabular assortment of the forms of clouds in different fields. Returned home, I talked over the matter with Professor Posselt, who took a very intelligent part in the subject. Meteorological observations were also sent me from

form—the ground-type out of which, apparently, all the other forms were developed, was imitated in clay, and specimens were sent to Herr von SCHREIBERS in Vienna.

In the Jena museums I make a fresh survey of the Carlsbad set, and as the geologist is always disposed to institute experiments of combustion of a higher and lower temperature in order to achieve appearances parallel to those resulting from natural combustions, I caused experiments of this kind to be made in a bottle factory at Zwetzen, and am sorry not to have preserved the chemical results in the order introduced in the catalogue, especially as some rocks, after the most intense combustion, shaped themselves with extreme regularity. At the same time there were sent us from Coblenz, natural clay, and tiles burned to an extraordinary degree from that clay—tiles which also showed themselves in the form of slag and of regular structure.

Younger friends provided me with specimens of the primitive boulders at Danzig, as also at Berlin, out of which could be arranged a completely systematised collection of stone species, and that in their hardest rock- and vein-parts.

The stone-cutter, PACHS, showed us an example of a formation of the latest possible date. In a tuff-stone conglomerate containing various rounded boulders he had also found a cut chalcodon, on which was an obelisk with all sorts of non-Egyptian signs, a man kneeling in prayer on one side, a man standing sacrificing on the other, of tolerable workmanship. It was sought to explain this plainly redundant appearance by the circumstances in which the stone was situated, which, however, this is not the place to develop. The Mecklenburg Chamberlain, Herr von P., honoured me with important minerals he had brought with him from a journey in Tyrol; Gotfr. Beckmann, the royal Danish Chamberlain, with beautiful objects from the Faroe Isles.

The following books afforded me much pleasure:—ROSE ‘On the Genesis of Basalts,’ an old contemporary, clinging also to old notions; also his ‘Symbol.’ An extract from the first of these two books I communicated in print; an extract from the second is still among my papers.

HERR VON SCHREIBERS' 'Aerolites' were helpful to us in this field. From England came, with much welcome to us, 'The First Principles of Geology, by G. H. Greenough, London, 1819.' To recognise in a foreign language, the Werner views, to which we had now for so many years become accustomed, was stimulating and delightful. A large geologic map of England was, by reason of its particular completeness and distinctness, highly instructive. I for my part contributed to 'Morphology and Natural Science,' the third sheet of the first volume.

Fresh enthusiasm for the theory of colours produced the *Entoptic Colours*. With great care I concluded my composition in August this year, and transmitted it to press. The deduction which I had followed in my 'Theory of Colours' was here, too, made good; the entoptic apparatus was always being more simplified. Mica and gypsum leaflets were applied in experiments, and their effects carefully compared. I had the pleasure of once more going through this matter with Herr State-Councillor SCHULIZ; I then betook myself to various paralipomena of the theory of colours. PERKINJE'S 'Contributions to the Knowledge of Seeing in a Subjective Respect' were extracted, and the opponents of my endeavours produced in the order of years.

In the way of sympathy from friends, my attention was directed to 'Nouvelle Chronogénésie, par Le Prince,' a work which might be regarded as the effect and confirmation of my theory of colours. On nearer inspection, however, an important difference came to light. The author had come by the same road as myself to the discovery of Newton's error, but for all that he did not mend matters either for himself or others, setting up, as he does, like DE REYER, something just as untenable in room of the old fallacy he seeks to displace. This caused me to consider anew how man, arrested in his errors and enlightened, will yet relapse so quickly again into the darkness of his individuality, where he pitifully struggles to help himself forward a bit with the light of a faint glimmering lantern.

I make various observations on the path pursued by the sciences, -- on progress and retardation, nay retrogression.

The inter-relation of all physical phenomena, ever more and more advancing into notice, yet ever more mysterious, was modestly considered, and in this way the Ohmohr and Lebeck figures were parallelised, when all at once, through Professor Ohmohr's discovery of the relation of galvanism to the magnetism, for an almost dazzling light burst on us. On the other hand I contemplated with horror an example of the most dreadful obscurantism, studying more minutely Biot's labours on the polarisation of light. One gets fairly sick at the sight of such craziness; theories, demonstrations and definitions of such a kind are veritable *monsters* against which the most vital organisation cannot maintain its sanity.

The large lower hall of the Jena library was now in all substantial respects restored; the book-shelves which, formerly disposed lengthwise, had darkened the room, were now arranged diagonally, so as to admit due light into the place. A coloured old German window, the gift of His Serene Highness, was let in, and beside it the gypsin busts of the two great fathers. In the upper hall a table desk was set up, and in this way the requirements of the institutions were being successively satisfied. To keep so many attractive rooms all too plain, modern ornaments were got to brighten the eye, we thought of some fine pictures representing the different intellectual faculties, which accompanied with apophthegms, stories, &c. the attention of the visitor to the scientific inspirations. This was to some extent carried out, a part being prepared from the kindness of Herr Schöner, the rest, however, was left only in the form of a sketch, many more of a more finished kind. Biot's 'Deductions' were translated by Anton, a Belgian mathematician, and Herr Schöner's was translated by Dr. Wimmer, a professor of the library given in a comprehensive manner, the new business being rendered possible by complete funds and Dr. Wimmer's personal efforts.

In connection with the Imperial Institution we were busied with the sale of a new glass house under the orders and special supervision of His Serene Highness. The design was executed, contracts for the work concluded,

and the business completed in due time. The purchase of several collections of preparations for the anatomical cabinet was fully approved and concluded, though, as it required a new place for its reception, its transportation was postponed. The lower large hall in the castle which, since the removal of Balthar's library, had still remained in confusion, was again completely put in order for the most judicious display of our curiosities. An important model of the last election Council-horse which, through being kept in the stable about, had got much damaged, was repaired and sent again.

The following day we went on in due course. The cabinet of the *Albatross* was given over to Americans for definite arrangements. The specimens were also duly disposed of.

I was very much interested by the respected
 editor of the German Historical Intelligence in Frank-
 furt-on-Main, and the consideration of naming
 him as one of their society. Now when I
 considered the claims of this society and
 the obligations due me to take in furtherance
 of my duties, it seemed to me that it would be to
 my advantage to initiate him into a new field of inquiry.
 He had a valuable critical manuscript of the
Chronicon of H. VON X. as also other papers, a
 number of which would be valuable to the society.
 He was a member of the library, and a strong talent
 for research was shown by his assiduous in-
 vestigation of the various directions in which there
 was any work going on in his field. I drew upon
 him for suggestions to which no one else could be
 expected to respond. This drew him into a re-
 gular correspondence with me, and he sent me
 a copy of his manuscript of H. VON X. along with
 a list of some unpublished works of his. However,
 he was not a confirmed student of the subject, the
 manuscript could not be used as a text, and my
 acquaintance with H. VON X. was in fact not a triumph.

At the same time, the Holy Rite of the Grand-Duchess of Baden, the daughter of Caxo's Prince of Cologne, a girl of about sixteen years of age, which is engraved representing her, and an inscription seemed to refer to the baptism of Ferdinand II. and to a godfather called

OTTO. It was lithographed for Frankfort, where, and at other places, it was subjected to comments. It now came to light how impossible it is for antiquarians to agree in their opinions. A document drawn up on the subject gives a remarkable example of the diversity of antiquarian criticism; and I do not deny that this experience fairly robbed me of all further pleasure and confidence in the matter. I, too, had written out an explanation of the vase for my gracious Princess, but one contradiction trod so closely on the heels of another that at last you were fairly puzzled to know whether the silver vase you held in your hands really existed, or whether there was any image or inscription on it at all.

The Triumphal Procession of Mantua, cut in wood by ANDREA ANDREANI had, among the art-works of the sixteenth century, from the beginning attracted my greatest attention. I had some plates of it in my own possession, and I never saw in any collection this production complete without going through the whole with lively interest. At last I received it myself, and was able to view them beside and following each other; I also studied VASARI, who, however, was not to my taste. The present resting-place of the originals, however, which having been painted on tables, had been carried away from Mantua, remained to me a secret. One morning I had my prints spread out in full in the garden-house of Jena, in order to contemplate them more particularly, when young MANNICH, a son of my old friend, entered, and at once declared this was to him the renewal of acquaintance he had lately made, having, shortly before his departure from England, seen such a collection, in good preservation, at Hampton Court, in the royal rooms. Resolved to become closer, I renewed my relations with Herr Dr. SCHREYER, who in the friendliest way endeavoured to meet all my wishes. Number, measure, condition, nay the history of their possession from KARL I. downwards, all was rendered easy, as I have circumstantially set forth in *Kunst und Antiquitäten*, iv., 2nd part. The original copper-plates, which, sold by MANNICH himself, likewise came, by way of exchange, into my hands, and I could now compare my plates to them in a whole, comparing them with

Barrisot's references, and make myself entirely conversant with such an important point in the history of art.

From youth up I had peculiar pleasure in the company of plastic artists. With free, light exertion a picture would arise in conversation before our eyes: our mutual intelligence was perfect. This pleasure was now allotted to me in a high degree. Herr State-Councillor SCHULTZ brought with him three worthy artists from Berlin to Jena, where towards the end of summer I was staying in my usual garden residence. Herr Privy-Councillor SCHINKEL admitted me into the plan of his new theatric building, and showed me invaluable landscape pen-drawings, the recollection of his Tyrol travels. Herren TUCK and KRAUSE added a bust of me, the former also a profile of FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL. On this occasion sprang up a lively, gay, passionate conversation on art, and I may well reckon these days as among the fairest of the year. A model of a column was finished in clay, KAUFMANN, the Court-sculptor, poured in gypsum cast. These friends left for Weimar, whether I followed them, renewing the most pleasant hours. So much in the way of production had been crammed into these few days: design and composition, plans and preparations, matter of instruction and execution, that the remembrance of them will ever be a precious thing for me.

As to the state of art in Berlin I was now most fully instructed, Heffrat's MAYER communicating to me the details of his stay there. His essays also on art, and his other collections chained my vital attention to the subject at weeks in general till the end of the year. In the month of October, I received the most complete collection of medals sent in brass by Count Tolstoy in honour of the Emperor's birthday. How highly praise-worthy was the Emperor's taste is more particularly set forth by the Weimar journal, *Kunst und Alterthum*.

Exhibitions and other occasions contributed to the completion of my copper-plate collection. Brown prints of Raphael and Raphaelino da Reggio, of an entombment, the original of which had already been in my possession for some time, shed the clearest light on the procedure of artists and imitators. The 'Sacraments of Poussin' gave

us deep insight into the *nature* of so important an artist. Everything here was justified at the court of the understanding, was based on an irrefragable conception of art, but you felt the almost entire absence of a certain naïveté which delights in communicating itself, and also captivates the hearts of others. From this point of view a series of such important and revered subjects was of the greatest furtherance to us.

Good prints of VOX HALDENWAN'S aquatinta, after Nahl's careful drawings of the four Cassel Claude Lorraines, also came into my hands. These excite our continual astonishment, and are all the more prized that the originals snatched away from our neighbourhood are accessible to but a few people in the far north.

The worthy, diligent Friedrich Guelin, who never failed in affectionate remembrance of the Weimar lovers of art, sent us most of the proofs of his copper plates to the Virgil of the Duchess of Devonshire. However much his skill in this work was admired, it could not but be regretted that he should lend his hand to such originals. These prints, intended to accompany a magnificent edition of the *Æneid* by Annibale Caro, give a mounted instance of the modern realistic tendency which prevails mostly in England. For what can well be better than to seek to illust. a poet by the representation of his late traits with the liveliest imagination in this too lively, refuses to copy? Can one be so stupid as not to perceive, or so foolish, not to act in conformity with the conception, that it was opportune enough for Virgil to be able to call to mind the original state of the little world, and to dress in some measure in poetical attire to see the eyes of his contemporary Romans, the long deserted, deserted, entirely changed castles and towers of the primitive time, but that to outrage the eyes of the common reader of Virgil with the literal copy of places remote and with the earth, well nigh in swamps, is to bring a perdition on the reader's imagination, to dip the wings of his fancy which would otherwise soar up to the summit of the poet's outings?

The Museum lithographs enabled us, from time to time, to enter up to the unrelenting progress of such a highly-

not remained fruitless for us. On an initiative from higher quarters we had assigned to him some tasks from which very beautiful results were transmitted us. A copy of the *Abdondantian nuptials*, in the state in which the artist found this work, made a very agreeable comparison with an older copy, executed also very carefully thirty years ago. To recall to mind the colouring of the Pompeian pictures we had desired several copies of them, and the worthy artist highly delighted us with the imitation of the well-known centaurs and female dancers. The tender feeling of the ancients in chromatics here displayed itself as entirely commensurate with their other merits. And, indeed, how was it possible for such a harmonious humanity to fail in this main particular? How was it possible that with the want of such a capital artistic qualification their nature should have betrayed a most serious defect?

As, however, our worthy artist on his return to Rome exhibited this work of his, the Nazarenes there hooted it as useless and ill-advised. He did not, however, allow himself to be led astray, but on our advice drew and coloured in Florence some works after Peter of Cortona, again strengthening our conviction that this artist was endowed by nature with a fine sense of beauty, especially in the field of colour. Had, since the beginning of the century, our influence on German artists not been quite frustrated, had cant with its deadening influence not resumed its sway over the minds of men, we should have given occasion for a collection of such a kind as would have presented in examples to an eye instructed purely in nature and art, a list of both the ancient and more modern colouring such as has been already composed in words. Seeing, however, things were once for all destined otherwise, we sought to strengthen only ourselves and the few immediately allied to us in our views, while that crazy sectarian spirit continued to proclaim its old exploded cant to be the only general maxim of all artistic procedure.

Well, we were not lucky in our own artistic production. However, MEIER, who had practised lithography in Germany, was encouraged to transfer to stone different drawings which were in our hands, among them Carstens'. He succeeded not amiss; it is true; but the first number

published under the name of the 'Weimar Pinakothek' found no purchasers, the market being glutted with wares, some of them of excellent quality. He tried some more plates, but we found it advisable to suspend the business, in the hope of resuming it in the future with improved techniques.

As in some measure allied to plastic art, I remark here that this year my attention again revived in the direction of autographic handwritings of distinguished persons, in consequence of the publication of a description of the Castle of Friedland with facsimiles of Wallenstein and other important personages of the thirty years' war, a work which I now continued by way of supplement to my original documents. At the same time there also appeared a portrait of that remarkable man in full figure from the facile practised hand of Dionysius Bazarar in Prague, the spirit of those things being thus conjured back to us in a twofold manner.

Of my equal interest in works of various kinds, a great deal still is to be said. HERMANN'S programme on the nature and treatment of mythology I read with the high respect I had always given to the works of this excellent man, for what can more profit us than to be admitted into the views of a good, deep and penetrating mind who have consecrated their faculties towards one object? One remark of his did not escape me, and that is, that the primitive people of our kind languages were, in the naming of natural objects, and in their reverence of them as ruling deities, influenced more by fear than by love, recognising more the dominantly destructive than the liberally creative deities. As a result this human race of ours never fairly outgrows its original blind elemental elements: it struck me how our latest theories in geology remained true to the instincts of their ancestors, and could conceive of no way of creating a world tranquilly vaulting the out of mountains, convulsing the earth, rending it into chasms, torturing it internally in storms and confusions, *zudörren*, sweeping it with hurricanes, deluging it with floods and such-like universal calamities.

WILHELM PAULSEN'S 'I against the world'. The works of this man, with whom I stood in intimate personal

relations, had long since served to lighten up my way before me. In the study of the above work, I watched myself and the operations of my mind. In this way I became aware how systole and diastole were constantly alternating in me. I was accustomed to regard the two Homeric poems as wholes, and here were they each with great knowledge, penetration, and ability, sundered and taken to pieces, and while my understanding readily concurred in this procedure, a traditional feeling at once re-composed into a whole all these detachments, and a certain tolerance which overcomes us in the appreciation of all true poetical productions, caused me tenderly to overlook the gaps, variations and defects I had been made sensible of.

Rost's observations on 'Aristophanes' appeared shortly after Wolf's work. Although grammar proper was outside of my sphere, I appropriated out of this book all that belonged to me. Lively conversation with this young man, and natural intellectual communications afforded me, during my lengthy stay on this occasion in Bonn, the most agreeable hours.

The French literature, old and modern, excited this time also my special interest. The novel 'Attila' of the reading of which was almost forced on me, I had to approve as satisfactory. The works of M. de Balzac excited wondering admiration. The fact that persons of such character and talents are produced will no doubt be the chief advantage handed down by millage, this to posterity. They it is who impart such a glow to our eyes, to our eyes of world history otherwise so repulsive. The history of Jean of Orleans, in its way of telling, produces the same effect, only that at the distance of several centuries it requires a certain *chânesse*. In the same way the poems of Marie of France appear distant and venerable, but on account of the vapour of years which rises between us and our forefathers.

One of my predictions, that Otto von Guericke was slightly overrated, has been amply confirmed, also in a very express but too late manner. While he was living, while at a certain extent he was useful to his country, he was not the young man whom I had supposed. He was only in a small circle. We saw a lot of the Marquises, and Herward's picture

affected me, each in its own way, disagreeably. They seemed to me like knights who, to surpass their predecessors, seek reward outside the lists. Henceforth I withdrew from everything modern, committing the enjoyment and the judgment of such to younger hearts and minds; berries of that sort, though no longer tempting to me, might yet be toothsome to them.

Transported, however, into an earlier period by Blumauer's *'Æneid,'* I shuddered in the endeavour to realize to myself how such boundless insipidity and puerility could ever have been popular or conform with the tastes of any time. *'Touti Namah'* by Iken drew me again, with an expectedly into the East. My admiration of the *'Fables,'* especially those according to the older *'Zehn,'* of which Kosegarten in the appendix gives examples, was raised, or rather revived; the living presence of the unsearchable and incredible, it is, which presents us with such powerful delight. How easy it seems to destroy the feeling and imagination such inviolable things by the application of mystic symbolism! But, to escape complete antithesis, I mention a literary collection of *'Lieder'* Songs which, just as limited as the above, are, nevertheless, woven in the most natural simple circle.

My interest was next withdrawn to foreign countries, and I was carried into the most dreadful African situations by Pichler's *'The Morocco Slavery,'* into states of rising and falling culture, older and more modern, by Laxner's *'Journey to Spain.'* A written diary of Zelt's travels in the German Ocean, a diary which anew confirmed my view that the affection we cherish for the past is a most inflexible means towards realising the best of values and manners.

Two other persons far and near called forth my interest. The *'Lieder'* of Hess, written by LAXNER, priest of Switzerland, especially with its autographic additions, confirmed my idea and conception of that wonderful child of nature, a figure, such as perhaps could be born and beget only in Switzerland. In 1779 I had come to know the man personally, and as a lover of oddities and curiosities, viewed with wonder this astonishing, sound piece of humanity, and delighted myself also with the

fables told of him. These earlier days were now recalled to me, and I was all the better able to comprehend such a physical phenomenon, that I summoned to the help of imagination and reflection his personal presence and the surroundings in which I had found him.

Of nearer interest for me was the misunderstanding which broke out between Voss and STOLBERG and which gave occasion for various considerations.

We often see how, after twenty years' married life, a couple who have been living secretly at variance with each other, seek divorce, and every one exclaims, "After having so long endured each other, why can't you do so to the end?" This reproach is, however, highly unjustifiable. He who adequately considers the high dignity environing the married state in regulated and cultivated society will be sensible of the dangerous consequences of divesting himself of such a sacred connection, and will often put the question to himself, whether it is not better to endure the bitterness of the present, so long as it is not altogether intolerable, and even to drag on a wretched life, rather than precipitate a result which, unfortunately, when the ills of married life at last grow unendurable, of itself springs violently into the light of day.

Similar is the case with a friendship formed in youth. In the first days of radiant dawning hope, one enters absolutely, heart and soul, into such a connection; a rupture is inconceivable for the present, inconceivable through all eternity. Such committal of the soul in friendship stands much higher than the alliance two passionate lovers vow at the altar; it is wholly pure, unadulterated by desire, the gratification of which might be apt to induce a retrocession. It, therefore, seems impossible to make a bond of friendship which has been contracted in youth, even though more than once differences should crop up threatening to dissolve it.

If one looks minutely into Voss's grievances against Stolberg, one will find in the very first conditions of their acquaintance a pronounced divergence which there was no opportunity ever seeing composed. Two brothers of the highest Courts, distinguished from others at the student's table by their better plate and confectionery,

whose ancestral line in the background ever overshadows their existence in many ways, -how can an able, blunt, downright, isolated *Autochthon* enter into true, lasting alliance with such men? The reciprocal relation is, moreover, loose to the utmost degree: a certain youthful liberal good-nature under the action of æsthetic influences draws them together, without uniting them; for what avails a bit of living and rhyming against innate qualities, modes and conditions of living?

On leaving the university, had they separated, the one for the north, the other for the south, a certain relation, by letters and writings might, at all events, have been continued. But, instead, they approach each other too gradually, find each other to reciprocal services and gratitude, live as neighbours to each other; come in contact in their businesses with each other; inwardly dissatisfied they tug and strain fretfully together, held to one another by elastic bands.

The possibility, however, how such torture could be so long endured, such a desperate relation be perennially maintained, is a problem not to be solved by every one. I, however, am convinced that this wonder was due to the amiable, intermediating influence of the Countess Anna. I myself once rejoiced in the radiance of her finest years, and delighted myself in her most graceful movements, gazing in her nature before which all dissensions faded, and could not help at once dissolving and vanishing. Her ascendancy was not that of the moral, nor of the intellectual, but of a free, untrammelled personality. Never did I see her again, but in all relations as peace-maker between husband and friend, I recognise her perfectly. All through, she plays the rôle of the Angel-Grazioso, plays a part equally charming and effective, so that I have asked myself whether it would not have moved the admiration of a Caligula, the master of such a province. Not without a consciousness of her power, not without a feeling of her serene ascendancy, she moves between the two alternate friends and separates them into combat by the charm she suggests of the possible paradise lying in relations where yet, inwardly, they already detect the perniciities of hell.

The god-like Lely hastens back to the source of her being; Stolberg gropes after a lost prop, and the red-ril clings round the cross. Voss, on the other hand, lets himself be overcome by the indignation he had so long nursed in his heart, and presents to us as an injustice on the other side what was only a reciprocal incompatibility. Stolberg with a little more strength, Voss with a little less tenacity would never have allowed the affair to go the length it did. Had they found union on a solid footing impossible a separation would yet have been rendered more tolerable and mutually pardonable.

In any case both were to be pitied. They would not let the former impression of friendship die away, not considering how friends who shake hands with each other at the parting of the reels are already as good as lost to each other. If their dispositions run in mutually opposite directions, how is the one to communicate his innermost secrets to the other? It is very odd, therefore, to see Voss blame Stolberg for keeping secret what had no right to be imparted to *him*, and which, when it at last came to the light of day, affected the most solid and sensible men with despair.

How did Jacobi and many others demean themselves on that event? And will the matter be found as interesting in the future as it then appeared at the moment? I know not; but a like scandal will unquestionably arise should so selfish and protestantism, however free, in its shade two boys have crept beside each other in our splendour, so that on some particular occasion came into glaring contact with each other.

But a strange religion will produce such phenomena; particular literary differences unexpectedly coming to light will have the same effect. Let one but recall to mind the controversy, very by Friedrich Jacobi of Lessing's secret aversion to Spinoza's way of thinking, a dispute which was literally the death of Mendelssohn. How curious is it to the Berlin friends, who thought they knew the man so intimately with Lessing, to have discovered so much on them the fact that all his life he had been secretly looking on a view of things in deism.

I had a visit from ERNST SCHUBARTH, whose personal acquaintance was highly agreeable to me. The affection with which he had comprehended my works could not but make him dear and precious to me, and his thoughtful presence raised my appreciation of him still higher. Though, from the peculiarity of his character gave me some apprehension as to how he would like and fit himself into civil life, there now presented itself an opening where he might be able to make his way under favourable auspices.

Some labours and preparations busied me greatly. I took back in hand the 'Second Residence in Rome,' in order to attach it by a necessary continuation to the 'Italian Journey;' I next found myself disposed to work at the 'Campaign of 1792' and the 'Siege of Mainz,' etc. I therefore made an extract from my diaries, read several volumes relative to these epochs, and endeavoured to recall everything to remembrance. I further wrote a summary account of the years 1797 and 1798, supplied two numbers of 'Art and Antiquity,' as a conclusion to the second volume, and prepared the first number of the third volume, in connection with which work I have to remember another careful development of the motives of the Fall. I wrote the 'Self-betrayer,' also the continuation of the 'Nut-brown Maid' and furthered the ideal connection of the 'Travels.' The free, unembarrassed feeling of travel allowed me to come again in contact with the 'Divine;' I extended the 'Book of Paradise,' now founded, and did to intercede in the preceding parts. To the heroic poem I endeavoured thankfully to reply to the many congratulations from so many sides of my birth-land, stimulated by the sympathetic inquiries addressed to me. I wrote a commentary to the abstruse poem, the 'Elder's journey in Winter.'

In German literature, 'Count Cambranda' engaged my attention. The truly amiable author, ALESSANDRO MARIANO, an Italian poet, was, on account of a theatrical head-dress, which he had given, accused by his countrymen of extravagance, of whose improprieties, however, not the slightest trace attached to him. He held by an historical sense, his poetry had the character of a complete reality, and though he luxuriated little in tropes, his

lyric utterances were yet highly praiseworthy, as even envious critics had to acknowledge. Our good German youths might see in him an example of how a man in simple greatness exerts power naturally—an example which might, perhaps, lead them back from the altogether false *Transcendiren*.

Music was sparingly, yet sweetly, apportioned me. A children's song, composed for the Nepomucus festival in Carlsbad, was rendered back to me by friend Zelter in fit style and high sense. Music-director EBERWEIN turned his talent happily to the 'Divan,' and the charming execution of his wife gave me many delightful social hours.

Some things in reference to persons I will write down without further connection as I find them marked. The Duke de Berri is murdered to the horror of all France. Hofrath Jagemann dies to the regret of Weimar. I make the long longed-for acquaintance of HERR VON GAGERN, who pays me a friendly visit, in which the peculiar individuality of this excellent man is displayed to me. His Majesty, the King of Württemberg, honours me with his presence in the company of our young masters. I have, next, the pleasure of making the acquaintance of worthy men, his Majesty's cavaliers, in attendance on him. In Carlsbad I meet both patrons and friends. Countess von der Recke and the Duchess of Courland I find as formerly gracefully and sympathetically disposed towards me. Literary conversations are continued with Dr. Schütze. Councillor of the Embassy Conte takes part with much insight in the geognostic excursions. The specimens we collect in these wanderings and otherwise are viewed with interest by the Prince of Thurn and Taxis and his circle. Prince Karl of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen shows me kindness. Good fortune brings me into the company of Professor Hermann of Leipzig, and we come mutually to increased instruction.

And so, at last, in the way both of jest and earnest, I may also mention a marriage in civil life which was celebrated at the shooter's house, the so-called little Versailles. A pleasant valley at the side of the Schlackenwald was so thickly sprinkled with citizens in their finery, who, in part guests of the young pair, lustily moved

about, smoking their tobacco pipes in hearing of dance-music, drowning all other sounds, or sat by the ever refilled glasses and beer-cans, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. I joined them and in a few hours gained a clearer conception of the state of the town proper of Carlsbad than in many years before I could have attained, when I looked upon the place as only a large hot-bath hospital.

My subsequent stay in Jena was greatly enlivened by the fact of my patrons spending a part of the summer in Dornum, which afforded me a more lively sociality than usual and a great deal of unexpected entertainment. For example Krtem Balahja, the celebrated Indian juggler and fire-swallow, astonished us on this occasion by his extraordinary feats.

Quite a number of visits blessed and gladdened me in the old garden-house and the scientifically planned botanical garden conveniently adjacent to it:—Madame Krieger, fifth Schlozer, whom I had seen many years ago at her father's house, where as the most beautiful, accomplished child, she grew up in happy development of the joy of the strict, almost surly-tempered man. There I saw also her last fashioned shortly before, by one countryman Thurnia in Rome, when the father and daughter were there. I would like much to know whether a cast of it still remains, and where it is to be found; it should be multiplied: father and daughter deserve to have their memory preserved. Vex Born was a lady from Rostock, a worthy couple with whom I became intimate through Herr von Preen, brought me the productions of a poet of nature and the nation, Dr. G. Bayer, which compare very favourably with the works of his coevals. Highly valuable are his occasional poems, which recall to us an old bygone state, revived in festal moments. Count PAAR, Adjutant of the Prince of Schwarzenberg, to whom I had attached myself in a friendly way in Carlsbad, assured me by his unexpected appearance and by his continued confidential communications of his inviolable affection. ANTON PROKESCH, likewise Adjutant to the Prince, was introduced to me by Count Paar thoroughly conversant with the Hahnemann

doctrine described it to me minutely, and from their communications it appeared to me that whoever was careful about himself and subjected himself solely to a diet conformable with his state and constitution, would so far unconsistently act in accordance with that method.

I had to thank HERR VON DER WALSBURG for much joyous light shed on the Spanish literature and the deeper insight into it thereby afforded me. A son of FALLENBERG brought me the philanthropic plastic efforts of his father more distinctly to sense and soul. Frau von HILVER, by birth Von THURN, awakened by her presence agreeable remembrances of former relations, as her drawings also showed how she had been always building on the foundations she had laid years before in the company of lovers of art in Wolmar. Count and Countess HELLGARTEN, as also FÖRSTER and his wife brought me personally the assurance of faithful interest in my life and labours on the part of friends known and unknown. Privy-Councillor RÖHM of Berlin, as also Professor WEISS, gave us but a flying visit, yet their fleeting presence served to enliven and instruct me.

Our circle at this time looked forward to the visit of Herr General-Superintendent RÖHM. When great profit was here in store for us was immediately on his entry to be foreseen, if not to be precisely calculated. He came at a good time for me: his first clerical act was the baptism of my second grandchild, who soon developed promising endowments of no least much good. Privy-Councillor BLUMENFELD, well familiarly acquainted us for some days with his interesting views over the same cheerful, cheerful, cheerful manner with an alternative memory, standing on his own feet, a true representative of the great learned institution in which he had for so many years laboured as a highly intelligent member. My dear relative's Counsellor SCHLESER and wife from Frankfurt-on-the-Main stayed some days with us, arising by their personal presence to a higher degree of confidence our many years' active friendly relations in with each other. Privy-Councillor WOLFF and his wife and copious studies by his instructive spirit concerning various things it happened that on his departure Dr. REISIG, who had been called to Hall, could accompany him

either—Dr. Reisig, a young man whom I was very sorry to part with, not alone on my own account. Dr. KÜCHELMEYER from St. Petersburg, VOX QUANDT and his lady, VOX ANONY and Painter RÜHL by their interesting conversations greatly variegated our social days.

On the side of our princely family, we were gladdened by the visit of Duke Bernhard with his spouse and children. Almost at the same time, however, by an unhappy slip the grand duchess broke her arm, causing sorrow and apprehension to the whole of her friends.

By way of supplement I have yet to remark that at the end of September the revolution broke out in Portugal: that personally I escaped a business the undertaking of which, with the great responsibility attaching to it, threatened me with no end of worry.

1821.

I found much inducement to self-activity. The many years' affection and friendship of Count Brühl demanded a tribute from me for the opening of the new Berlin theatre, a prologue which, as time passed, had to be composed and executed almost extemporaneously. The good effect it produced was highly delightful to me; for I had found for an opportunity of testifying to dear Berlin my sympathy with it in important epochs of its history.

I again put hand to the 'Paralipomena.' Into this compartment I stowed away different accumulations, whatever in the way of poems I had yet unprinted or unassorted. From time to time such a work being not so severe irksome if too long protracted. I would arrange them, and, a good number among them being already old poems, annotate them as well.

'Zempe Xenien' I also pieced together; for although one should avoid marring the catholicity of his poetical works by peevish, and ill-natured personalities, one cannot help now and again giving vent to his nature on this side. Of small productions originating in this way, I set apart the most admissible, sticking them into pasteboard covers.

For some years now, Howard's 'Formation of Clouds' had busied me, and proved highly advantageous in the contemplation of nature.

In honour of his memory, I wrote four strophes containing the principal words of his terminology, and then at the request of London friends an exordium of three strophes striving to clear up and complete the sense.

Lord Byron's invectives against the Edinburgh Reviewers interested me in many a sense, and I began to translate them, though my want of information about many particulars soon compelled me to leave off. I had, therefore, all the more freedom to write poems in return for a transmission of Tischbein's drawings, as also poems referring to landscapes he had etched after my sketches.

I next had the unexpected happiness of paying homage in my own house and garden to their Imperial Highnesses, the GRAND DUKE NICOLAS and his consort ALEXANDRA, in the suite of our most gracious sovereign. Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess was graciously pleased to allow me to write some poetical lines in her homage in her magnificent album.

On the incitement of a kind friend I endeavoured to collect my scattered scintillate poems, printed and written, and arranged them in the order of subjects.

At last in Berlin legend which had long hovered in my mind, and which I had occasionally compressed into shape, resumed its life in me, and I endeavoured to make a complete enumeration of it.

To pass now from poetry to prose, I have to report that the *'Travels'* awoke to new life in me. I began to transcribe in hand, consisting of detached little series, in part already printed, so constituted by the wanderings of a well-to-do wanderer, stories which, though not all of one well-sustained tone, and dominated by one idea. There was little more remaining to be done, and even the retractory contents still formed row upon row, and galled me to the completion of the work. The printing was begun in the summer, and ended in the middle of May.

'The Antiquary,' III. Volume, 2nd number, was at the same time on the loom, a great deal being worked into it, and I should be agreeable to cultivated friends.

Curiously enough I was transiently seized by the desire to work at the fourth volume of *'Poetry and Prose,'* a

third of it was written which of course invited one to fetch up the rest. A pleasant episode in connection with Lill's birthday was produced particularly *con amore*; other things indicated and written down. From such occupation, however, in which success is possible only in tender confidential hours, I soon found myself wrenched away by other employment which caused those biographical memories again to subside into the shade.

Some novels were projected; dangerous negligence, ruinous reliance on habit, and other such-like quiet simple scenes of life, were fetched forth from the usual indifference with which they are regarded, and raised to the life and importance really attaching to them.

In the middle of November, I began the 'Campaign of 1792.' The assortment and concatenation of the materials in my hands required all my attention. I wanted to be true all through, and yet at the same time not to disparage the whole empiricism. 'Art and Antiquity,' Vol. III., 3rd. number, likewise went its course. Lighter efforts, such as the preface to the 'German Gil-Blois,' and smaller biographies for the 'Trauerloge,' succeeded pleasantly in the intervals.

Onwardly, with reference to me and my works, there appeared a great deal that was agreeable. A translation of Howard's 'In Memoriam' showed that I had hit the pulse of the English, and had given them pleasure by my translation of their countryman. Dr. Noorden, who held a post in the London Museum, translated, with great fidelity, my treatise on 'Da Vinci's Supper,' which, in the next edition and most tastefully revised, he translated for me. 'Rancan's Nephew' is translated in Paris, and passes for some time as the original, and in the same way many theatrical pieces are also gradually translated. The interest I took in foreign and in German literature I can testify to the following extent:

It will be remembered what a painful sensation was caused among those who loved and enjoyed the art of poetry, when the personality of Homer, the unity of the action of those world-renowned poems, was so boldly and so disputed. The world of culture was agitated to its deepest depth, and if unable to refute the arguments

advanced by the powerful antagonist, it could not yet quit : extinguish the old feeling and prejudice that there could be but one source whence so much that was precious was derived. This conflict now lasted over twenty years, and it required a revolution in the whole sentiment of the literary world to re-assert in some measure the old mode of representing things.

The majority of the classically cultivated world were growing impatient of a state of destruction and dismemberment. Tired of unbelief they longed to attain again to belief, to rally out of detachment into union, out of criticism into enjoyment. A fresh crop of youths had grown up as instructed as they were full of life : with courage and freedom they undertook to recover the advantage we in our youth had also enjoyed, namely, without peddling scrutiny to let the appearance of an effective whole pass for a whole. Altogether youth has no liking for dismemberment, the time in many a sense had powerfully struggled towards synthesis, and the former spirit of reconciliation was again felt ruling in the minds of men.

SCHUBARTH'S 'Ideas on Homer' found more and more response ; his ingenious treatment, in particular the pronounced favour shown to the Trojans, excited a new interest, and people felt themselves disposed to his view. An English essay on Homer, in which, in a kindly way, it was also sought to maintain the unity and indivisibility of these poems reached us at the right time, and, convinced that, in accordance with the usual procedure to which such works are subjected, down even to the present day, our best and liter and thoughtful transcriber strive to the best of his ability to weld the poems into one, and lay them down as a whole, I again formed forth the argument of the *Iliad*, which in order to a swifter survey of the work I had composed many years before.

The fragments of 'Phaethon' communicated by Chevalier HIRTMANN stimulated my productivity. I hastily collected many pieces of Euripides to make myself at home with the mind of this extraordinary dramatist. Professor Voss translated the fragments, and I busied myself for a long time with a possible supplement.

'Artist-plates' by Voss gave us new views and a fresh

interest in the most singular of all theatrical poets. Plutarch and Appian are studied, this time for the sake of the triumphal processions, in order to be the better able to appreciate MATEGNA's drawings, the representations of which he evidently drew from the ancients. In doing so, we were at the same time admitted, here and there, to a view of highly important events and states in Roman history. VOX KNEBEL's translation of 'Lucretius,' which after manifold studies and labours at last appeared, compelled us to wider views and studies in the same field; we had to make ourselves conversant with the high state of Roman culture half a century before the birth of Christ, and with the relation of the poetical and oratorical art to those sacred war and the State. Dionysius of Halicarnassus could not be neglected; and so charming was the subject that several friends found entertainment with and in him.

The interest in English literature was now kept constantly alive by a multitude of books and writings, especially also by Hufner's highly interesting reports in writing sent from London. LORD BYRON's former controversy with his weak and unworthy reviewers brought to our recollection the names of many writers in poetry and prose, who had grown remarkable since the beginning of the century, and I therefore read with attention and souls in the poetical mythology, in order to obtain a more particular knowledge of their circumstances and talents. Lord Byron's 'Marino Faliero,' as also his 'Manfred,' in Döring's translation, kept that prized and extraordinary man ever before our eyes. 'Kenilworth,' by Walter Scott, read in the original, and a number of his novels, called me to mind his excellent talent for transforming a sketch or notion into a living picture, and generally to witness his very high proficiency in this species of prose and literature.

Through the medium of English, and under the guidance of the worthy Professor KOSGMANN, I turned my attention some time to India. By his exact translation of the 'Meghaduta,' this invaluable poem, which seemed alive before my eyes, and joined in one series of images a faithful collector. 'Nala's story was studied with

admiration, and I only regretted that with us sentiments, morals, and intellectual habitudes have developed in a way so different from that of this Eastern nation, that such an important work can gain among us only a few readers, perhaps only readers by profession.

Of Spanish productions I name first an important work, 'Spain and the Revolution.' A travelled man, very well acquainted with the customs of the Peninsula, with its State, Court and financial relations, portrays to us here, in a methodic and trustworthy manner, the interior aspect of the country in these respects during the years in which he personally witnessed all he describes, and communicates to us a conception of what is being accomplished in such a land by revolutions. His way of looking at things and of thinking does not correspond with the spirit of the times, which therefore dooms the book to inviolable silence, a kind of inquisitionary censure which the Germans have largely applied.

Two pieces by CALDERON gave me the highest pleasure; the most absurd subject in 'Aurora of Copacabana,' the most rational and natural in the 'Daughter of the Air,' both handled with equal mind and superabounding talent, so that the power of genius to control the most refractory elements is here most indubitably manifested, raising our appreciation of such productions double and threefold.

A Spanish anthology I received through the politeness of Herr PUTHES was highly pleasing to me. I appropriated from it all I could, though with my little knowledge of the language I encountered many obstacles.

From Italy only a few things reached our circle. 'Hildeconda' by GROSSI excited my whole attention, though I did not find time publicly to express my opinion on it. Here is displayed the most manifold activity of a pre-eminent talent which, though in a strange way, can boast of great ancestors. The stanzas are excellent, the subject disagreeably modern, the execution highly accomplished after the style of great predecessors. Tasso's grace, Ariosto's skill, Dante's repugnant, often horrible greatness—you have the patterns of them all here, one after the other. I should not care to read the work again for the sake of a more exact appreciation; I had quite

enough to do to get the horrible ghosts the first reading had conjured up in my imagination gradually exorcised.

With the greater welcome, therefore, I saluted 'Count Carmagnola,' a tragedy by MANZONI, a true congenial poet of clear comprehension, deep penetration, and human sympathy.

Of modern German literature I could not acquire much knowledge; for the most part only so much as had immediate reference to myself and which I could take up into my other labours. Zauper's principles for a German theoretical-practical poetry, brought me face to face with myself, and as if I were viewing myself in a mirror gave occasion for many considerations. I said to myself, "Seeing, that for the instruction of youth and their initiation into a language, chrestomathies are employed, it is not at all amiss to take oneself up with a poet who, more from impulse and fate than from choice and intention, attains to being himself a chrestomathy; for such do sense and taste cultivated by study of many predecessors in fact become. To addict oneself to such a poet has by no means a narrowing effect on the young man who adopts such a course, but rather compels him after he has wilfully wandered about long enough in a certain circle, to make his flight into the wide world and into distant ages. An example of this we have in Schubarth, who, having confined himself for a long period to my circuit, felt himself by this means only strengthened for the task of grappling with the most difficult problems of antiquity and effecting an ingenious solution of them." I said a great deal to the good Zauper which might be helpful to him, and replied to his 'Aphorisms' he had sent me in manuscript, by short observations not without use for him and others.

The affliction with which Dr. KANNEGIESSER endeavoured to decipher my 'Harz-journey' induced me to return to that very early period in my life, and furnish some explanations in regard to it.

A manuscript of the fifteenth century, painting at large in the most fabulous manner the legend of the three saintly kings, happening to fall into my hands, interested me in many a sense. I busied myself with it, and an ingenious

young man, Dr. Schwab, was disposed to translate it. This study gave rise to the observation of the way in which fables and histories in the different epochs interlace and conflict with each other so that they are hardly to be disentangled, and by disentangling them you only so far destroy them.

On each occasion of my stay in Bohemia I engaged myself in some measure with history and language, if only in the most general way. This time I again read ZACHARIAS THEOBALDUS's 'Hussites' War,' and to both my pleasure and profit, made a better acquaintance with STRANSKY's 'Respublica Bohemiae,' with the history of the author, and with the value of the work.

Through the arrangement of the University library at Jena, a collection of pamphlets of the sixteenth century became accessible to us; pamphlets which, in default of newspapers, served at that time to communicate intelligence to the public, and in which you obtain a more precise and immediate idea of the original *factum* than now, when on each particular occasion each party communicates only what suits its own views and intentions, so that only after the event is all over can you read the papers with profit and true insight.

Boissier's invaluable collection, which gave us a new idea of former Low-German painting, and so pretty well filled up a gap in the history of art, was now to be made known by excellent lithographs to those who could no longer contemplate the originals, while at the same time people who had not yet seen the originals should by means of these lithographs be enticed to draw near personally to those treasures. STRIXNER, already long celebrated for his Munich works, showed himself here too to great advantage, and although the striking value of the original pictures consists in their splendid colour, we, nevertheless, make acquaintance with the thought, expression, design and composition; and as by copper plates and engravings we come to an appreciation of the works of the High-German artists, so here also, by a newly-invented method of imitation, we become conversant with the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who had hitherto scarcely been named among us. Every copper-plate collector

will willingly procure himself these sheets, as in consideration of their intrinsic value their price is to be accounted moderate.

There next appeared the Hamburg lithographs, mostly portraits, excellently designed and executed by artists staying and working together. We wish every amateur the happiness of possessing these prints.

Much else that the time produced, and which may well be deemed boundless, is mentioned and appraised in another place.

We will now call to mind a labour of our own, a Weimar-lithographic number with explanatory text, which we published under the title of 'Pinakothek.' The intention was to bring to the notice of the public a great deal on our hands worthy of communication. However that might be, this small attempt acquired many patrons, it is true, but few purchasers, and was continued only slowly and in private to keep the brave artist from falling out of practice and to maintain alive a technical art, to promote which every community, great or small, should account it an advantage to itself.

Now, however, after long waiting the engraver's art brought us a print of the greatest significance. In the most beautiful clearness and distinctness, a picture of Raphael's dating from his fairest youthful years is here delivered to us; here is already as much accomplished as there is much to be hoped. The long time the engraver had expended on this work must be regarded as happily spent, so that we could not at all grudge him the recompense he thereby laboriously achieved.

Almost at the same time pattern prints for manufacturers and hand-workers reached us from Berlin, which, too, could not but be highly welcome to every artist. The purpose is noble and beautiful, to communicate through inanimate forms to the whole of a great nation the feeling of the beautiful and pure. In these patterns, therefore, everything is exemplary; choice of subjects, composition, sequence and completeness—virtues which together will evermore display themselves in these desirable sheets.

After such excellent works extending almost over the

whole field of art, I may now speak of a single drawing which refers immediately to me, but as a work of art is not without merit. It is due to the efforts which DAWK, an English painter, during his lengthy stay here, made in regard to my portrait. In its way it is to be pronounced a success, and well deserved being carefully engraved in England.

We were called forth into the free world by the landscape drawings of DAVID HESS of Zürich. A very beautifully coloured water-colour series conducted as to the road over the Simplon, a colossal structure which caused a great deal of talk in its time.

The drawings to the Prince of Neuwied's 'Brazilian Journey' transplanted us into distant regions. The wonderful nature of the subject seemed to be in rivalry with the artistic representation.

Another performance in the way of art I have to record, which as a puzzle engaged and agitated every good ingenious head: it was the invention how to take a larger or smaller impression from a copper plate. I saw such proof-sheets in the hands of a traveller who had just brought them as a great rarity from Paris, and in spite of the improbability, we had on close inspection to admit that the greater and smaller impressions were really to be recognised as of one origin.

To report now something weighty in reference to painting as well, we do not fail to set forth that when on initiation from higher quarters means were granted to the talented CARLUS RYAN to go to Italy, we were able to give him the commission to copy various things which might be worthy of remark in the history of colouring and be of furtherance for this important branch of art itself. What in the course of his travels he achieved and sent home, and what after their completion he brought back with him, was exactly the praise-worthy contribution we wanted. The Atrachinian wedding in its latest state, the venerable female dancers and Bacchic centaurs, whose form and composition were already known to us in the form of rough copper-plates, were now presented to the public, so that we were able to admire with joy the great artistic taste in this respect as well. German Art-

scholars, bewildered in modern error, would of course not see into the value of such labours; but we did not let this circumstance discompose either ourselves or the understanding artist.

Brought near as we thus were to the antique mind, MAXIMILIANA'S 'Triumphal Procession' again appeared in the highest degree pleasing to our eyes. Following the great artist's own copper-plate, we had the picture intended to take the tenth place in sequence behind the triumphal chariot drawn in commensurate style and size, and thereby brought to view a concluded series most highly instructive.

Copies of old glass-paintings of St. Gereon's church in Cologne, imitated with the greatest care in respect to drawing and colour, excited every one's admiration, and gave a remarkable demonstration as to how an art, advancing from its primary elements, was able to achieve its ends.

Through the kindness of the BOISSERÉE circle, other works of this Low-German school, more advanced and more complete, were shown us, while at a later date from Cassel a more modern effort of art, aspiring to the antique, was presented to our eyes—'Three Singing Angels' which on account of completeness and precision we had reason to view with special attention.

In contrast, however, to this strict, self-retarding art, there came to us from Antwerp, a joyous picture, 'Rubens as a youth, presented by a fair, stately lady to the aged Lipsius,' and that in the very room which has come down to us from that time unchanged, the room in which this man, excellent in his way, had worked as corrector of the press for Plantin's printing-house.

In immediate accord with this, was a copy from a painting of the sons of Rubens in Dresden, which shortly before COUNTESS JULIE VON EGLOFFSTEIN had finished in a lively and happy manner. We at the same time admired her highly practised and accomplished talent in a drawing-book, in which with no less skill than truth to nature she had delineated the portraits of friends, as also country family seats.

At last my own lame talent also came to be considered,

distinguished and valued collectors demanding something from my hand, to whose wishes, then, I yielded, though with some backwardness. At the same time I united into one volume a considerable number of leaves of more than usual distinctness: they were those of the year 1810, when for the last time the impulse to express nature in my way animated me for some months. For the sake of the singular circumstances in which they originated, these leaves might have some value for me.

My relation to architecture was, properly, only historical, theoretical, and critical. Surveyor-in-chief COLEBRAY, solid, skilful, as active as he was talented in this domain, instructed me with reference to the buildings to be undertaken by us, and the conversation on these subjects was of the greatest furtherance to me. Together we perused many important copper-plate works, the new work by DUVANIE, *Partie graphique des Cours d'Architecture*, reminding us of a time shortly passed, RICHARDSON'S 'The new Vitruvius Britannicus,' and in detail the always exemplary ornaments of ALBERTOLI and MOREAU.

Highly welcome to me in this province was a drawing, sent me from Berlin, through the kindness of the theatre-manager, the scene, within which at the opening of the theatre, the prologue composed by me was recited.

BUSCH'S treatise on Cologne Cathedral called me back into former centuries. The manuscript, however, was read less often than I liked, and the thread of reflection, which with momentary interest began to spin itself, was snapped, and its zealous re-attachment was destined to be subjected to many accidents.

If in that work we had seen the old German architecture at its highest regulated summit, other representations, the old architectural monuments in the Austrian Empire, had exactly enabled us to see only an art diverging from the tradition and into a capricious style.

We were, however, reminded of one good time in the history of this Austrian style of architecture by a very curious inscription in Eger, once transformed into a Cathedral, and now a seat of religious service either of the old or of the new Testament. The number of the year of an old Hebrew inscription standing high on a

pillar was undecipherable, even to a Jewish student travelling by the place. The same dubiety which renders highly uncertain both the number of the year and of the people of the Hebrews, prevails here also, and caused us to desist from further investigation.

In plastic art some activity was shown, if not in reality, yet in important subjects. Some busts in gypsum and marble by the court-sculptor KAUFMANN receive applause, and a smaller medal with his Serene Highness's licence to be executed in Paris was the subject of conversation and deliberation.

Theory and criticism as also other things of influence on art pursued their course and were profitable, now in a more contracted, now in a more extended circle. A paper of the *Weimarer Kunstfreund* for Berlin respecting art-schools and academies, another in reference to museums, written with full conviction, if not everywhere received with approval; a treatise on lithography praising the masters of such an art, and certainly grateful to them; all this testifies to the earnestness with which on our side it was sought, in manifold ways, to promote the welfare of art.

A very pleasant conversation with foreign friends called forth, with the help of copper-plates, many observations on execution, technical and higher composition, invention, and the effectual representation of motives. The high value of copper-plate art in this historical sense was at the same time set forth, we extolling it as a great boon.

Music likewise promised to revive in my household circle. ALEXANDER BOUCHER and his wife, with violin and harp, first moved a small circle of assembled friends to admiration and astonishment, and then produced a like effect on the Weimar public, next on the great public of Berlin, accustomed to everything that is excellent. The talents for musical production and execution of Director ELLERWEIN and his wife gave us repeated enjoyment, and in the middle of May a large concert was able to be arranged. To listen to and direct recitation and rhythmic delivery, was an old, not quite extinguished passion with me. Two persons of decided talent in this department, COUNTESS JULIE ALEXANDROVNA and Fräulein AULIE SCHOPENHAUER, took great delight in reciting the Berlin prologue, each in her

way penetrating into the inmost spirit of the poetry, and representing it with a pleasing variety in accordance with the difference of their idiosyncrasies. Through the care and skill of a long approved friend, Hofrath Rochlitz, a Streicher harpsichord which he had thoroughly tested, came to us from Leipsic—a very happy event, for soon after ZETTER brought us a pupil of his, FÉLIX MENDELSSOHN, who excited our highest admiration, but whose incredible talent would, without the medium of such a mechanism, never have been brought home to us. In this way too a great and important concert was next achieved, in which HUMMEL, the leader of the orchestra, whose talent one can never sufficiently praise, likewise took part. Subsequently, HUMMEL, from time to time, entertained us with some remarkable performances, which caused us to regard the possession of this excellent instrument as an invaluable treasure.

From music I turn to Natural Science, and before everything else I have to mention PURKINJE's work on subjective seeing, which especially interested me. I made an abstract of it, appending notes, and with a view to the use I intended making of it, had the annexed table copied—a laborious and difficult work, which, however, the careful artist readily undertook, because at an earlier period he had himself been distressed by appearances similar to these there delineated, and was glad to learn that they were natural, and no symptom of a morbid state.

Seeing that on the pure conception of *turbidity* the whole theory of colour depends—as by it we attain to the observation of the original phenomenon, and its circumspect development will explain to us the whole world of vision—it was well worth while to take a comprehensive view of the modes in which the different nations have expressed themselves on this subject, from what point they have proceeded, and inw as they were more rude or more refined, they have made use of analogies nearer or more remote in that respect. We endeavoured to obtain certain Vienna drinking-glasses on which a turbid varnish represented the phenomenon more beautifully than it could otherwise be seen.

Different chromatic observations were looked out from

former papers for the fourth number, BERNARDINUS TELESIIUS being studied, both from a general point of view as also specially for the sake of colour. SEEBECK'S lecture on the unequal excitement of warmth in the prismatic sun-image was highly welcome, and my former ideas on those remarkable appearances again revived.

KÖRSER, the court mechanician, busied himself with the preparation of flint-glass, and, according to French prescriptions, set up in his workshop an instrument for the so-called polarisation experiments. The result, as we had long been instructed to expect, was pitiful, and it was remarkable enough that just at this time a feud between BER and ARAGO began to transpire, which to experts showed still more conspicuously than ever the nullity of the whole of this doctrine.

Herr VON HENNING visited me from Berlin. In consequence of my conversations with him, he became completely initiated into the theory of colours, and showed the courage to adopt it publicly. I communicated to him the table which should show to him what kind of phenomena in a chromatic exposition are to be observed and considered, and in what order.

In the knowledge of the surface of our globe we were much furthered by Count STERNBERG'S 'Flora der Vorwelt' in the first and second number. To this was added the 'Knowledge of Plants,' by RHODE, in Breslau. The principal ox, brought from the Hassleber peat-pits to Jena, well deserves mention here, as one of the latest evidences of the earlier animal forms. The 'Archives of the Primitive World' had already come on a thought of this kind, and I had the particular pleasure on this occasion of renewing in Halberstadt my former friendly relation to Herr KORTE.

KNOCKSTERN'S intention of publishing a geological atlas for Germany met my most earnest wishes; I took a zealous part in the matter, and as far as the colouring was concerned, was ready with my advice and my views. Unhappily, on account of the indifference of the technical artists appointed to execute the work, this principal feature was not quite successful. If colour is to serve the map at all in the way of exhibiting essential dis-

functions, it is necessary that the greatest attention should be given to it.

The Marienbad rocks were collected with care. Arranged in Jena, they were then communicated to the public by way of experiment, to meet a repeated request for them, as also to furnish successors in this field of labour with such a valuable provision. SARTORIUS deposited in the Jena museum a series of rocks coming from the Rhone, in confirmation of the views of his treatise on the volcano.

In this year, too, not despairing of ultimate success, I diverted the attention of my Silesian friends to the Prieborn organised sandstone, or by whatever name this wonderful species of rock may be called, as also to the vitreous tubes at Massel, in former times abundant but unknown.

In the most general way I received furtherance from D'ARBRISSEAU DE VOISEN'S 'Géognosy' and from SONNET'S map of the heights of Europe.

Meteorology was diligently prosecuted. Professor PLESSER did his part; Conductor SIMON cultivated his talent ever more completely; Court-Medicinician KERNER was ready with his most careful aid in all technical preparations, and everything contributed to advance to the utmost possible degree the intentions and arrangements of the Prince. A manual of instruction was prepared for the whole body of observers in the grand duchy, new tables being drawn and engraved. The atmospheric observations in the middle of April were remarkable, as also the fall of snow on the 27th of June. The young PRINCE sent me a copy of my cloud drawings, and that we might miss no kind of observations, the tower-warden in Jena was instructed to take notes of certain matters. Meanwhile DUMBY'S prophecies gave people much to talk about, but neither profit nor applause was reaped by them.

I have not hardly complete account of the activity at Pöhlitz in the culture of plants would require a whole paper to itself. We shall only mention the erection of a greenhouse of great satisfaction to the man of science and interest to the taste of every visitor. The opposite end of that of the tropical vegetation was furnished with dried

specimens of plants from the island of Melville—specimens, however, which by their particularly sickly and wasting appearance only showed us the last traces of an otherwise well-known species of plants. The log of the trunk of a tree which had been injured, but had again coalesced, gave rise to many investigations into the recuperative powers of nature.

In Jena the botanical garden began to flourish with fresh life. Hofrath VOIGT, head-superintendent of the garden, and BAUMANN, the art-gardener, made a journey to Berlin, bringing home with them much that was profitable both for themselves and the establishment.

I held it expedient to close the two volumes of 'Natural Science and Morphology' with the fourth number, reserving so much material as would suffice for the preparation of a subsequent volume.

1822

Two important works conducted me to the old German architecture, to examination of its character through appreciation of its sentiment, and to a comprehension of the time in which it originated. MÖLLER'S 'German Architectural Monuments,' the first number of which was now completed, lay displayed to our view. After several proof-prints appeared the first number of BOISSERFÉ'S work on the Cathedral. A great part of the text which I had formerly studied in manuscript was appended, and now on my perusal of the whole it became clear as sunlight, as indubitable as the most palpable fact, that the religion, the morals, the peculiar phase of art, the peculiar spiritual needs, the physical and mental structure of the centuries in which this peculiar style of architecture bloomed forth so exuberantly—that these are never detached features, but only compose one great living unity. From this point of view it was to be explained how chivalry allied itself with ecclesiasticism, pursuing a different aim, yet animated with a kindred spirit.

Plastic art produced not many, but yet important fruits. The smaller medal with his Serene Highness's image and

the inscription *Doctarum frontium proemia*, was cut in Paris by BARRE. A little Bacchus in bronze, a genuine antique and of the greatest elegance, became mine through the kindness of Herr Major von STAFF. On the Italian campaign he had made his way through Italy to Calabria, and had the opportunity of procuring many a pretty work of art. Knowing my predilection in this direction, he honoured me with the little image which never fails to enliven me as often as I look at it.

TISCHEIN, out of old friendly affection, surprised me by a gem with stork and fox; the execution rough, thought and composition, however, quite excellent.

I receive 'The Climate of England' by HOWARD, two volumes. POSSELT writes a review. Inland observations under all the different headings continue, and are regularly transferred into tables. Inspector BISCHOFF of Dürrenberg urges the value of comparative barometrical observations, a proposal which is favourably received. Drawings of cloud-forms were collected and attentively prosecuted. Observation and reflection go hand in hand, thereby by means of tabular representation the uniform course of so many, not to say all, barometers whose readings naturally stood parallel, suggests the finding of a telluric cause and the ascription of the rising and falling of the quicksilver, within certain limits, to the earth's constantly changing power of attraction.

During my stay in Bohemia this time, the geological collection of the Marienbad district was again taken in hand and completed in relation to the documents and the list in press. The specimens, carefully arranged in a case, were at my departure given over to Dr. HEIDLER as basis for future investigation in natural science. The Techn. Museum honours me with beautiful lime-slate with fishes and plants from the Walsch estate. Agreeable and instructive conversation with Herr von BUCH in passing. In Elzer I met Herr Councillor GRÜSER, a diligent student of nature, engaged in raising a primitive colossal oak which had been lying deep sunk across the bed of the river. The rind was completely of the nature of peat. We next visited the pondam chalk pit of Dolitz, whence was derived the Mammoth's tooth which had been long

preserved as a remarkable heirloom by the family owning it, and was now intended for the Prague museum. I had a cast of it taken to show it for closer examination to Herr d'Alton.

With strangers, also, passing through the place the collection was contemplated and the problematic Kammerberg again visited. In the course of all this, DLASK's 'Natural History of Bohemia' was of furtherance and assistance.

Herr von ESCHWEGE, who had come from Brazil, shows us jewels, metals, and stones. His Serene Highness makes a considerable purchase. On this occasion is made over to me the collection of precious stones formerly purchased from Brückmann's legacy. It was highly interesting to me to revise a series which had been gathered and arranged by a passionate amateur and connoisseur trustworthy and circumspect for his time, to intercalate later acquisitions and give to the whole as good an appearance as possible. Fifty unpolished diamond crystals, remarkable when looked at separately, still more so when viewed in a series, which were now described and arranged according to their structure by Herr SORER, gave me a perfectly new insight into this striking and highest product of nature. Herr von Eschwege further showed us the Brazilian species of rocks which again demonstrated that the rocks of the New World in their first original appearance completely accord with those of the Old; a fact on which both his printed and manuscript observations throw laudable light.

As a contribution to the knowledge of plants, I wrote the 'Plan to the Culture of Plants in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg.' I obtained a clump of beechwood, admirably grown, as a pathological phenomenon. It was a split log from a beech trunk, in which, several years before, the rind had been regularly marked with a cross cut into it, which, however, healing to a scar and overgrown, became incorporated into the trunk, the form and impression of the cutting being still distinctly traceable in the log.

My relation to ERNST MEYER imparted to me new life and stimulus. The species *Juncus* which he has more particularly defined and elaborated, I brought, with the

help of Host's '*Gramina Austriaca*,' under my observation. In conclusion, I must thankfully mention a gigantic *Cactus melocactus* sent by Herr ANDREÄ at Frankfort.

Of general interest appeared several important works:—The large map of natural history by WILBRAND and RITGEN, in relation to the element of water and to mountain height, showing how organisation everywhere is modified by the situation. Its value being at once recognised, the beautiful and striking design was hung on the wall, produced for daily use, made the subject of conversation in social meetings, and constantly studied and utilised.

KEFERSTEIN'S '*Geognostic Germany*' was in its continuation likewise of great furtherance, and with more precise colouring would have been still more so. In maps of this kind one has frequent occasion to remark that if distinctions are to be made by means of colours, the colours must themselves be distinguishable from each other.

The fourth number of my essays in morphology and natural science was carefully thought out and elaborated, concluding, as it did for the present, the two volumes on that work.

'The History of the Changes of the Earth's Surface proved by Tradition,' by Herr VON HOFF, gave us a new pleasure. Here lies a treasure to which one would like to add something, while enriching himself by it.

To the revival of my mountain and stone studies I received important impressions of plants in coal slates, through the careful hands of MAHR, an officer of the exchequer, a man devoted to these studies. Minerals of the Fichtel mountains I receive from Redwitz, along with much else from Tyrol; on the other hand I send my friends different things. Herr SORER increases my collection by many important gifts, from Savoy as also from the island of Elba and more remote regions. His crystallographic knowledge was of the greatest assistance in the determination of diamonds and other minerals requiring to be more particularly discriminated. His printed papers he readily communicated and talked over.

In chromaties it was for me a great gain when at last the hope appeared that a younger man would take on

himself the task of championing this weighty business and fighting its way through to general recognition. Herr von HENNING visited me, bringing with him entoptic glasses of felicitous device, as also black glass mirrors, which, united, presented fully before the eyes, without much further trouble, all desirable phenomena. Communication with him was easy; he had familiarised himself with the main part of the business, and I could very soon satisfy him on many points on which he still desired instruction. He told me of his lectures and how things stood in that respect, communicating also to me his introduction to them. We exchanged views and experiments; I handed over to him an older essay on prisms in connection with lenses, an aspect of the question which had hitherto been wrongly interpreted. He on the other hand urged me to arrange my chromatic documents and papers in a more complete and business-like form. All this happened in autumn and gave no little measure of composure.

An entoptic apparatus was prepared for Berlin, while the simple entoptic glasses with black glass mirrors opened up a new road, added to the number of discoveries, expanded the view, and then gave rise to the entoptic quality of melting ice.

The table of colours was revised and printed: an instrument prepared with the greatest care to show the phenomena of the polarisation of light according to French principles, was set up in my house, and I had the opportunity of making myself completely acquainted with its mechanism and performance.

In zoology I was furthered by 'Carus on the original parts of the Skull and Bone Structure,' and no less by a table in which the filiation of all vertebrate transformations was sensibly set forth. Here, for the first time, I received the reward of my past labours respecting general principles, what I had only divined being now palpably produced in detail before my eyes. A similar experience was granted me when I re-perused an earlier work of D'ALTON's on horses, and next delighted and instructed myself with his book on 'Sloths and Thick-skinned Animals.'

The antediluvian ox found in the turf-pit behind the

Eitersburg engaged my attention a long time. It was set up in Jena, restored as far as possible, and united into a whole. This study brought me into contact again with an old well-wisher, Herr Dr. Körte, who showed me on this occasion a great deal to my entertainment.

HEINROTH'S 'Anthropology' shed light on my procedure in observing nature, at the very moment that I was busied with my number on natural science.

Herr PURKINJE visited us, conveying the indubitable impression of a remarkable personality and of extraordinary exertions and self-sacrifice.

While for my own enlightenment I endeavoured to acquire more accurate knowledge and a more sensible idea of KUNKEL'S art of glass-making, concerning which I was still enveloped in the dimness of prejudice and without true appreciation, I had much communication with Herr Professor DÖBEREINER, who opened up to me the latest phases and discoveries in this branch of human endeavour. Towards the end of the year he came to Weimar to show his Serene Highness and an intellectually cultivated company important experiments illustrating the reciprocal influence of galvanism and magnetism, giving also oral explanations on the subject, an entertainment which the much-enjoyed visit a short time previous of Herr Professor OERSTED had excited all the greater appetite for.

In the way of social intercourse, this year was very favourable to our circle. Two days in the week were set apart for submitting important things to our most gracious superiors in my house, the necessary explanations being also given. Each meeting suggested something new, and a great variety of subjects came under our review; things old and new, art and science, all finding friendly and intelligent hearers.

Every evening a more select circle, consisting of well-instructed persons of both sexes, gathered around me. That the interest might not slacken but on the contrary intensify, Tuesday night was singled out as a night when there should be no doubt of a good company round our tea-table. Music, too, of a high order was from time to time introduced, raising our hearts and minds. Englishmen of culture took part in these entertainments, and as,

Besides, about noon, I was wont gladly to receive short visits from strangers, I was thus, while confined to my own house, ever in contact with the outside world, perhaps more intimately and integrally than if I had been stirring about abroad hither and thither.

A young man conversant with libraries and archives makes a repertory of all my works and unprinted writings, after having sorted and arranged everything.

On this occasion there was a provisional attempt made to draw up a chronicle of my life, which had hitherto been missed : a work which came to the help of my affairs in a very special manner. Immediately thereafter I took the work again in hand with fresh zest, elaborating particular parts of it at greater length.

VAN BREE from Antwerp sent me his papers on the theory of the art of drawing. TISCHBEIN's 'Homer,' part VII., arrived. The great mass of lithographic drawings by STRIXNER and PILOTY I arranged in the order of schools and masters, whereby, for the first time, the collection acquired true value. Lithographs on all hands continued to be made, bringing many a picture under our observation. For the sake of a friend I explained a couple of problematic copper-plates, POLIBON's 'Mamma,' and a sheet of Titian's, a landscape, 'St. George with the Dragon and the Beauty in Peril.' MANTEGNA's 'Triumphal Procession' was further edited.

Painter KOLBE from Düsseldorf exhibited some works here and completed various portraits. It was a pleasure to make the personal acquaintance and enjoy the talent of this strenuous man whom we had known since the days of the Weimar Art Exhibitions. COUNTESS JULIE VON EGLOFFSTEIN made considerable progress in art. I had the etchings after my sketches tinted and painted in order to present them to friends.

A fair copy of MEYER's 'History of Art' was at last written out and handed to the printer. Dr. CARUS wrote a paper on landscape painting, in the beautiful style of his own productions, a paper of excellent thought and feeling.

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